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JUNE 24, 1944 TEN CENTS

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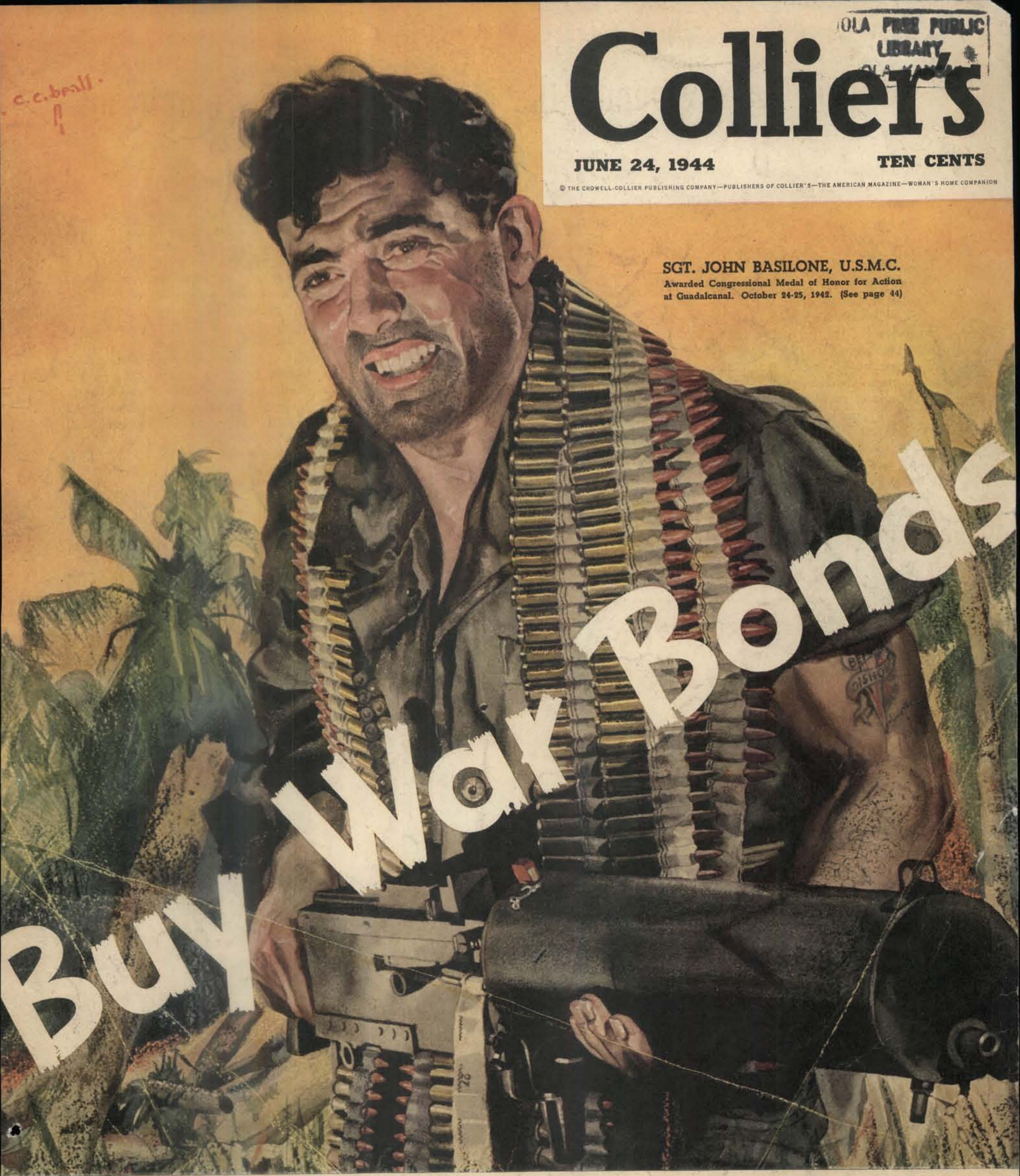
C. C. Ball.



SGT. JOHN BASILONE, U.S.M.C.
Awarded Congressional Medal of Honor for Action at Guadalcanal. October 24-25, 1942. (See page 44)

MY FRIEND TOM DEWEY

By Hickman Powell

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June, 24, 1944

Out of the sky comes the earth's great new employer

The brightest hope for the "bright new world" we are all working and fighting for, is enough work to keep the dove of peace from becoming a dead pigeon.

Nothing creates jobs so extensively as a faster, more flexible form of transportation. The railroads in the 1850's — the automobile in the 1920's — the airplane in the 1940's.

In ten years, from 1880 to '90, railroads increased Seattle's population from 3,500 to 42,000; Kansas City's from 3,000 to 37,000. During thirteen growth years, 1921 to 1934, the automobile stimulated over 9½ million man-*years* of road building.

The airplane is next in line as creator of employment. Skip fast over two million now employed making military planes. That won't last. But the problem of employing them will. Skip fast, also, over the fact that twenty men are directly employed on the ground for every man aloft in commercial transport.

The Air Age is a concept far greater than statistics on air transportation.

We must look to the broadest influence of faster shipping, increased travel; to the basic changes in living conditions . . . Small towns quickened by cities a hundred miles away . . . Large cities, ringed with airports, growing out to them . . . Air freight opening fertile trading areas, demanding extensive redesign of goods to reduce weight and bulk.

We ourselves look far beyond the aluminum tonnage called for by the aircraft of the future. In the growth and change, we see a whole stimulated national economy — for builders and mechanics; for architects, designers and engineers; for shipping, railroads and trucking. All these will be users of aluminum as well as of steel and concrete. We look to the larger aspects of the Air Age with understandable interest. But the idea holds room for everybody.

Now let's be realistic about it. Air transportation promises so much to so many because it begins and ends on the ground.

This is true also for what appears so simple a development as private flying. Not until there are enough well equipped, well controlled ground facilities to make private flying legally permissible for great numbers, can private planes be sold in great numbers. Aviation experts believe America should build from 15 to 20 thousand modern airports. Each will need highways, ground facilities, buildings. Each will cause community change, relocation and wakened commerce.

This is the stuff work is made of. This is the Air Age brought down to earth.

ALCOA ALUMINUM

The metal that flies Best

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Rubber tree's rival stretches 41,688 miles

That seemed a long way to go to get "No" for an answer

THEY WERE OUT to see if men could do the rubber tree's job. B. F. Goodrich engineers built thousands of tires back in 1940, in which over half the rubber was synthetic. These were the *first* tires containing synthetic rubber ever sold to American car owners, the only ones made and sold before the war.

How would this man-made rubber do? B. F. Goodrich engineers had tested it, but could do nothing but wait for actual experience on hundreds of cars.

Among those that bought the tire was a New Jersey bus line. They put one tire on the traffic manager's passenger car. He had to cover the bus route three times daily. At 37,000 miles, there seemed to be plenty of tread left. But to be safe he drove down to ask a B. F. Goodrich recapping expert if it needed a new tread. "No," said the recapper, "it still has more rubber on it than I can add."

This tire was still running when this picture was taken at 41,688 miles. So are many others. Altogether, they have totaled over 80,000,000 miles.

Such records aren't made without good care and careful driving—the kind of care still needed to save the rubber on America's cars and trucks. Today's tires for passenger cars are all-synthetic (about 98%). But, backed by this extra experience, those made by B. F. Goodrich will nearly equal the service of pre-war tires. Truck tires aren't yet this good, particularly in intercity service with overloads, but are improving day by day.

If you can buy tires today and if you buy B. F. Goodrich, you get tires backed by years of experience with synthetic rubber—tires backed by this 80,000,000-mile road test. *The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.*

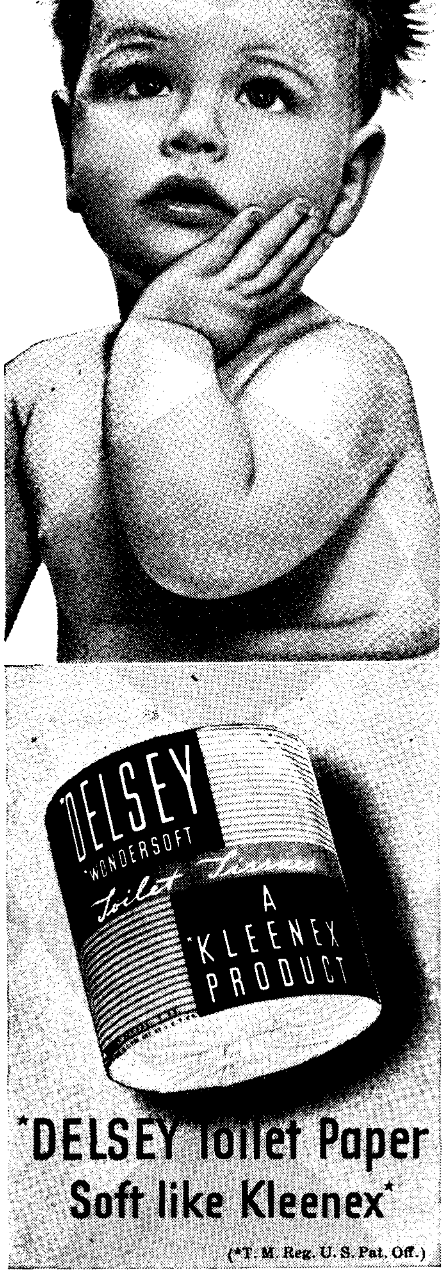
In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Leave us
face it, kids!
No more Delsey
'til after the war-

('MEMBER? SOFT
LIKE KLEENEX)



*DELSEY Toilet Paper
Soft like Kleenex*

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

Collier's

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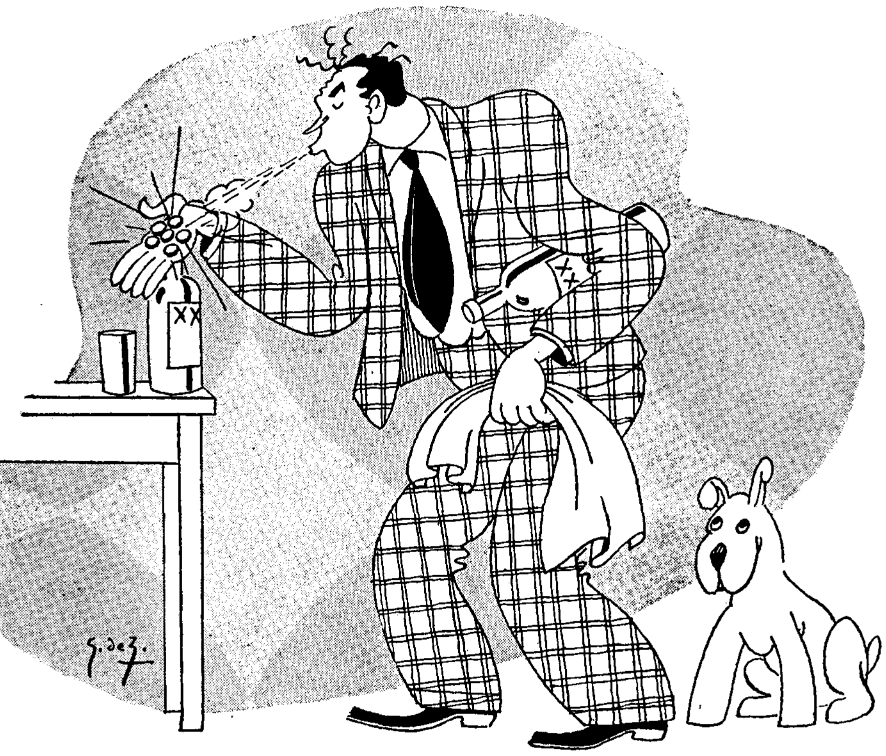
ANY WEEK



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

WE HAVE just been invited to a Token Cleaning Bee. It's to be held at the home of Mr. G. J. Simon in Morton, Minnesota. Mr. Simon got the idea while reading the April issue of the OPA's publication, OPA Food Guide. Therein he read: "Retailers can please customers by handing out clean, fresh-looking tokens in change for stamps. You can easily clean tokens with alcohol. . . ." Mr. Simon says that he got some alcohol and tried. After much research, he found that by drinking the alcohol, breathing on the tokens and quickly rubbing with a soft cloth, very good results were obtained. Mr. Simon not only burnished all the tokens in the neighborhood but got a beautiful polish himself.

IN COLLABORATION with Mr. Ronald Z. Stoakfinden of Walla Walla, Washington, we may write a Postwar Plan. Mr. Stoakfinden has sent us a brief outline of the idea: "Take what we got all told," he writes, "and divide it into a number to be decided on. If this is not enough, increase it. However, it is useless to start without anything, so take it. You write it while I think." Of course the Stoakfinden Plan needs a little clarifying. But what doesn't?

WHEN we've finished this column, we shall write an encouraging letter to Miss Lorna M. Strunky of Tampa, Florida. She threatens to write a mystery novel in which all the characters combine to murder the author.

BUT Miss Joan C. Fleuker of Burlington, Wisconsin, was mentally at ease when she came upon the following in her newspaper: "Found—Lady's purse left in my car while parked. Owner can have same by describing property and paying for this ad. If owner can explain satisfactorily to my wife how purse got into my car, I will pay for ad myself."

WE'VE just talked to an elderly gentleman who, for some reason we can't remember, told us that he hadn't read a newspaper for forty years. And before we could say anything, he shouted, "Why should I? Where did it get *you?*" And there's a letter from

(Continued on page 51)

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THIS WEEK

JUNE 24, 1944

SHORT STORIES

NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS
Kentucky Code. Gentlemen—and dogs—respect one another's convictions, even in hatred. Page 11

NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD
In Joy and in Sorrow. In this world, neither man nor woman is meant to stand alone. Page 15

RAOUL SCHUMACHER
The Whip Hand. When two proud people meet and clash, the pride of one must fall. Page 17

MITCHELL WILSON
Payment Overdue. In real love one can't always be on the receiving end. Page 72

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

The Warrior, by Charles Trieschmann. Page 22

SERIAL STORY

FAITH BALDWIN
Change of Heart. Conclusion. Page 27

ARTICLES

HICKMAN POWELL
My Friend Tom Dewey. Governor Dewey has a genius for leading people into agreement and co-operation. Page 12

GEORGE E. ADAMS as told to HARRISON FORMAN
A Million Starve. On the heels of famine and pestilence, death stalks through South China. Page 14

EDWARD TOMLINSON
Stretching Our Rubber. The Amazon Valley holds the key to American self-sufficiency in a vital necessity. Page 16

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
Cave-In. The earth is swallowing up Pittston, Pa., and very little is being done to stop it. Page 18

RUTH CARSON
Beauty on the Beach. Latest in swim scanties gives the sun a break. Page 20

W. B. COURTNEY
Help for Hero Wings. Safety devices used by our fliers are ingenious and effective. Page 23

FORBES PARKHILL
Languages Are War Weapons. With G.I. quickie language courses, our boys can be at home among the world's tongues. Page 24

MONA GARDNER
Mrs. Sam. Through her husband Frances Howard Goldwyn, housewife, influences national trends in movies. Page 54

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Page 6

WING TALK. Page 8

THE WEEK'S WORK. Page 36

PRONUNCIATION TEST. Page 41

THE HERO ON THE COVER. Page 44

THE GUILTY (Saburo Kurusu). Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 47. Page 68

MR. BOWLES' FACE IS RED. Page 77

EDITORIALS. Page 82

COVER C. C. BEALL

"Why talk to me about Old Age? I'm only 40!"

Even if you are only 40—or 35—here are some things you should know about growing old...

GARDEN
FOR
VICTORY

Since 1900, the average life span of Americans has increased about 17 years—a wonderful record.

One result of this trend is that more people now live to a ripe old age than ever before. *About nine million Americans are now 65 or older.*

However, the goal of medical science is not only to add years to your life, but also *life to your years.* Old age without good health can be a heavy burden ... with health it can be useful and contented.

Doctors are doing wonders to help elderly people who suffer from the chronic illnesses of later life—

such as diseases of the heart ... diabetes ... cancer ... Bright's disease ... arthritis.

But doctors know that the best way to be healthy at 50, 60, 70 and beyond is to take care of your health at much younger ages. The reason? ...

Diseases common to later life seldom appear suddenly. They creep up gradually, quietly gathering force for a number of years before they strike or become disabling.

The moral: Now is the time to start taking care of your health—before you grow old. Visit your doctor regularly for medical check-ups. Give him the opportunity to discover conditions which might lead to later disability ... to uncover diseases in their early stages when they may be arrested or cured. Let him advise you about correcting faulty habits or living conditions which may be shortening your life.

As you get on in years, the following suggestions will help you keep healthy and happy ...

Keep your mind open to new ideas. A hobby is a wonderful tonic for mind and body—"always have something to do tomorrow." Remember that, with age, less food may be required, but it should be carefully chosen. Regular, undisturbed sleep is essential. Drink plenty of water to help carry off wastes. Get sunshine, fresh air the year round. Moderate exercise helps keep muscles firm, the circulation active.

At any age, good health is a priceless asset. Guard it in every way.

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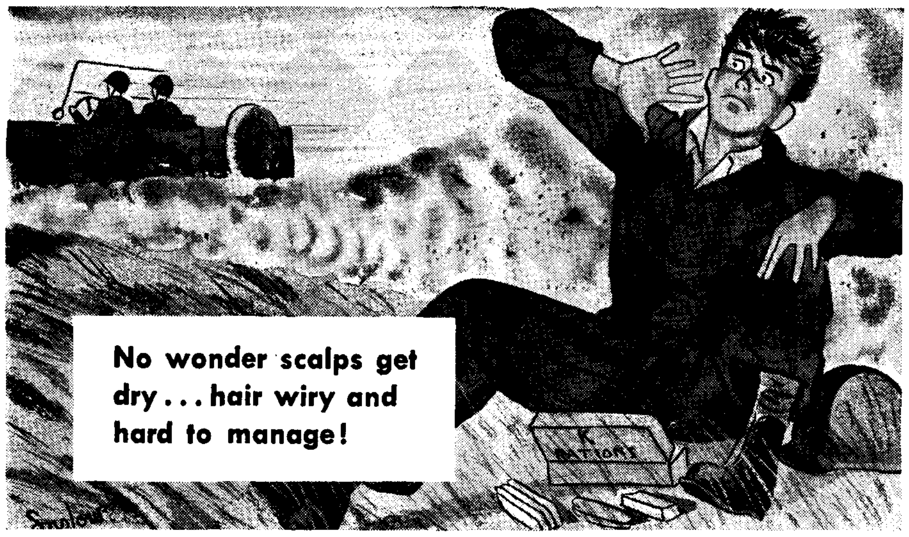
How rough and ready Rangers get the best of Dry Scalp dangers

Their Commando tactics take them through dirt and dust and every kind of weather . . .

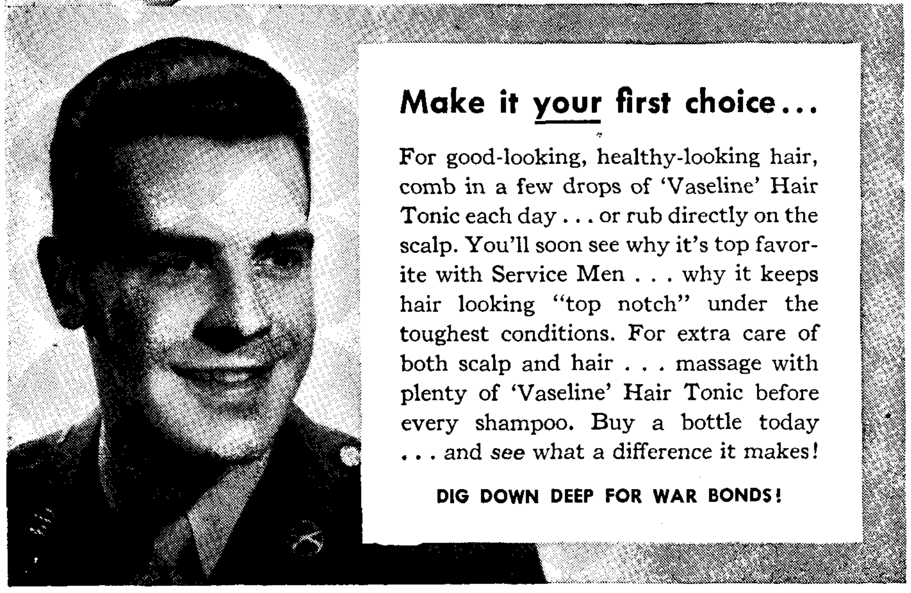


No wonder scalps get dry . . . hair wiry and hard to manage!

but . . . 5 drops a day keeps DRY SCALP away

. . . MAKES 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC FIRST WITH SERVICE MEN IN AMERICA!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC



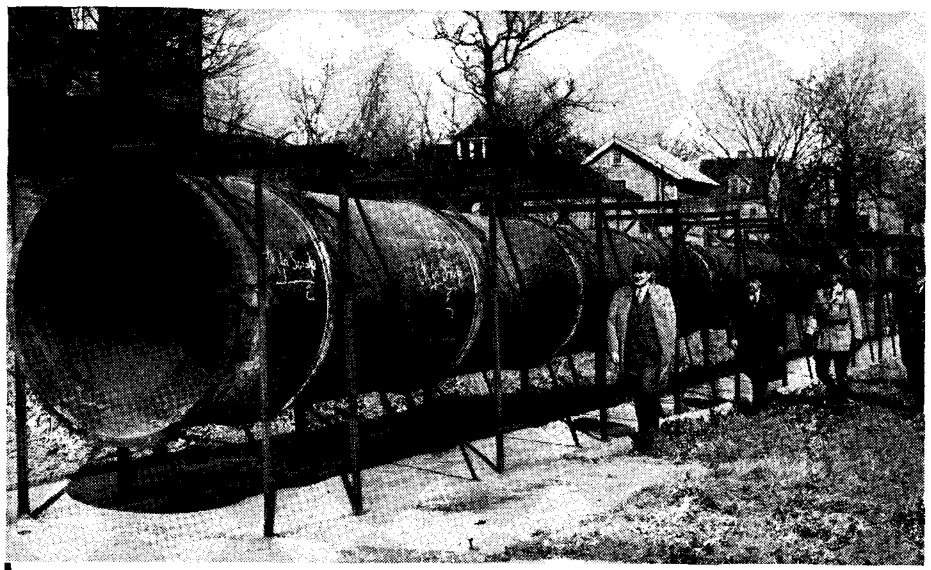
Make it your first choice . . .

For good-looking, healthy-looking hair, comb in a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic each day . . . or rub directly on the scalp. You'll soon see why it's top favorite with Service Men . . . why it keeps hair looking "top notch" under the toughest conditions. For extra care of both scalp and hair . . . massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo. Buy a bottle today . . . and see what a difference it makes!

DIG DOWN DEEP FOR WAR BONDS!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



EDISON INDUSTRIES, INC.

The horn used by Edison in recording the voices of the famous persons of his time was the most valuable article, historically, donated in the scrap-metal drive. Made of brass and bronze, it was 125 feet long, five feet wide at the mouth, and weighed five tons. Governor Charles Edison is shown above inspecting the huge horn before it was turned over for metal scrap.

Keep up with the world

BY FRELING FOSTER

A recent invention is a pair of lenses, one of which, when fitted in a standard movie camera, makes pictures in four colors on ordinary black-and-white film by separating the colors as they pass through its single aperture and reproducing them in four identical black-and-white images, superimposed on one another. The second lens, on the projector, changes the images back into their proper color and throws them on the screen in one picture.—*By Corporal Frank Stewart, Alamogordo, New Mexico.*

Several prohibition groups operate under a name that does not reveal their real activity, among them being the American Business Men's Research Foundation in Chicago.

Five months ago, a Russian scientist removed the hearts of a number of frogs and transplanted the hearts of other frogs in their place in the blood-vessel system. Following the operation, the animals, many of which are still alive, showed no change in their behavior, and an electrocardiograph recorded no difference in muscle action between their original and transplanted hearts.

Of the 18,500,000 books donated to the Armed Forces in 1942 and 1943, more than 7,000,000 could not be used because of their contents or condition. —*By June Stumpe, New York City.*

Many incentive wage systems are so complicated that hardly one employee in a thousand understands them sufficiently to compute his wages. One such formula is: "Total earnings equal 1.2×S×Rb+$.10A+D×Rg. S stands for standard hours earned; Rb for the rate per hour for purpose of calculating the bonus; A for actual hours worked on standard; D for day work hours; and Rg for occupational and guaranteed rate per hour."

The Japanese celebrate the attack on Pearl Harbor on the 8th of each month, ending the ceremony with the shout "Down with America!"

Twice in recent years the railroads have been unable to accept pieces of freight for transportation because of their large size. In one case, a giant oil tank had to be towed from Hoboken up the Hudson and through the New York State Barge Canal and the Great Lakes to Chicago. In the other case, the large pipes for Boulder Dam, owing to their 30-foot diameter, had to be fabricated at the site in a plant erected for the purpose.

The territories which comprise our 48 states were once ruled by one or more of six foreign countries, all or part of the areas of 30 states having been under Great Britain, 25 under France, 19 under Spain, eight under Mexico, four under the Netherlands, and two under Sweden.

It has been estimated that in the 934 legally dry counties, containing 20 per cent of our entire population, at least $150,000,000 worth of bootleg liquor is now sold annually.

After receiving first aid, an American soldier wounded at the front may be sent, if necessary, to five successive places for treatment: (1) Battalion aid station; (2) clearing station, formerly called a field hospital; (3) evacuation hospital, well behind the lines; (4) a general hospital in that or a near-by foreign country; and (5) a general hospital, or one specializing in the patient's type of case, in the U. S.

The Navy is now using fifteen types of landing vessels, ranging in size from a 12-ft. rubber boat to a 450-ft. ship. . . . Of the 7,800 planes the U. S. sent to Russia up to Dec. 31, 1943, more than 3,000 were flown to their destination. . . . Since 1924, the soybean crop of the U. S. has increased from 5,000,000 to 195,000,000 bushels, or about one half of the world's entire production.

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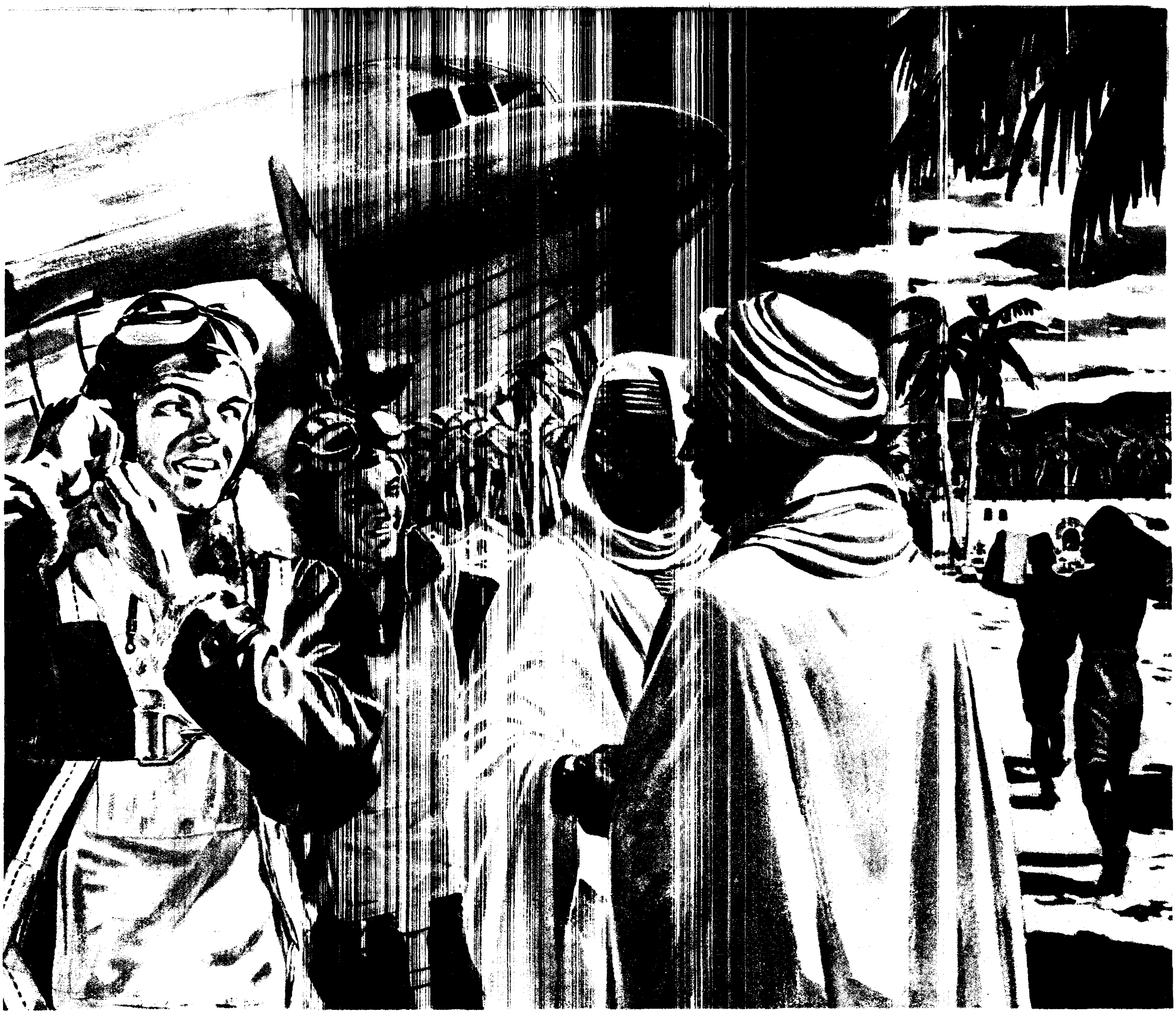

Wider Horizons

To the fliers of this war the horizons of the world have widened...literally. They have seen the globe of the earth from stratospheric heights...encompassed continents and island chains in a single day. They have seen networks of modern American airports carved out of African jungle...accomplishing more in months than centuries had witnessed before.

Yet this literal stretching of their perspective is only symbolic of the new Age of Air. To every man, woman and child on earth, the horizons of the future will have been widened just as vastly. Commerce and communications ...the exchange of goods and of ideas...will be immeasurably extended. More important, great new land areas will be opened. Africa, in particular...the Dark Continent into which our airports have let the floodlight of modern civilization...can be the "new world" of tomorrow, as America was the new world of yesterday. Africa can relieve Europe's overcrowding...breeder of wars. Its immense resources, developed by free men, can found a new era of prosperity...a better life for all.

To all of this, the Airplane is the key. But the Airplane itself is the product of a thousand converging efforts. Its clean lines mask an infinite complexity of equipment, instrumentation and automatic controls. And in these developments, Bendix is proud to have led the way ...proud of its part in perfecting the mighty instrument of tomorrow's Wider Horizons.

THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
Bendix Aviation Corporation

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SCINTILLA ★ STROMBERG ★ ZENITH ★ ALTAIR

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YOU CAN HELP MOVE
"V" DAY
ahead on the calendar
V

...by doubling your *extra* bond buying in the great "V" war loan ★ June 12 to July 8

V-day is coming. There's no question about that. And the sooner it comes, the sooner those boys can come home and stage their victory parades and get back to the peaceful lives they love—the homes and families they're fighting for . . .

The 5th War Loan gives you another chance to help move that day ahead on the calendar! . . . It's your opportunity to prove again that you're behind those lads who are fighting your war . . . Your help is needed more than before.

You are urged to buy at least *double* the *extra* bonds you bought in the 4th War Loan. Do that, and you are speeding the day when those magnificent lads will come steaming back—past the Statue of Liberty or through the Golden Gate—home to the America they are guarding for you!

SEALED POWER CORPORATION

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN ★ WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Wing Talk

Landing gear of the C-54 weighs 4,800 pounds and is used for only two minutes in transoceanic flight. Future ships may not use gear

THE possibility, even probability, of gigantic land planes throwing away their landing gear on take-off and returning to earth on skis—as the troop-carrier gliders do—is taking shape in some worried engineering minds.

To show that something might come of this, let's take today's problem: The landing gear of the Douglas C-54 Skymaster four-engined transport plane that is romping all over the universe weighs nearly two and a half tons, and on a transoceanic flight it is used for just about two minutes, in the take-off and landing operation.

That 4,800 pounds is so much dead weight which could be converted into fuel or more pay load. But about getting down safely: Before attempting the landing with no wheels, they'll have to move the wing on top of the fuselage, like the trimotored Ford of old, to keep the propellers from digging into the ground when making belly landings.

Aside from doing away with this useless load and the problem that mounts with brakes and tires as the ships get bigger and bigger, airline passengers would welcome the wing on top so they could see below, something they can't do now, except in the foremost or rearmost seats of most airliners. Passengers in between are left with a constant and intimate view of the aluminum wings and a million rivet heads.

Elimination of the weighty landing gear also would move the scales a little in the controversy now simmering on flying boats versus land planes as the ideal for transoceanic travel, but we'll not get into that argument just now.

ALTHOUGH Sweden is building up its air-transport industry with American Boeing B-17 bombers forced down in that country on return from raids in Germany, the results so far in converting them to passenger airliners should discourage some postwar planning beliefs that all our surplus bombers could be made into passenger planes overnight.

They could, but the frugal Swedes are able to find space for only fourteen passengers in the slim fuselage of the big four-engined plane that carries a load of bombs, guns, ammunition, gasoline and a fighting crew of ten, weighing in all more than six tons. Revenue from fourteen passengers at prevailing air tariffs would never make much money for operators of such converted equipment, but for the war, at least, these sturdy craft will be a boon to Sweden's transportation problems.

The Swedes are buying the interned B-17s from the American government and are sealing up the nose which houses the bombardier and the navigator and converting it into a baggage compartment. The top, ball and tail turrets are removed and the waist-gun openings are enclosed. The bomb bay will carry cargo.

When the Swedes undertook this modification, they asked our Civil Aeronautics Authority to okay it for our airworthiness standards. This stumped our experts because the B-17 had never been figured out as a passenger plane and, technically speaking, we over here don't know whether the modified ships could do the job in accordance with our standards. Problems of center of gravity and stuff like that. So the CAA compromised by giving as its opinion that the conversion would be satisfactory for the Swedes, but it could not give approval of the plane to be operated in this country with American passengers until a complete engineering study of the commercial version is made.

American operators don't fear much international air-transport competition from the Swedes, with converted B-17s.

AS OUR young fighter pilots surpass the Rickenbacker record of 26 victories and establish new highs to conquer, the leadership of the Army and Navy Air Services becomes increasingly concerned over the effect such individual glorification has on the airmen of less-spectacular combat and noncombatant branches.

Both General Arnold and Admiral McCain quietly deplore the natural trend of press and public to emphasize the personal achievements of fighter pilots by strongly and constantly advocating the philosophy of teamwork, and so, more and more, we're going to see squadrons and groups and divisions emphasized in the official announcements.

However, the general and the admiral realize they are in the same position as a football coach who tries to direct attention to his superb blocking backs and tackles while the eyes of the stands want to be on the flashy running halfback as he snares a pass and races for the end zone.

The fighter pilot is spectacular and he can't help it. He's a one-man team in that cramped cockpit, being navigator, gunner, bombardier and pilot. He flies long hours on patrol and escort, with no automatic pilot to take over, no walking around the ship to limber up, no bunk in which to snatch a nap, no crewmate to help him.

While they roar through the sky, knocking down the enemy in flames, the High Command would have you think, too, of the Dumbo pilots who slip into enemy lagoons in their creaky old PBY patrol boats and rescue our shot-down boys. Or the pilots of the Army and Navy Air Transport outfits who say nothing about the "neck-out" trip they just made to bring a load of precious supplies from the States to India or the South Pacific. Or the dive-bomber boys who fly right into the muzzles of the antiaircraft. Or the bright young lad who finished his training with top honors and dreamed of glory in the skies, only to be tapped as possessing such unusual qualities as to necessitate his fighting the war at Walnut Ridge, Arkansas, as an instructor. . . . F.R.N.

"LET'S GET IT CLEAR..."

"It isn't dim . . .
It isn't foggy anymore.

"After two years of war, this is how I see it . . . this is how it looks to me from the gunner's seat of an SBD . . .

"I've seen men and planes and squadrons of planes darken the sky and shake the earth with the thunder of their motors and their bombs . . .

"I've seen battleships and fleets of battleships, cruisers, destroyers, carriers whipping the sea in a welter of white water, drowning all sound with the roar of their guns . . .

"I've heard the endless surf beat of attacks that roll in and smash at a beachhead again and again and then overrun islands and shoals of islands with tidal waves of landing craft, tanks and trucks and men . . .

"*I've seen the power of America at war!*

"And I can see what this same power . . . the power of free and individual men working together . . . the power to produce limitless numbers of things . . . can mean to me . . . to my folks . . . to my America . . . after Victory!

"I see a new America, an America where there will always be work to do . . . where there will always be a greater future to look forward to . . . where there will always be unlimited opportunity for me and every man to dream, to build, to grow . . . along with *our* country.

"That's what I see . . .
That's what I believe *must* be . . .
That's what Victory means to me!"

• • •

After Victory we must convert the full force of America's vast productive capacity . . . now doubled by the demands of war . . . to production for peace. For in this way Victory can be made real for those who are fighting for it . . . in this way America can continue to grow . . . in this way the hopes of all of us can be realized.

The progress of Nash-Kelvinator before and during the war will not stop when war ends. Today, we're building 2,000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney supercharged aircraft engines for the Navy's Vought Corsair and Grumman Hellcat fighters . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters for the Army Air Forces.

And when the last war product rolls off Nash-Kelvinator's production lines . . . every new skill, new method, all our new knowledge, will be applied to the building of automobiles, refrigerators and electrical appliances. They will be better automobiles, better refrigerators, better electrical appliances than have ever been built before.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION
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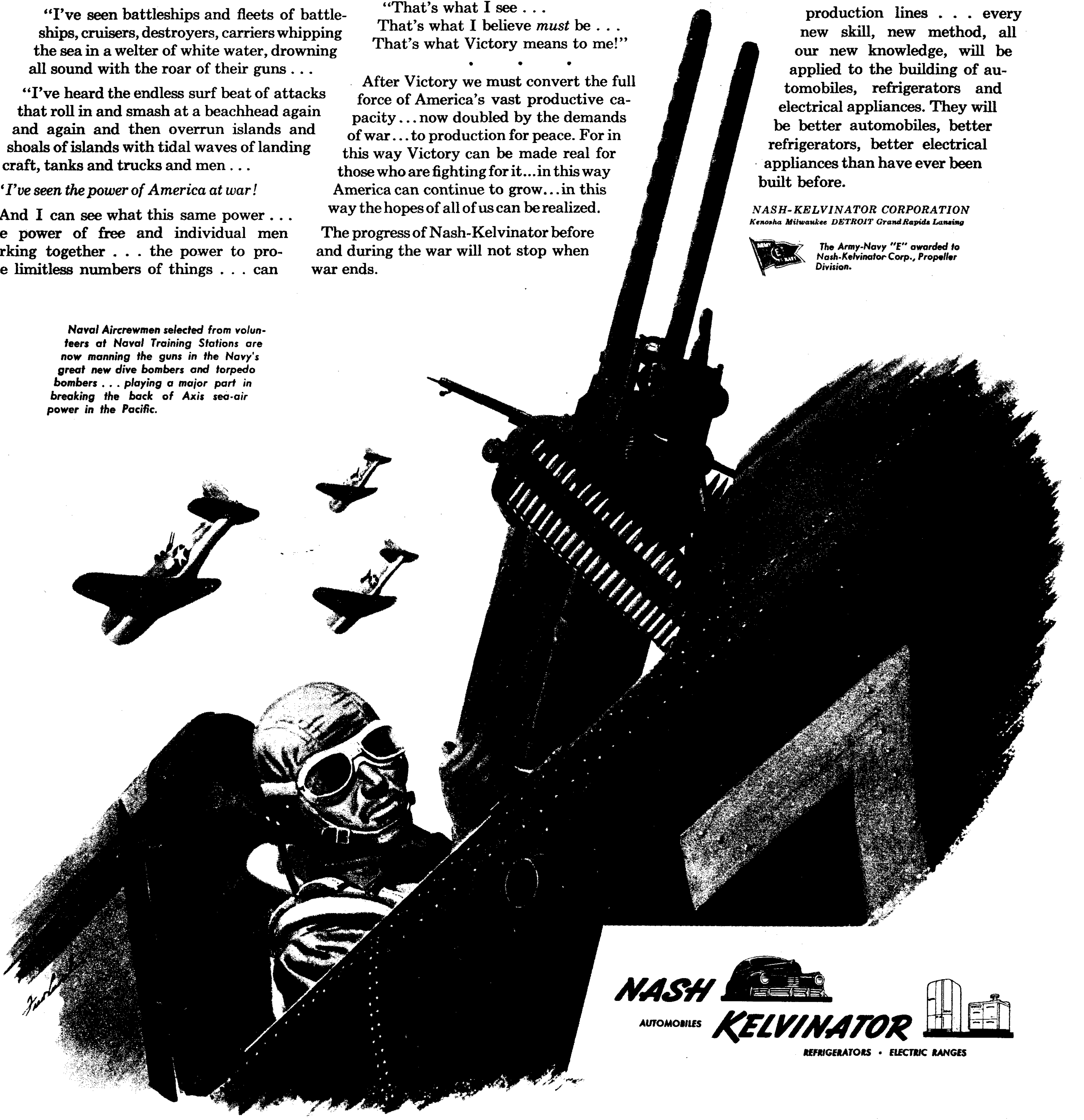
The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.



Naval Aircrewmen selected from volunteers at Naval Training Stations are now manning the guns in the Navy's great new dive bombers and torpedo bombers . . . playing a major part in breaking the back of Axis sea-air power in the Pacific.

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These are traditions of the telephone business.

The courtesy born of competence and the calm, sure speed that comes from knowing how.

Learned in peace, these are valuable traits in war when Bell System people are under more pressure than ever before.

Even in today's rush and hurry, "The Voice With a Smile" keeps right on being a part of telephone service.

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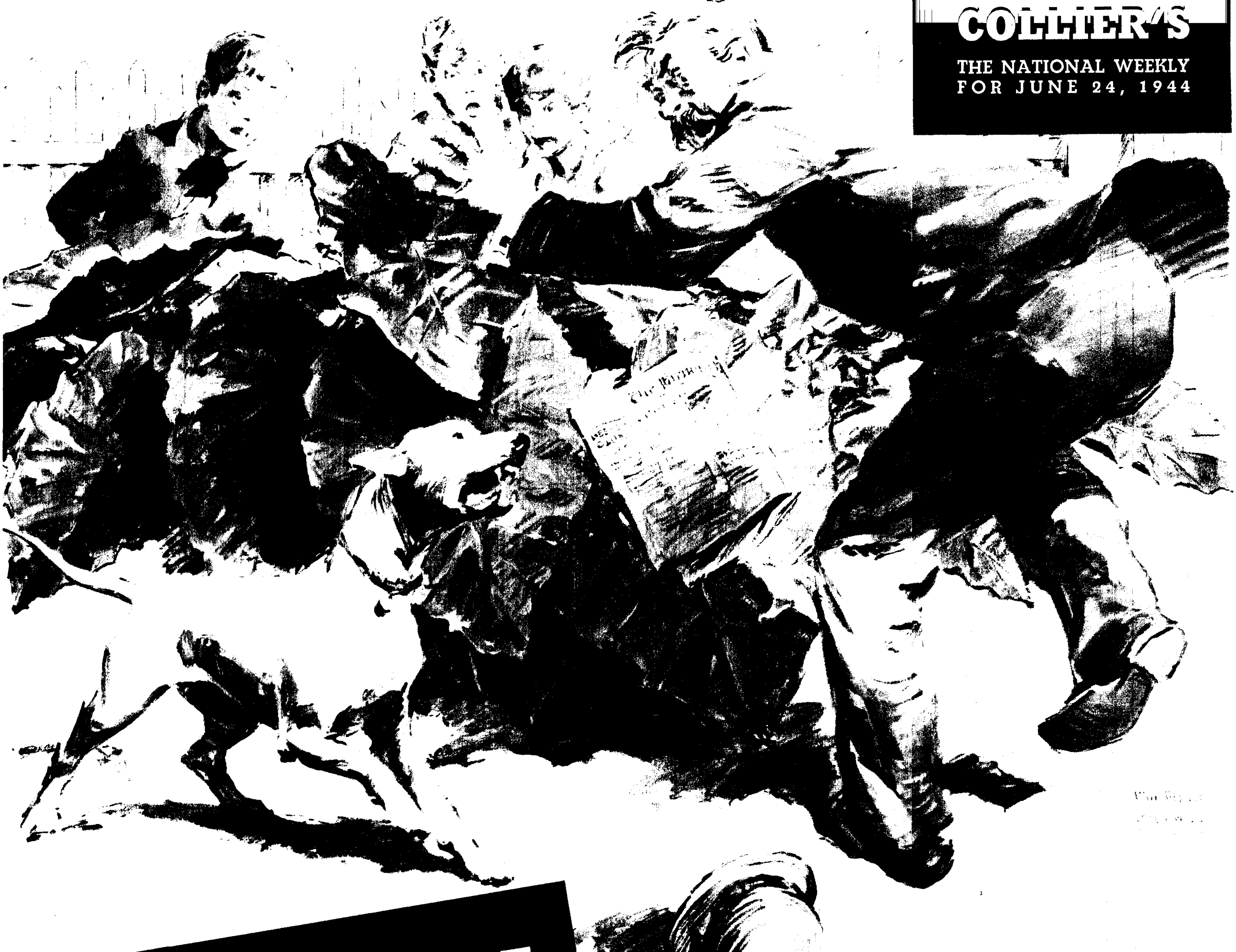
When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 24, 1944



Father was really spreading out by the time he reached the elephant ears. That was where Naylor got in front of him, between him and the house

KENTUCKY CODE

BY NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

Man's best friend, they call the dog, but this pit bull was one man's worst enemy—except during one exciting truce

MY FATHER, who was born on a tobacco farm just across the line from Tennessee, told me that good dogs had the souls of Kentuckians. I was seven then, running around in Birmingham with leather knee-guards and a leather cap and buttons on the side of my pants, and it seemed important to me. For both—good dogs and Kentuckians—appeared to be just about the finest of God's creatures. We had just got Naylor.

My father was practicing criminal law in Birmingham and one of his clients was a professional gambler. I remember him—a very short man with a tremendous belly and tiny red splotches of capillaries in his cheeks, blue eyes that weren't at all the way a gambler's eyes are supposed to be, but twinkling and sentimental like the songs they used to sing about the good old summertime and bicycles built for two and ta-ra-ra-ra-boom-dee-ay. More than anything he looked like Santa Claus without a beard. He could do absolutely marvelous tricks with a silver dollar or a deck of cards and he knew a great many jokes that a boy of seven could appreciate. If I hadn't known my father first I'm sure I would have wished to be his son, for he was a boy's sort of man, fond of cold toddies, fond of women in a jolly but deferential way, and very fond of dogs. Naylor was his fighting dog. He gave Naylor to my father as a legal fee.

We were living then out near East Lake, where there was room for my mother's chickens and, of course, for my father, who had been reared on that Kentucky tobacco farm and forever afterward thought that some day he might want to do some gardening, if he got around to it. He was a big man, nearly six feet three, and in his college days at Southwestern Presbyterian University he had been a hammer thrower and before that he'd done his share of hoeing on that tobacco farm. But he never quite got around to any gardening while we lived at East Lake, except spiritually. He had an obsession for buying fancy cultivators and patent fertilizers, things which would have made it easier for him in his tobacco-farming days, and I think the one real chagrin of his life was that not one of his boys took any interest, even spiritual, in them.

We did have, however, the true Kentucky feeling about frog-gigging in the creek that ran around the edge of the near-by state prison farm, and we'd go fishing with him any time or patiently follow rabbit tracks through the pine woods when we had our occasional Alabama snows. My father explained to us how that was done in Kentucky, where snows came oftener. You got a sharp stick and followed the rabbit tracks until they disappeared in the snowdrift around a bush, then you jabbed the snow drift with the stick until you speared the rabbit. We never speared a rabbit but, anyway, it was pretty adventurous, and it was even better after we got Naylor to go with us.

Of course Naylor wasn't a hunting dog, he was just a fighting dog, a pit bull. The night my father brought him home, we three boys had had our supper earlier, eating in the kitchen with old Drunken Mary. She wasn't drunk that night—nor any other night that I ever saw her. Once or twice, maybe, she seemed a little goggle-eyed when she'd taken an overdose of paregoric to ease whatever she could think of, but those classic debauches of hers, those really hell-roaring drunks, always began when she was spending Saturday night in Birmingham and always ended, penitently, in the county jail. My father's finest criminal practice came in getting old Drunken Mary out of jail again in time to fix Sunday dinner. She was crazy about my father and she didn't think we ought to pester him after he'd had a grueling day of practicing law, so that night we were ready for bed before he got home. Each of us was busy thinking up some way to stall awhile, when my father came in and closed the door.

(Continued on page 65)

My Friend Tom Dewey

BY HICKMAN POWELL

By reason of many years' friendship and close association, Mr. Powell probably knows Thomas E. Dewey as well as anyone. Here is his estimate of the New York governor as a man and as a Presidential possibility

WHEN the editor asked me to write this piece, I had no idea how difficult it was going to be. I was born and raised a Democrat. Counting a couple of state elections, I have voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt, not three times but *five*. Eight years ago, I was a convinced New Dealer. And now it looks as though I'm going to work my heart out to help elect a Republican as President of the United States.

Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York is an old friend of mine, and everybody is saying the Republicans are going to nominate him. If they do, I'll vote for him.

If you have worked with and for a man close-up for many years, not continuously, but from time to time, so that you have seen him grow by stages from a promising young fellow in a big job into bigger and bigger responsibilities; if you have been through crises and worked through the night together and gone home after dawn; been cussing mad under tension and got over it—then probably you know the worst about him, and possibly the best. If then you support him for President, any talk seems pale.

But what I have to say may be important. I suppose it is the basic reason why I, still thinking of myself as a liberal Democrat, have been glad to work so closely with the man who was rebuilding the Republican Party. And the election this year is going to be decided by people like me.

Long years before he became governor of New York, young Tom Dewey was sitting one evening with a half-dozen advisers discussing a knotty, controversial problem, deciding what to do.

"Before we leave here," he said, "let's agree on this—unanimously."

He has said this often in the years since, for it worked very well. They did agree, as men usually do when they sit down to face facts with good will and common sense, intending to agree rather than to justify their own isms and prejudices.

This kind of give-and-take has been a habit of Governor Dewey and the always increasing circle of able men who have gathered around him. The art and practice of bringing people into agreement—not through control or controversy, but through their own reasonable free will—has been the basis of virtually all his accomplishments.

Of course, the Republicans are seeking Dewey's leadership largely because they want a hard fighter, a finish fighter, with the habit of victory—for the winning of the war and the winning of an election. It is less obvious but more important that Governor Dewey has functioned primarily as a crystallizer of agreement, a catalytic agent in bringing people together for effective purpose.

Agreement—often unanimity—has followed him like a shadow. There were all those jurors in the racket cases years ago, who always agreed with one another and with him. There have been all those able men and women in the ever-widening circle of his staff, people with strong egos and variegated beliefs, who came from East Side, West Side, the ghetto, the Social Register and Negro Harlem, and upstate and the Middle West—all working together with a common passion for the job well done.

The Choice of All Parties

There was the time when everyone but Tammany Hall, from the left wing labor unions to Wall Street inclusive, insisted that Dewey could not go to work for himself but had to be district attorney. And there was the unanimity in which even Tammany joined, agreeing on his successor.

Twice Dewey was nominated for governor, by acclamation. If the Chicago convention follows the predictions and nominates him on the first ballot, without his declaring himself a candidate, that will be unusual in national politics. But it will be just another item in a Dewey habit.

There must be reason behind this pattern, some reason why the people now look to Albany, why the diverse voters of industrial Pennsylvania and agrarian Nebraska went to the primaries this spring and individually wrote in the name of Dewey, why they seek him when they reject others. Maybe they sense an uncommon kind of leadership.

Tom Dewey is the least opinionated, least intolerant man I know. He has certain simple, basic beliefs. He is death on crime, corruption and crookedness; he has no patience with incompetence; but if he encounters a good man, the sky's the limit.

When he started the crime investigation nine summers ago, hundreds of unknown young lawyers applied for jobs by letter. Dewey saw one of them, looked him over, looked him in the eye.

"So you're a Democrat from Jimmy Hines' district," he said. "If I were prosecuting Jimmy Hines, where would you look for orders?"

Hines was the biggest Tammany leader, dispenser of New Deal patronage, known protector of the Dutch Schultz mob. Dewey was talking to Frank S. Hogan, one of the four assistants who three years later helped him send Hines to prison. Today Hogan is Dewey's successor as District Attorney of New York County.

Dewey likes initiative, and opposes any attempt at monopoly of it, whether by Washington or anyone else. Ironic critics have said he is against sin; but in a sense they exaggerate, for he is not puritanical. He has eliminated the word tolerance from his vocabulary, because it implies disapproval of somebody's peculiarity or peccadillo. He thoroughly hates intolerance.

Dewey has been an effective accuser, but he hates a smear. You have heard of all the convictions he got, back in the racket-smashing days, but you have heard less about the indictments he didn't get. In a way, they are even more important. If you consider what happened in other investigations, that means that a lot of presumably innocent men were spared the smearing of accusation and acquittal. For in all those big cases you could count the acquittals on the fingers of one hand. He didn't move until he was sure he could convict. That was one thing I liked about him. It was an indication of the sure-handed way he would later take over in Albany. It is one reason people unite behind him now.

A bigger reason is the way he takes a licking.

One day in August, 1938, Dewey was prosecuting Jimmy Hines. It was his biggest case, product of three years' work, of spectacularly successful investigation. His hand was shown, his case was in. A defense witness was being cross-examined when the judge, taking exception to a question, called a mistrial.

The boys on Broadway were laying odds that night that Hines would never be tried again. But they lost their bets.

That afternoon, Dewey and his assistants walked back to his office, grim, indignant and dazed. Dewey disappeared alone into a little cubbyhole room he had. Hogan and Sol Gelb and several others lounged around outside, hardly knowing what to do. But only for a minute or two.

Dewey's door flew open, and there he stood, grinning.

"What's everyone looking so glum about?" he said. "Come on. We're going to start all over again."

Hines was convicted five months later, and it was several times the triumph that it would have been. But meanwhile Dewey had been licked again.

They nominated him for governor that year, and it was the time he nearly won, nosed out by a mere 64,000, after Roosevelt came to New York, spoke against him and tipped the scales. I remember him that election night going through the crowd, out to face defeat and thank the throng of supporters. Then I went and folded up, exhausted. It was several days before I found what he had been up to.

He was down at his office the next day, starting out to reorganize the Republican Party. It was then that Edwin F. Jaeckle of Buffalo became chairman of the State Executive Committee. Then began the victory of four years later, when they carried the state by 600,000 votes.

Coming back from Bermuda some weeks after the 1938 defeat, Dewey's plane was five hours overdue, while an anxious group waited at the airport without news.

"What if the plane's gone down?" asked someone.

"Don't worry!" cried the late Mike Claffey of the Journal-American. "Thomas E. Dewey will have something to say about that!"

But it was others who had something to say. Dewey got back safely to find that he, a defeated candidate, had been invited to speak to the Gridiron Club in Washington while a half-dozen victorious governors were passed over. And then the public-opinion polls began coming in, with his name leading all the Republicans for President. He took the challenge, stumped the country against Roosevelt; and, you remember, that led up to his big defeat in the Republican convention of 1940.

The point in all these stories of defeat is this: Every time Thomas Dewey has taken a big beating, it has, sooner or later, turned into his biggest triumph yet.

Governor Dewey produces around himself a wide area of agreement, a small area of disagreement. In New York State, for instance, his program in social, economic and labor matters is simply a continuation and development of that which gave preceding governors the name of liberal. There have been some new twists and emphasis on improved administration. After twenty years of Democratic outcry over protecting the people's ownership of waterpower, Dewey started collecting rent for Niagara Falls.

A Clean-Up of the State

Ten years after the bank collapse and the New Deal produced bank-deposit insurance, Dewey shepherded the state's savings banks into the protective system for the first time. Dewey cleaned up a ring of scoundrels who for years had been permitted to prey on Workmen's Compensation at the expense of injured workers. Social welfare laws were liberalized. Nurseries were established to care for children of women in war work. Decaying docks on the Barge Canal, found lying idle in the midst of war and costing $126,000 a year, were put to work. Unemployment insurance has been extended to cover all returning war veterans. A $163,000,000 cash surplus has been socked away to help care for postwar needs of returning troops.

Those are just a few of the things that have been done. Dewey has believed in this sort of progress for a long time, and so has nearly everybody else. But until he assumed leadership six years ago, there was a good deal of bickering over it, largely through force of habit. Back in Roosevelt's day, some Republican leaders would take the bait every time the Democrats wanted to pick a fight with them.

Ever since Dewey took titular leadership in 1938 he has had frequent conferences with Republican legislative leaders over the party program. When he has legislative proposals to make, he goes over his message with the leaders first, and in advance they iron out their points of difference. Strong men always do have differences, but though the conferences may take days, it usually is possible to agree. It was thus that New York obtained a reappointment of legislative districts, overdue for nearly twenty years.

It has infuriated the left-wing journalists that the governor hasn't turned out to be a reactionary whom they could attack every day, and they have been reduced to spreading insinuations against his sincerity. But everybody else seems to like it pretty well.

Conversation with Dewey tends to dwell on matters of agreement, rather than controversial subjects. We have had plenty of differences of opinion, and probably will have more, but the funny thing is: I've been sitting here trying to think of something we really disagree about, and I can't remember any, except—oh, yes, Roosevelt.

In 1940 I thought he went after the President a bit too hard. When he went campaigning that year, on the biggest venture of his life, I refused to join up. But it never interfered with our friendship. That's another thing about the man.

Governor Dewey always has the best men working for him that he can get, gives them full responsibility and lets them develop in their jobs. He doesn't

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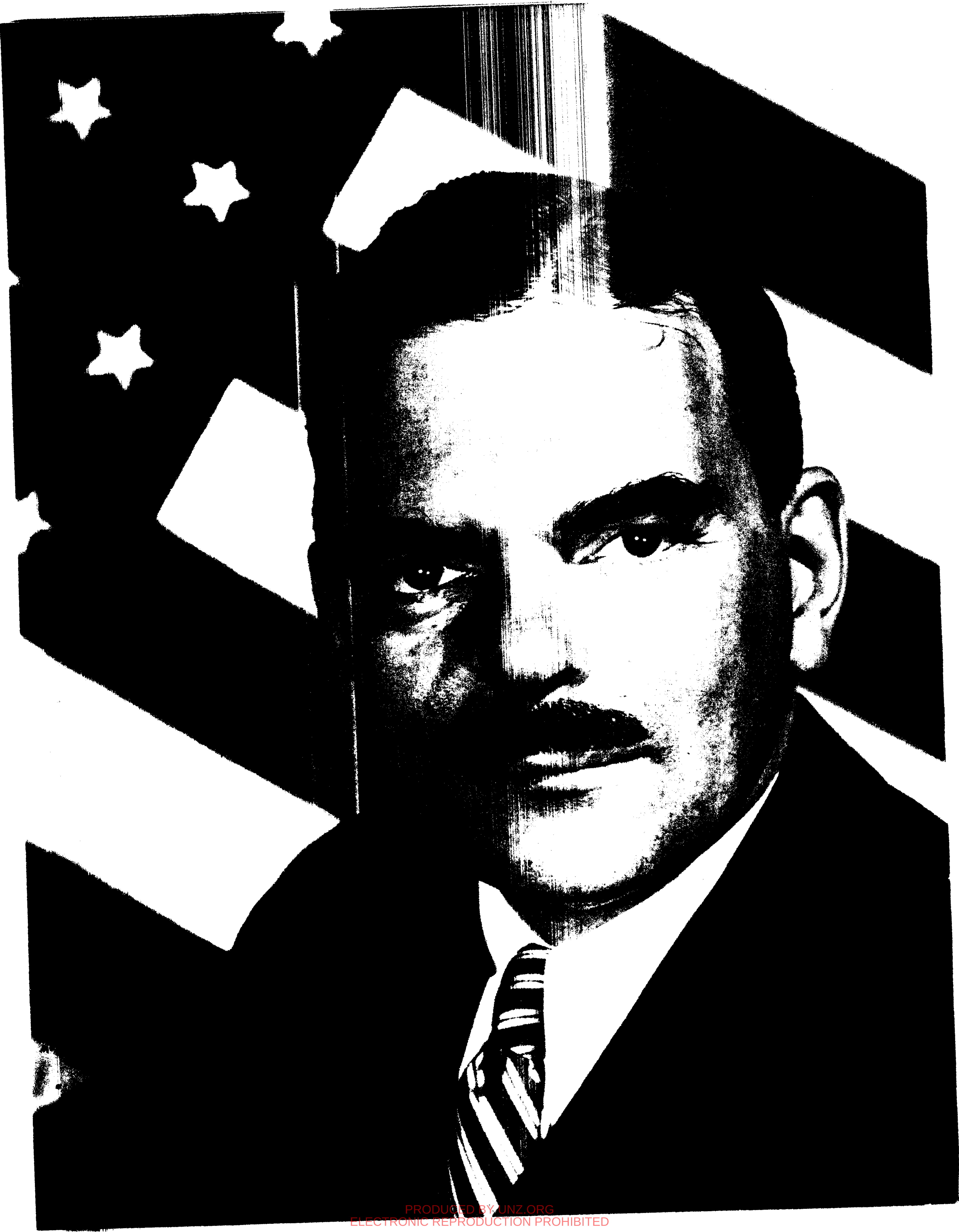
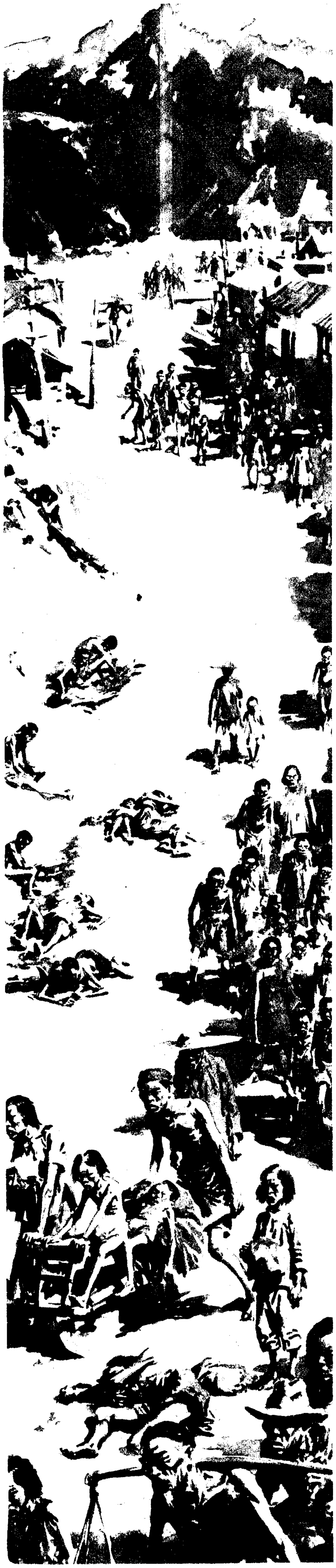
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX





A MILLION STARVE

BY GEORGE E. ADAMS AS TOLD TO HARRISON FORMAN

RADIOED FROM CHUNGKING

Mr. Adams, who is executive secretary of the Kwangtung International Famine Relief Committee, reports what he saw during his recent tour of South China's death belt

I HAVE seen a million starve. I have seen people who were walking skeletons and others horribly swollen or disfigured from beriberi. I have seen children with eye infections derived from malnutrition—their eyes puffed out to the size of eggs and exuding pus in streams an inch wide down their cheeks. These children were one week from total blindness and perhaps one month from death. I have seen orphanages where the children died at the rate of twenty a day, and other homes where the still-living but hopeless cases were placed in rooms already filled with the dead awaiting burial. I have seen streets so full of dead the authorities were unable to bury them fast enough.

I have seen people tearing down their homes—the products of a life's labor and saving—piece by piece and bartering the pieces for food. I have seen children sold into slavery when parents were no longer able to feed them, and I have watched fathers and mothers slowly die so their children might have the few morsels of food there were. I have seen the whole social and economic system of a normal, hard-working, progressive people crumble before the onslaught of famine and its companion, cholera.

In Kwangtung Province, I saw people gobble up the seeds for the very crops which might help them, and others who could not wait for the harvest time but dug up the crops while still half grown, in order to live a little longer. I saw normal, peaceful citizens turn bandit and steal from neighbors, and farmers who had to sit up all night with guns across their knees to protect their crops. I saw people eat herbs, roots, grass and hyperstarched tubers which poisoned them.

And the cause of all this was the Jap.

As many as eighty per cent of the people have already starved to death in some of the villages of Kwangtung, China's southernmost coastal province, which stretches in a huge arc around Canton and Hong Kong. Of its thirty-seven million inhabitants, perhaps ten million have been affected by starvation and epidemic.

Kwangtung never did grow more than one fourth the rice it needed; it imported between forty and fifty million bags a year from Indo-China and Thailand. When the Japs occupied these countries as well as Kwangtung itself, they stopped the imports. That was the primary cause of the famine. Also, the people of these districts in normal times depended heavily upon remittances from emigrant relatives in occupied territories such as Malaya, the Philippines and the South Seas. These remittances have been cut off altogether. Remittances from America, Canada, Australia and India have today been drastically reduced because of high prices and the low exchange rate.

In the Kityang area, for example, remittances before the war averaged one hundred million Chinese dollars monthly. Today less than one tenth of that is coming in. Moreover, the Chinese dollar today buys approximately the same things that half a cent bought before the war.

Repeated crop failures, due to droughts, plagues or locusts, were further aggravated by a serious lack of fertilizers, formerly imported from Manchuria, Great Britain and Germany, so that the soil has been producing less every year. Moreover, unscrupulous merchants attracted by the extra high prices the Japs offer allow their rice stocks to cross into adjacent occupied territory. With Allied planes and submarines harassing Japanese shipping along the coast, the Nips are having difficulty supplying their garrisons in South China. One Kwangtung official frankly admitted he is fully aware there is smuggling. He said he viewed the problem realistically; that the smuggled rice was used to feed the Chinese in occupied territory and, since he, as well as many others, had relatives in the Jap-held areas, he was in sympathy with the smugglers.

Dependent Upon Imports

The most seriously affected district is Szyap, in which two and one half million people live on twelve million Chinese acres to the south and west of Hong Kong and Canton. The soil is hilly and poor for rice growing, so that the people depended upon imports for at least eight months of the year. Of all the Chinese overseas, eighty-two per cent came from this district and regularly sent back enormous sums of money. Thus, up to the outbreak of the Pacific war, the standard of living in Szyap district was one of the highest in all China.

In Toishan, the principal city, retired laundrymen, restaurateurs and businessmen who had made nest eggs in the years spent abroad built sturdy, comfortable homes in the Western style, many of them of reinforced concrete, three or four stories high and with all modern conveniences. The market places and public squares had well-laid-out paved streets, and the countryside was served by an efficient telephone system.

Before the Jap invasion and temporary occupation of the city on March 3, and again on September 20, 1940, the whole district was covered by a network of excellent, well-kept motor roads with modern bus service. Inhabitants had even built their own short-line railroad, which started nowhere and ran nowhere but which was their pride and joy.

But war and the blockading Japs came, cut off the vital rice imports and faced Toishan with calamity. Prices soared alarmingly. Remittances from abroad became hopelessly unable to keep pace with the spiraling cost of living. Relief measures became difficult, because of inadequate facilities for shipping rice from the interior. The Toishan district is adjacent to Jap-held territory, and, in accordance

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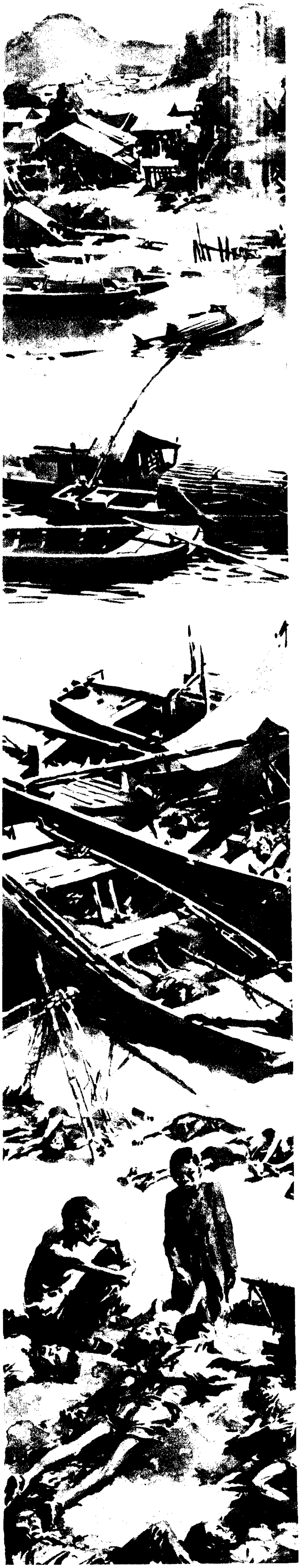

"Some are so far gone that they quietly sink down and die by the roadside. . . . In some places three fourths of the boat people have perished"

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

IN JOY AND IN SORROW

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

Man is supposed to be a tower of strength for woman to lean on n her moments of weakness. But Ben learned that at times a man must lean on his woman and that strength is not always a virtue

BEN MUNDY came back from fourteen months in the South Pacific determined to forget what he had seen and done out there. Here at the base now, he was waiting for the chance they'd offered him for flight training; given a pilot's job in one of those big new bombers he'd go back to the South Pacific some day and that would be time enough to take up where he'd left off. On every hand when he reached the States he found other veterans talking, telling their experiences. He wondered what satisfaction it gave them. He took his satisfaction in keeping the horror to himself.

"Come on," Tuck Stewart said to him, "give, son. What happened to you out there?"

"It shouldn't have happened to a dog," Ben said. "So you're going on to primary in a couple of weeks?"

Tuck, climbing out of P.T. shorts, looked up at him, disgusted.

"When you were a kid I thought you were too bashful to talk," he said, "but you should have grown out of that by now. I thought when my old pal Mundy turned up here I'd be getting the real lowdown."

"Bashful?" Ben said. "Say, that reminds me. I want to meet a girl, a lot of girls."

"You'll meet one and be grateful," Tuck said. "The name is Sally Mayhew."

BEN was still in classification quarantine, but he had the chance to meet Sally a couple of times before Tuck left for primary, and he had the chance to tell Tuck what he thought of her the day Tuck packed to go.

"She talks too much," Ben said.

"Sally?" Tuck was off again. His wife, he said, had picked her out and she was a swell kid, sweet, pretty, sensible and a good cook, just what Ben wanted. "You and Barb," he said, "need people like Sally and me to keep you from thinking too much. Thinking confuses people."

Sure, Ben thought, sure, I'm confused. I've seen too much and I've lived through pain that should have killed me and I'm scared I'll go soft and blurt it all out so somebody else can weep about it with me. But Tuck was right. It didn't help to think about it.

"With the baby coming," Ben said, "it's a good thing you'll be only a hundred miles away."

"What's the difference between a hundred and a thousand when you're in the Army?" Tuck said.

He looked up, his boy's face abruptly somber. "How am I going to leave her, Ben? It's worse for me than it is for her. She's got something to keep her mind occupied. She's strong as an ox, little but strong, and she isn't scared. If I thought she was scared I'd bust myself down to a G.I. and stick right here to be with her, but to hear her talk she'd rather I'm not here when the baby comes, anyway."

"She's got a lot of courage," Ben said. He knew Barb well enough to know that even if she was scared she'd hide it; she'd carry that burden of fear alone just to save Tuck from sleepless nights. "I'll take care of her."

"Ben," Tuck said, "I'm nuts about her."

"I hope she still loves you," Ben said, "when we get there an hour late for dinner."

"Jeepers, will we be an hour late? And this my last night, too, and a military secret."

THE night was balmy with early summer, the palms rustled by the sea breeze as it came in across the training base. The town was a few miles north of the base and the bus was crowded, but everybody took it as a matter of course. Everybody but Ben. He always paused a minute, entering a crowded place, a bus, a house, a shed.

There had been that hut at Buna where a bunch of them, battle-weary, had huddled out of the rain, resting before the next push. The bomb that hit near that

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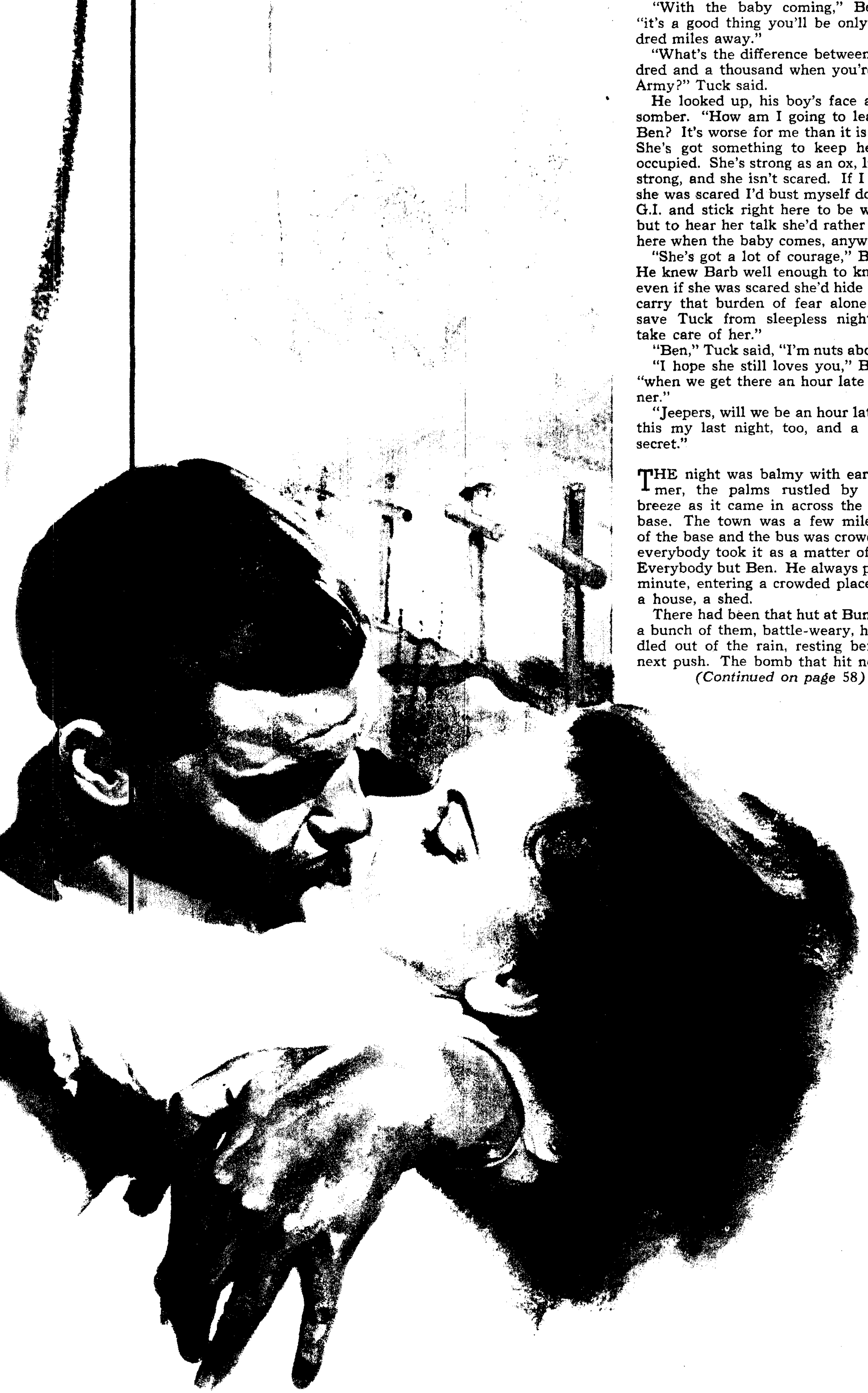


"So I'm filled with explosive material," Ben said to Sally, and deliberately drew her close to him. "Well, you talk too much," he added unsteadily, and kissed her

STRETCHING OUR RUBBER

BY EDWARD TOMLINSON

In the Amazon Valley, our Brazilian allies help build up new tonnages of vital latex

CO-ORDINATOR OF INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS

Above: Cutting rubber balls apart for grading in Manáos, Brazil. Below: Tapping a Hevea Brasiliensis tree, one of the two or three species of Amazonian rubber tree that yield latex in any quantity. Picture shows old and new type of cut. The old method was to make a deep gash and follow it up on successive days with more gashes about a quarter of an inch apart. The new method just shaves off a little of the bark, leaving more of the tree surface to be tapped

CO-ORDINATOR OF INTER-AMERICAN AFFAIRS

THE Rubber Development Corporation is on record with the statement that we must have natural rubber, and in increased quantities, for most rubber articles for combat purposes.

"Regardless of the large quantity of synthetic rubber produced in the United States," the statement goes on, "our chemists have not yet learned how to manufacture the most essential combat rubber articles without the admixture of up to 30 per cent of natural rubber. This is particularly true in regard to tires for heavy bombers and large transport planes. Neither have the Germans. Our processes are as good as theirs, which has been definitely determined from an analysis of captured German material.

"There can be no letup in our efforts to procure the natural product," the RDC goes on. "We have an ever bigger job before us, because of the increased requirements and the reductions in our natural rubber stock pile."

Some of our highest Army officers, just back from Italy and the Middle East, think that one of the chief reasons for military disasters of the Nazis in Russia, and elsewhere, is a shortage of vegetable rubber. The Nazis have made desperate efforts to get rubber from Jap-controlled Malaya and the Dutch East Indies by way of Africa. Jap and German tramp steamers took the rubber from Singapore and Java across the South Indian Ocean to Mozambique, on the lower east coast of the continent. From there, most of it was flown up to Libya and Tunisia, then on across the Mediterranean to continental Europe.

There were even truck trains across the Belgian Congo and the French African Colonies, carrying crude rubber. But when the British took over Madagascar, off the African coast, and later Abyssinia, and when the United States and British armies drove the Germans and Italians off the African continent, this source was wiped out. Today Germany's supplies of vegetable rubber are apparently cut off, except for the possibility of a small trickle by means of cargo submarines, or blockade runners around Africa to French or Spanish ports. Several such blockade runners have been intercepted recently and captured or sunk in the South Atlantic.

We must not overlook the importance of our rubber sources. We will get some natural rubber from Liberia, where the Firestone Company has plantations, and from other African sources. The senators who recently visited the Far East have suggested that the British could supply considerably more from Ceylon by a more extensive tapping of the trees. Ceylon was the original home of Far Eastern plantation rubber. It was there that plants from the seeds which Henry Wickham took from Brazil nearly seventy-five years ago were set out. The original trees still stand in the botanical gardens at Colombo.

Source of American Rubber

Britain, too, must have rubber, and so must our other allies. Aside from Far Eastern and African sources, the Amazon Valley—particularly the Brazilian and Bolivian section of it—is the best source.

When the British, Dutch and others developed plantations in the countries and islands of the Southwestern Pacific and Indian oceans, the industry in the Amazon Valley languished. Production fell from 42,410 tons in 1912, to little more than 6,000 tons in 1932. Because of high yields, cheap labor, subsidized ocean transportation and monopolistic controls, the Eastern producers could sell rubber in the world market cheaper than the producers in South America.

When the Japanese invaded Malaya and the Pacific islands, we had built up a sizable stock pile, so that war production was not handicapped. But, as the Rubber Development Corporation warns, that stock pile is getting low.

In Brazil, I talked with Doctor Felisberto Camargo, the outstanding authority on rubber in the Amazon Valley, who told me: "You're not going to get as much crude rubber from the Amazon as you need. You're not even going to get as much as you had expected. You're not going to get as much as it would have been possible to produce, if your people, as well as our own, had managed differently from the beginning."

The best estimates, according to Camargo, are that the entire Amazon Valley may yield not more than 30,000 tons of rubber this year. Of this, probably two thirds will come from Brazilian territory. Brazil will retain about 10,000 tons, of what is produced in Brazilian territory, for its own uses. The United States will get the balance. We have made a contract with the Brazilian government to buy her entire surplus output until 1946.

Our own people were responsible for bad planning and mismanagement from the beginning, especially when the situation was in the hands of the late Board of Economic Warfare, and the old Rubber Reserve. These agencies established an elaborate organization in Brazil. It was their idea that the industry should be completely under the direction of North Americans, in spite of various cooperative agreements between the Brazilian and our own governments.

Good-Will Administrators

Many of the people sent to Brazil to direct various activities were inexperienced, even if well-meaning. Most of them knew little or nothing about rubber, the Amazon Valley or the strange ways of the *caboclos*—the native laboring classes, who do the actual work.

They made the same preparations for harvesting and transporting rubber in the trackless jungle and remote hinterlands of Amazonia that they would have made for building or operating a factory in Detroit.

Electrical refrigerators were sent a thousand miles into the jungle, for use by jungle workers, in sections where there isn't an electrical plant. Hundreds were shipped to the city of Manáos, yet nobody took the trouble to find out whether the machines would ever take the kind of electrical current available. The result was that they had machines requiring an entirely different current from that produced in the spavined old plant.

There is no suspicion that rubber grows under water. Yet I met a professional diver in Belem, Para, who had been hired by the old Rubber Reserve company. Asked what his duties were, he was unable to say. I know a New York music critic who for a time was employed to do public relations work in the jungle city of Manáos.

However, new and experienced men have been put in their places. I have met most of them. Douglas Allen, the head of the RDC, is himself an old-time businessman, with years of experience in the Amazon country. He is connected with corporations that operate hardwood sawmills and with other companies that deal in numerous tropical products. He has sent some of his most capable assistants to Brazil and to the valley, and he himself makes frequent checkups on the organization there.

Generally speaking it is the policy of the RDC to get along with just as few employees from this country as possible, since, after all, we're dependent upon Brazilian labor and Brazilian officials to get the actual product out of the jungle.

In fact, under a new contract, the Brazilian government is to assume more responsibility for actually getting the rubber out of the jungle. We are to pay 60 cents a pound, nearly 30 per cent above the regular price. This is still 70 cents a pound less than the British charged us during the Stevenson restrictions a few years ago.

Whatever rubber there is to be had will

(Continued on page 64)

The Texan boasted that he feared no horse or woman—but a girl challenged him on both counts

THE WHIP HAND

BY RAOUL SCHUMACHER

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

THERE had never been sunlight like this. Back in Kansas and all along the stage trail from the Missouri River the sun had shone hard and bright and hot, but it was not like this. Here, in Santa Fe, Maria thought, the sun did more than warm the air; it seemed to cleanse the things it touched, and it touched everything. The air was fresh to breathe, and this morning Maria breathed it deeply.

She sat on a broken ox yoke that some teamster had abandoned in the courtyard of her father's house. Out of thongs of buffalo hide she had woven a wagon whip and its graceful coils lay beside her in the dust. Finished with it, at last, she took the hickory butt in her hand and stood up and swung her arm in a swift, strong arc. She was expert at it and the whip leapt from the dust and split the silence of the morning as sharply as a crack from a plainsman's rifle.

She coiled the whip once more and flexed it in her fingers that were smooth enough, yet tanned like a coach driver's. She was a tall girl with chestnut hair that trapped and held the golden light in its folds. She had blue eyes, but they were not limpid or soft or timid as perhaps they ought to have been; they were frankly capable of fire, they were proud and they were curious.

Maria faced the open gate that breached the thick adobe wall of the courtyard and shot her whip forward and made it sing in the brittle air. The sound of horses' hoofs rang on the hard earth of the *camino,* and the voices of riding men came over the wall.

SHE neither paused at the sound, nor made the customary feminine effort to conceal herself. Everybody—at least everybody back home in Kansas—knew that Hiram Bent's daughter was not afraid of men, that she rode like a man, shot like a man and (some said) even fought like a man.

Again she coiled the whip, happy with the music it made, and sent it singing through the gate.

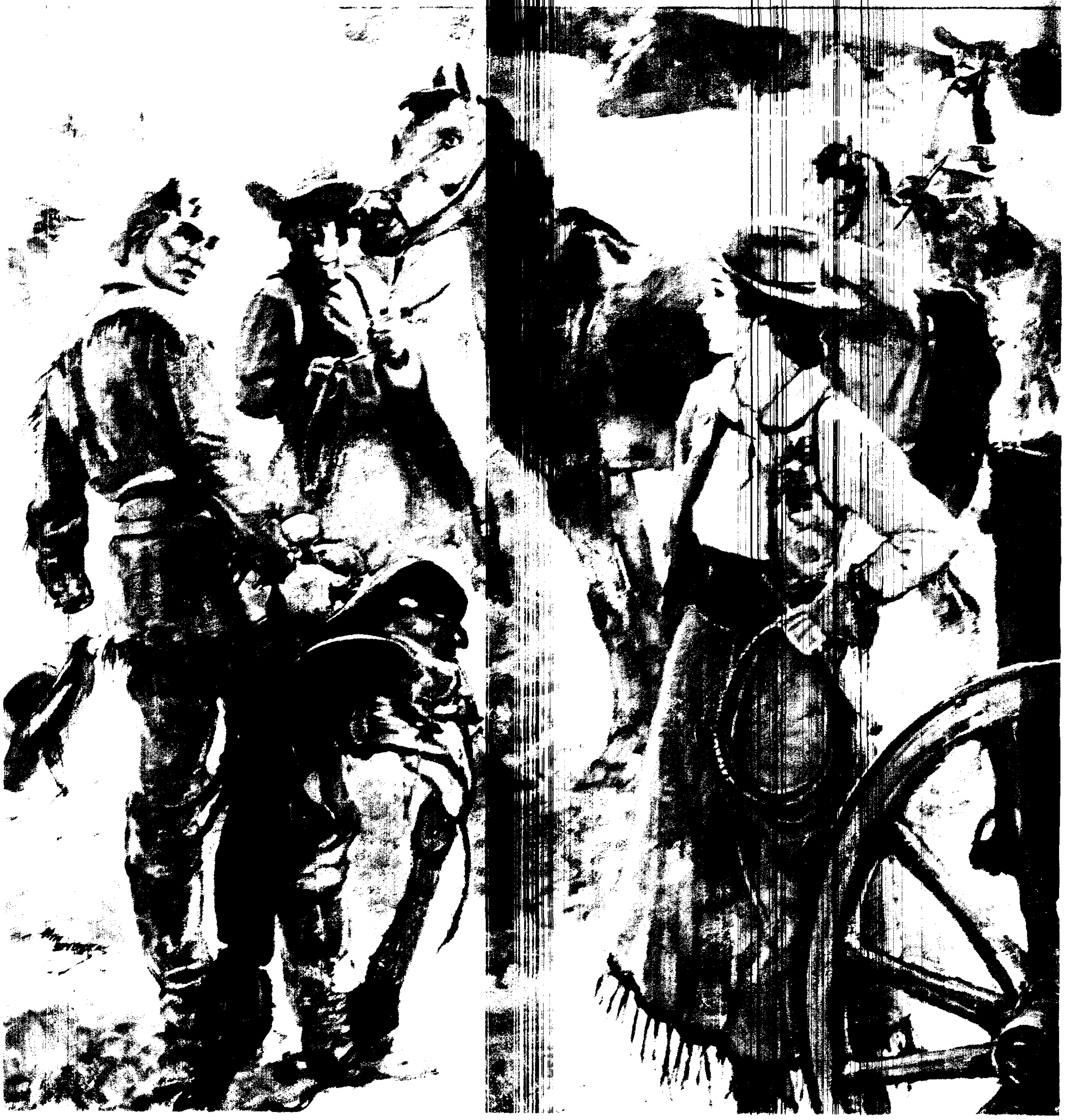
It was gone from her hand before she saw the young man and the bay horse directly in its path, and she cried out, but it was too late; there is no recalling a whip already cast. The limber thong spat against the horse's flesh with the impact of an arrow.

He was a big horse with uneasy eyes that held fear in them, and the stroke of the whip exploded the fear into terror. In a single movement he whirled and reared high into the air and higher until the sun flashed against his underbelly, until dust enveloped him and his rider, until his terror turned to anger and he plunged and fought, and the man upon him swore and dug his spurs deep in the horse's flank and together they disappeared in a whirlwind of violence from the open gate and from Maria's sight.

They disappeared—horse and man—suddenly as they had come, but Maria would not have it so. Still clutching her whip, she ran out of the courtyard and stood by the wall and watched the fight with careful eyes. The young man rode well, and he was unafraid. She could see it in the ease of his tall body wedded to the plunging saddle, in the calm of his hands on the reins. The bay horse had brought him far off the *camino* and down a slope studded with mesquite, and now, having chosen the arena, the bay horse would see the battle through.

For the first time, Maria saw that there were other men on horses—three of them—all watching their companion with critical interest.

"The boy is good with a horse," one of the men said. "With any horse," another one said. "He's the best. There's no horse from here to San Antone can throw him. Watch him."



Cossack looked at Jonas Price, and the Texan looked at him, then glanced toward Maria

They watched him—Maria standing against the adobe wall, the three men motionless on their motionless mounts—and the three men were right.

The bay horse could not throw his rider, could not jar him from the saddle, could not so much as jerk the reins from the young man's resilient hands.

Time and again the bay tried but it was futile. At last, beaten, weary, he made one more feeble plunge, striking the earth with stiffened legs, but the fight was out of him. The fight was over. The young man shrugged as if to say he had expected more of the horse, then turned him up the slope and toward the courtyard gate.

"I told you," one of the three men said. "I told you to watch him. He's a Texan. Texans can ride."

Texan, Maria thought—a Texan!

The word meant a lot to her. It meant more to her father. "Texans?" she had often heard him say. "Proud and arrogant devils with that little republic of theirs. Big men—too big for their buckskins—ten of them will take on a hundred. Think the whole territory is their hunting grounds! Me—I'd rather reason with Comanches!"

MARIA had heard that statement often—that and other things about Texans. But, strangely, though it should have filled her with mistrust, it had only made her curious—curious about Texans. And now here was one—here was a Texan, and she watched him approach with unconcealed interest.

Too big for their buckskins! Well, this young man wore buckskins and he was big—big-shouldered, big-chested—and big-mannered. He wore a broad-brimmed hat with a flat crown, and when he took the hat off and waved it airily at his companions, Maria saw that his hair was cornyellow, and long, like an Indian scout's, and that his eyes were sharp with pride.

"It was a nice ride, Jonas," one of the men said.

The Texan shook his head and laughed. "Not for me," he said, "not for Jonas Price." He put the broad-brimmed hat back on his long yellow hair and neckreined the bay horse up onto the *camino* and, ignoring his companions, walked the horse toward Maria slowly.

The bay was bright with sweat and breathing hard. Jonas Price sat astride him with negligent ease and watched Maria from under the broad brim. He eyed her unconventional clothes—the fringed leather skirt, the worn riding boots, the vest of doeskin with the many pockets—and the wagon whip still in her hand.

(Continued on page 48)

CAVE-IN

BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

The coal city of Pittston, Pennsylvania, is fast sinking into the mines from which came the wealth that built it

Joseph Maria, who lived to tell the tale of feeling the ground cave under him. He suffered severe shock

NO ONE in Pittston, Pa., remembers much about February 8th of this year, except where they were when they heard little two-year-old Jule Ann Fulmer had been swallowed alive by a mine cave-in on Mill Street. Jim Fox, a mine blacksmith who lives next to the house in front of which the Fulmer child disappeared, says, "I go to work at one-thirty and that's how I remember it. I had gone down to the cellar to fix the furnace for my girls. While I was down there, I heard a commotion, and my girls began screaming. I came upstairs as fast as I could. I didn't know what had happened. My daughters were yelling that a little girl went down in the mines. I ran outside. There was the hole and neighbors running up and people calling for the firemen and it was too late, 'course, for the earth just caved in atop her."

It was forty-eight hours later that they found the child's body. A workman, thirty feet down in the hole, noticed something red sticking out of the earth wall only twelve feet from the surface. It was the child's red coat, and they found the body a few minutes later. Her tiny skull had been crushed, but death had been caused by suffocation.

That was months ago, and Pittston is still caving in. New holes open up daily. While we were photographing a new $95,000 church which had been abandoned, a six-year-old boy dropped into a hole and was rescued by an older boy in another section of the city. In fact, after each day's work, we thought we were through, only to find that new cave-ins had occurred. One of them requiring two hundred tons of slag and culm to fill. New cracks opened up in the city's $400,000 high school, abandoned a year ago.

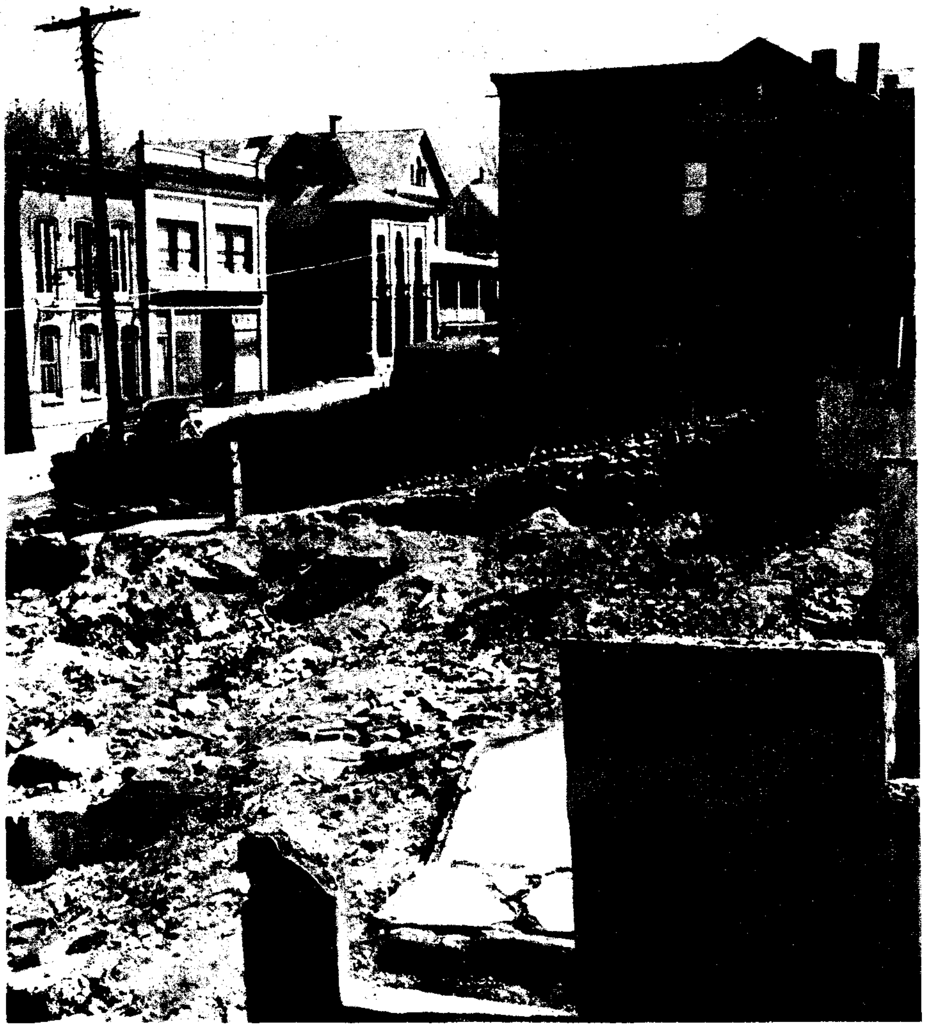
So far, only the Fulmer child has died as a result of cave-ins, but others have had close brushes with death. When a cave-in collapsed a double house owned by Joe Cumbo on Railroad Street in the middle of the night a year ago, Mary and Josephine Proietta had to jump for their lives from second-story windows, and a policeman fired his revolver to rouse the neighborhood. The same cave-in, besides tilting other homes, dropped a near-by railroad bridge four feet, buckling its rails. Mrs. Elizabeth Eltus checked herself just as she was about to step into a deep hole which had swallowed up her sidewalk and part of her cellar. A few days after the Fulmer child died, seven-year-old Robert Adrian was plunged ten feet into the earth, but was pulled out unhurt.

Few people have come closer to death and lived to tell the tale than James McCabe, a motorman in the mines. Taking his 2½-year-old son Eddie to visit his mother, he had the child perched on his shoulder and was crossing a vacant lot, owned by the Pennsylvania Coal Co., next door to his mother's home. Suddenly he felt the ground giving beneath him. He hurled the child from him as he disappeared into the earth. Twenty-eight feet down he fell, dislocating a kneecap and straining his back. Through the hole he could see the sky and hear the child crying. Presently he heard his mother come

(Continued on page 79)

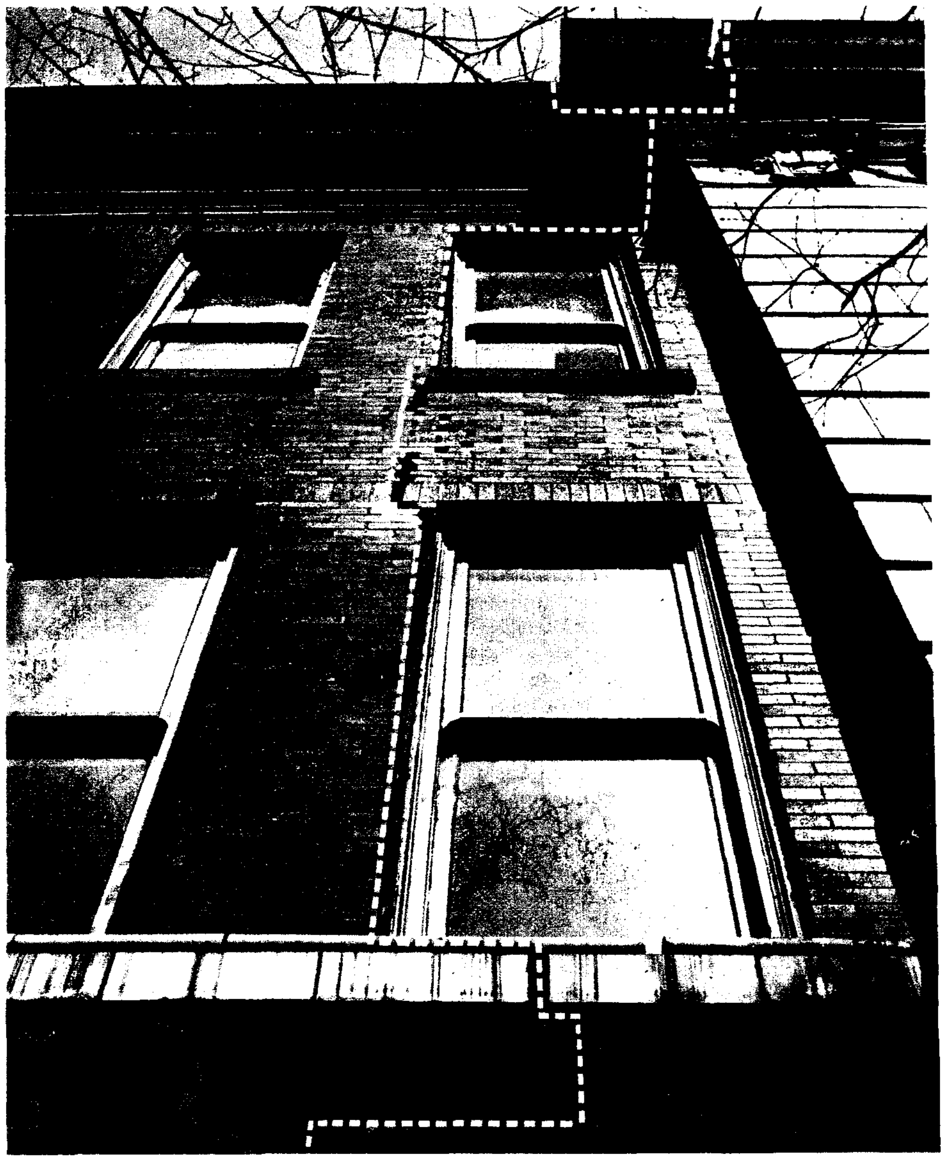
These slabs cover the filled hole which swallowed up Jule Ann Fulmer last February. Foundation cracked while we were there

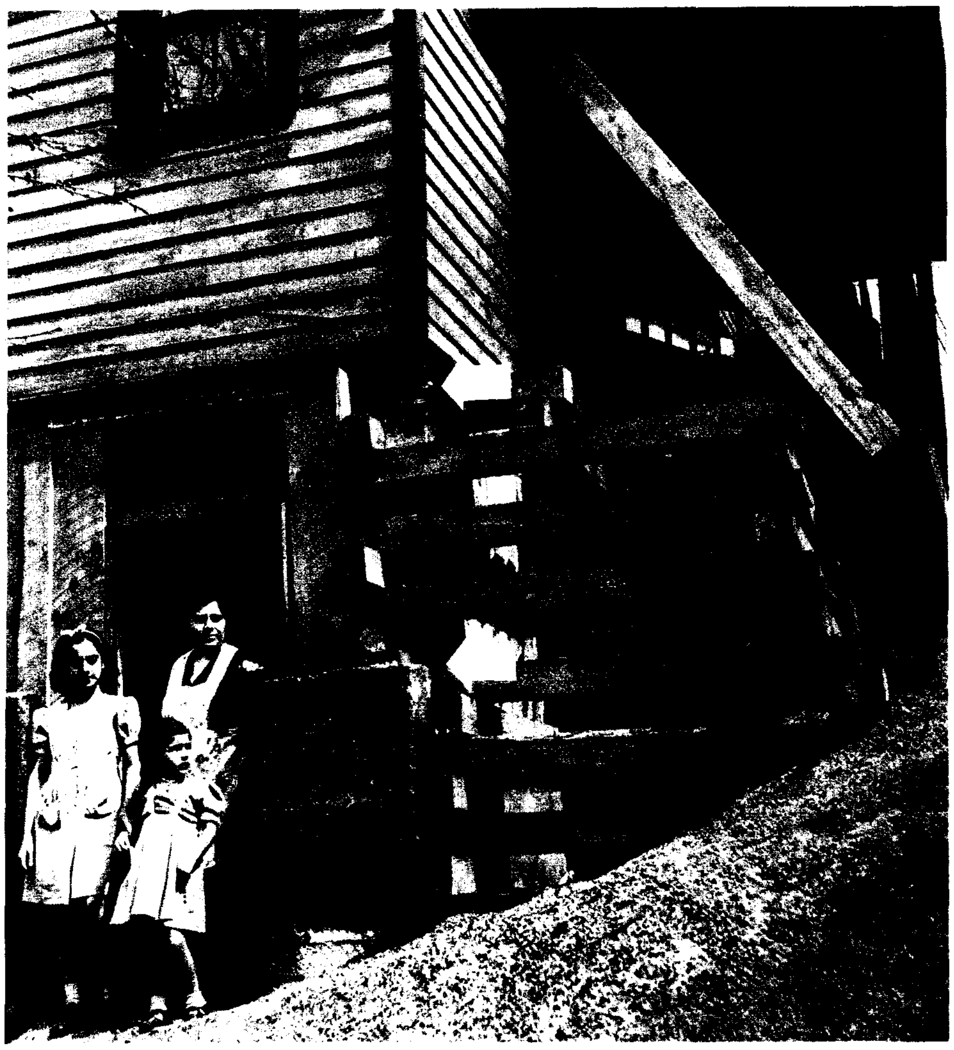
James McCabe threw his son, Eddie from him when he felt ground giving, fell 28 ft. into earth, survived



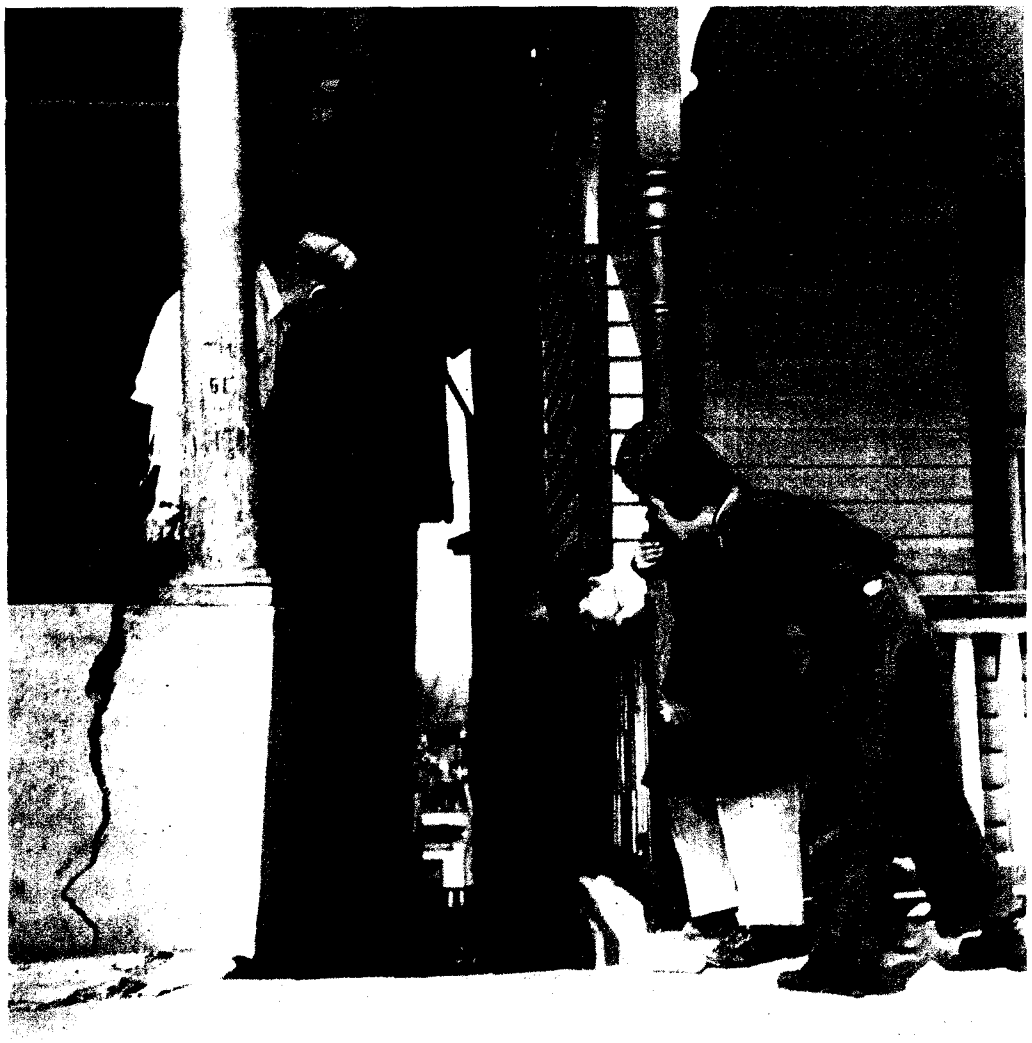
This rubble is all that is left of a brick double house owned by Joe Cumbo. Collapsing after midnight, its occupants fled in their night clothes. A mine operator paid Cumbo for his house

One of the cracks in Pittston's abandoned high school. Officials hope flushing of mines will make it possible to salvage it



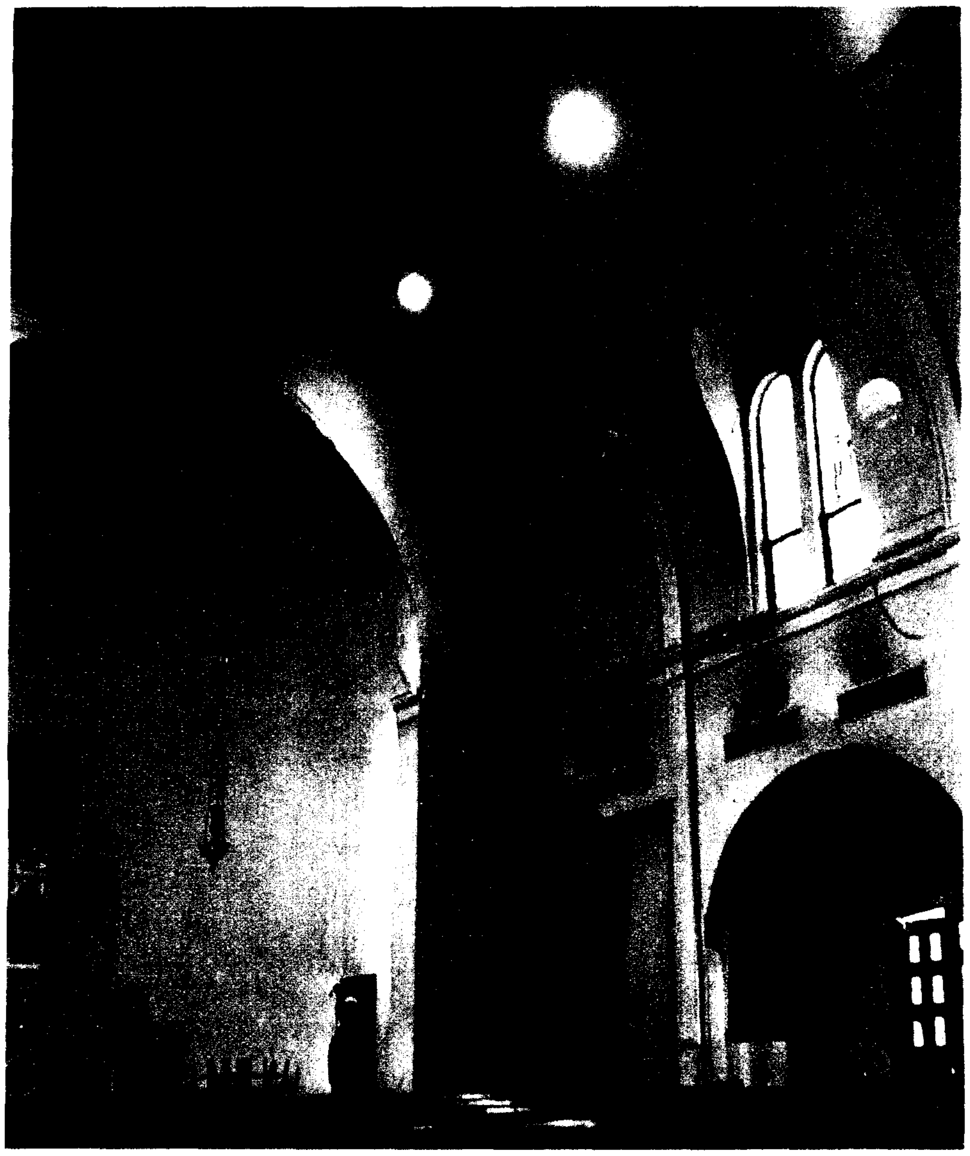


Mrs. James Lombardo and her children stand in the cellar doorway of their home. Entire rear of house and back yard settled four feet. The arrows indicate how far kitchen dropped before being shored up



Two more of the hundreds of homes which have been damaged in Pittston. Nos. 91 and 89 Spring Alley, they fell against each other when the abandoned mines under them caved in, causing their cellar walls to sink

Father Enrico Giovetto examines wrecked interior of the new but abandoned Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church for further settling

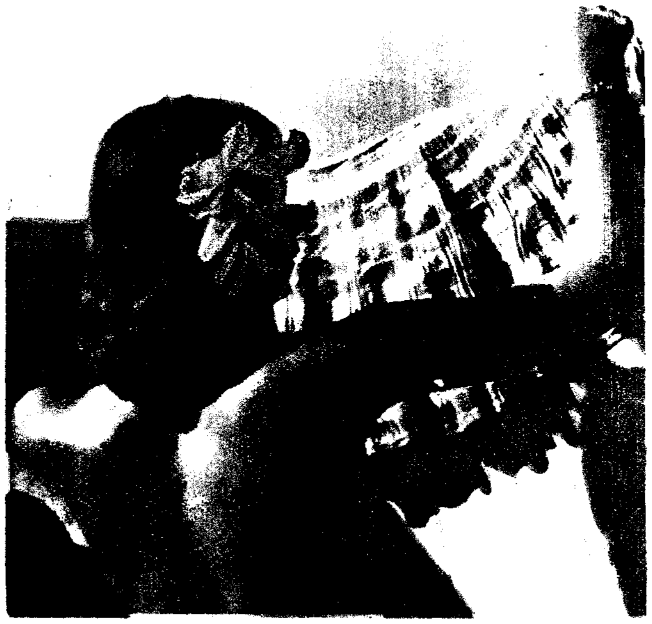


Louis Fellin and Father Giovetto inspect church's buckled walls. The cave-in of the $95,000 church occurred after it had been in use two years

Beauty on the Beach

by Ruth Carson

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL



Surf kicker, at right, can wash out her salty wet suit of pleated cotton, dry and iron just like new

THE next step," says Mrs. Bert Schnurer, designer of the two scanties at the left, "is just to paint ourselves, and that's out of my field, so I'm against it."

Actually the brief bathing suits that are now revealing pretty figures on the beaches shouldn't cause you more than a few gasps, because they've been inching up on you for years. You should be conditioned by now. Look back to those skin-fitting suits that caught your breath a few years ago and you will observe that the new suits, simply using girl instead of cloth for some areas, are no more startling and they're a sight more interesting and comfortable.

"The girls get complete coverage but are exposed to the sun and have a wonderful feeling of freedom," is the way Mrs. Schnurer puts it, pointing to the obvious fact that there is not a thing in the world between bra and pants to hamper a girl's swimming reach or to keep the sun from making her healthy.

A scanty pair of pants, and the narrowest possible bra, with straps that can untie, or simply slip off the shoulders, to be tucked under the bra out of sight for that much extra sun, is the general idea. Within this limited range, however, the designers have managed to pack a lot of fashion.

You can have your bareness Lamour-style with sarong, bra twisted to match. If you have the figure for them, you can wear knitted briefs that fit like a postage stamp and are about as big. Or you can be ultraconservative in a little pleated kilt, or in shorts that leave no more than a twelve-inch expanse of tan above your knee. A few bras spurn straps altogether, but most of them count on at least one for anchorage.

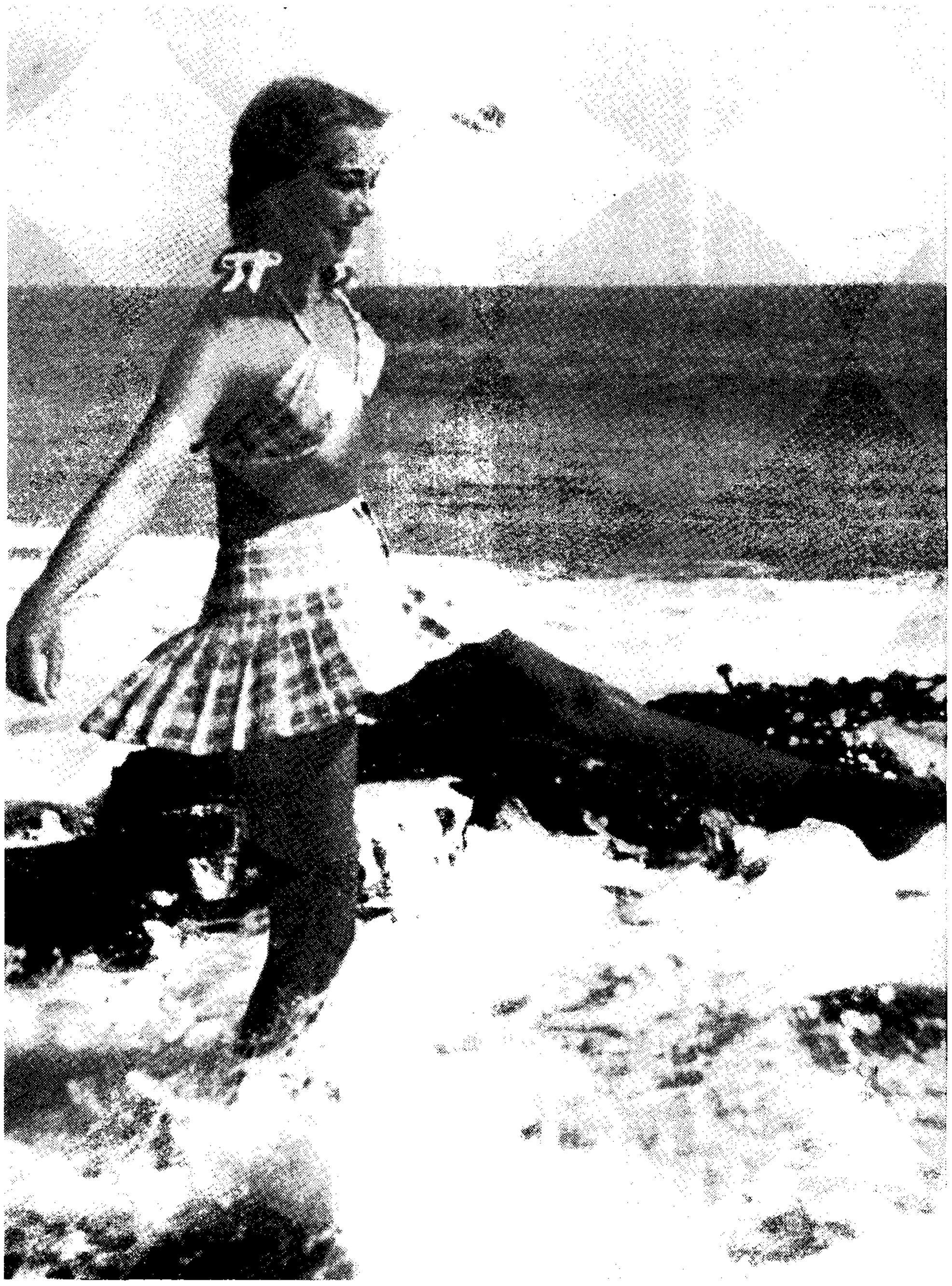
Suits Are Slick as Seals

One esthetic advantage to the close cut of these new suits is that there is no slack for a droopy-drawers effect when you come out of the water. Slick as a seal always. Even if you go in for the half yardage of a skirt, it's made of a crisp material, generally cotton, that will come out of the water as perky as it went in. Balloon cloth, that sheds water practically as well as a duck, giddily printed Mexican cottons, piqué and cotton gabardine are favorites.

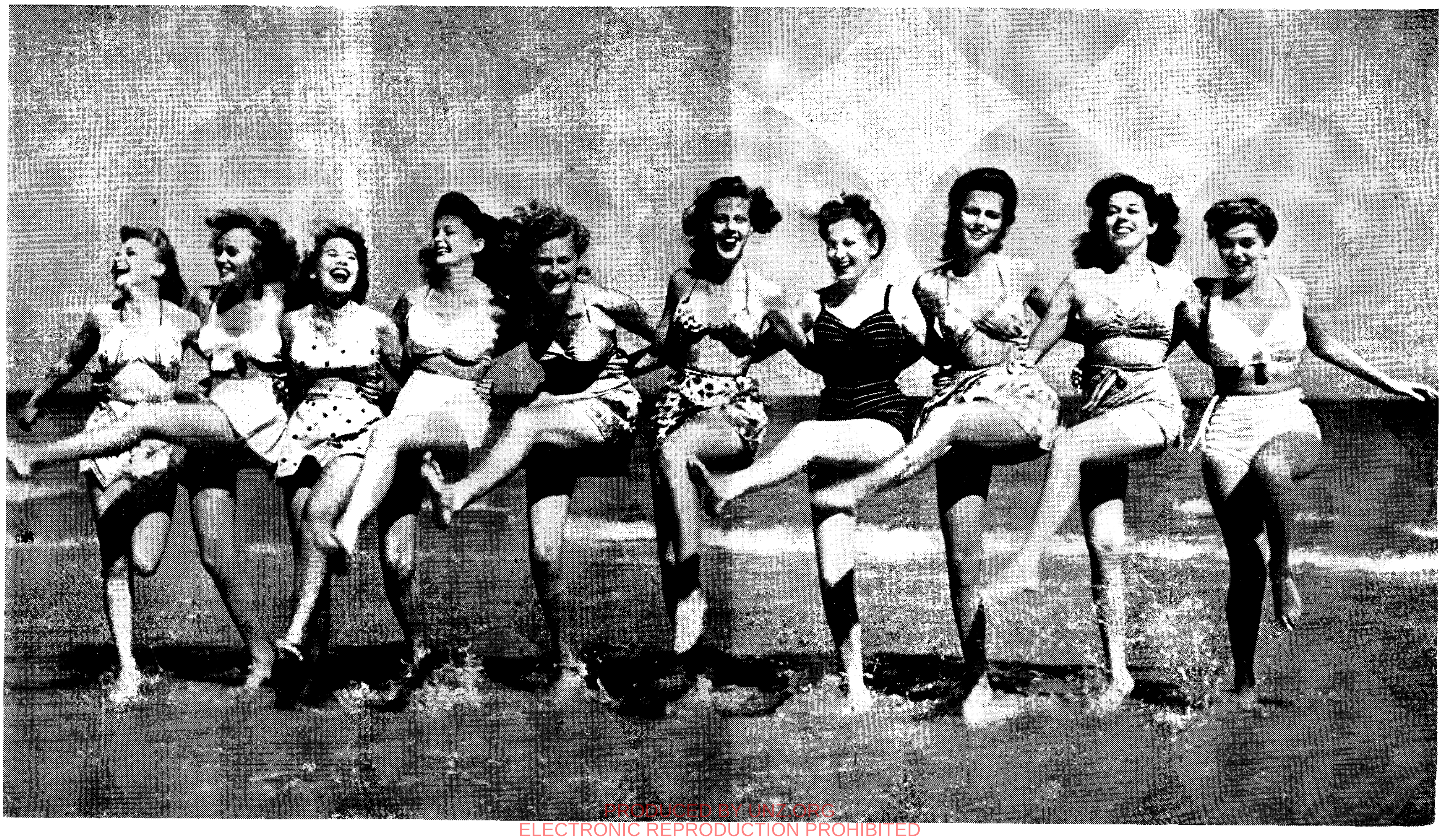
Don't for a minute think the brevity of these suits is due to patriotism.

"They have nothing whatever to do with fabric conservation," says Mrs. Schnurer, our spokeswoman. "Public demand is the reason for them. There are no fabric limitations put on the bathing-suit business anyway—we don't need them. The government is more likely to ask us to add something, if the wrong people start wearing these things." ★★★

At the left, printed cotton piqué douses printed cotton balloon cloth. Bathing accessories, like caps and shoes, are war casualties, but no one seems to mind



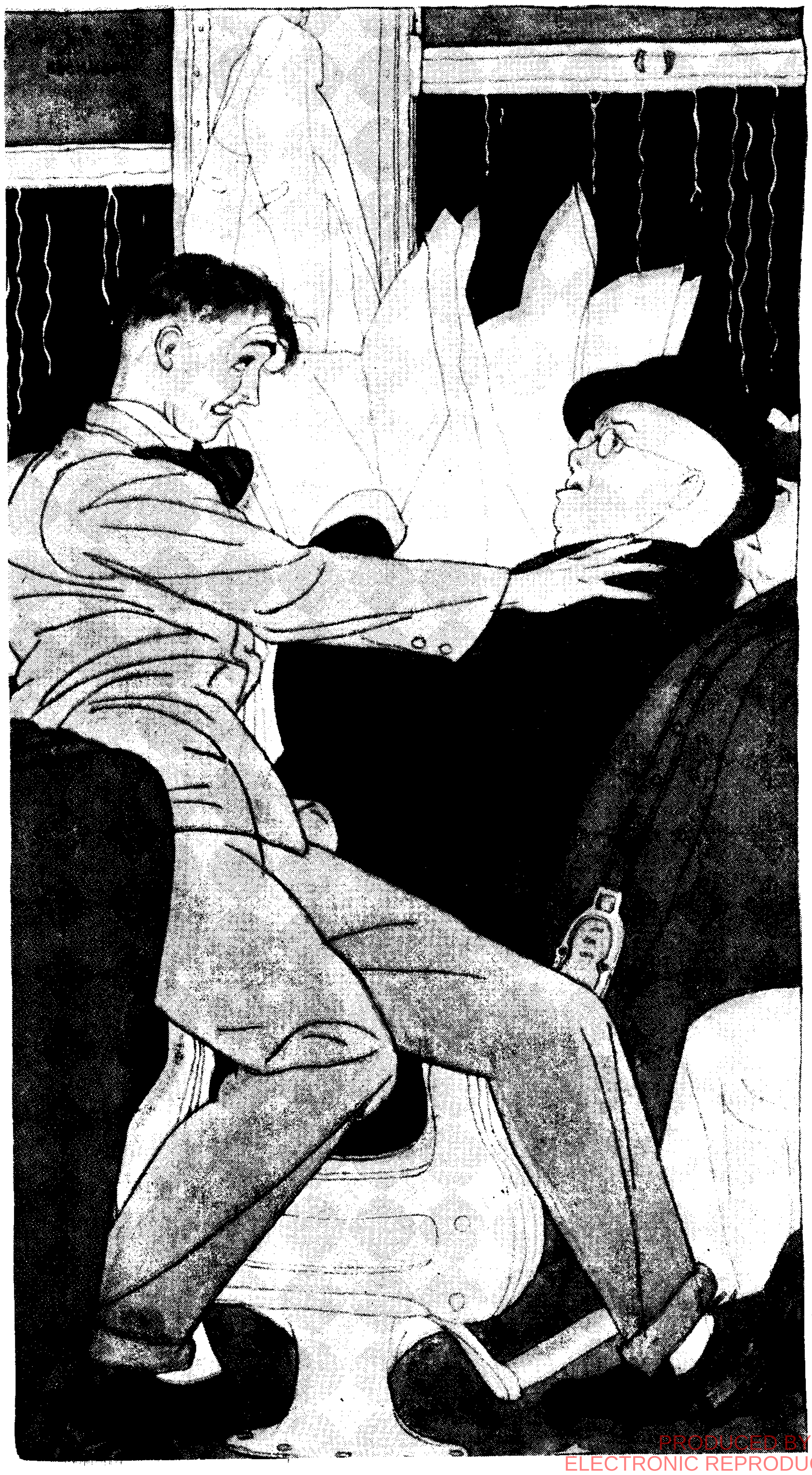
Knitted swim suit or dressmaker number, the new bathing suits are the most daring yet. Two-piecers outnumber one-piece four to one. Left to right on Florida beauties below, cotton print, white piqué, one-piece cotton, lace-edged rayon, pale blue rayon, printed balloon cloth, wool jersey one-piece, plaid cotton, wool knit, cotton gabardine. Muriel Smith, who is Miss Florida, turns handsprings, upper right, in rayon that looks hand-painted



The Warrior

BY CHARLES TRIESCHMANN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



As the train lurched, he spilled against the fat man. "Sorry, sir," he said. "Guess I ain't much of a sailor"

SHEETS of rain lashed out of the darkness and spattered against the windows. Inside the crowded coach, soldiers and sailors stood in the aisle and rolled with the erratic lurches of the train. They were singing—partly to break the monotony of the long ride—mainly to attract the laughter of the two girls they surrounded.

It wasn't loud singing, and none of the other passengers seemed to object—no one except the fat man near the rear of the car.

The fat man would look up from his paper, stare at the men several seconds, then return to his reading as if it took considerable concentration.

In addition to the singing, he was plainly annoyed by the large woman wedged into the seat beside him—a plump-faced asthmatic creature with a great knot of rust-colored hair.

Pushing through the crowd of men in uniform, a young man made his way up the aisle. As the train lurched, he lurched, as if his legs were weak. His face was flushed, and the top of a bottle showed from the pocket of his suit.

A particularly vicious lurch of the train spilled him against the fat man. It was a moment before the boy recovered his balance, and when he did he leaned back against the arm rest of the seat across the aisle.

"Sorry, sir." A grin wrinkled the boy's face. "Guess I ain't much of a sailor."

"Then you should try the Army."

"I was in the Army."

The fat man straightened his crumpled paper.

"You think I'm kidding." The boy's voice carried a sudden husky intensity: "I tell you I was in the Army."

"When did you get out?"

"Last week."

"Seems I heard they let a man wear his uniform for thirty days—that is, if he gets an honorable discharge."

The boy was silent but his eyes showed he understood the implication.

"That ain't so funny," he said evenly. "I got an honorable discharge."

"I'm delighted."

"I got it right here!"

Ignoring the official-looking paper the boy was holding, the fat man squirmed out of the seat and headed for the men's room.

The boy's flushed face turned a darker shade of crimson. He started to follow the man, when the woman with the knot of hair spoke: "Going home?"

The boy was still looking after the fat man.

"Where is home?" the woman asked.

"North Carolina."

"Bet you got a gal there waiting for you."

"I got a wife, lady."

"That's even better."

"Gotta wife. Even gotta kid I've never seen."

"Well, this will be a homecoming!" the woman said.

He fumbled in his hip pocket and brought out a battered wallet. "Here—I got a picture of him."

He liked talking about his kid and he told the lady about his wife. His wife was named Susan Mae. They'd gone to high school together. They were married just before he joined the Army.

THE fat man came back from the men's room. Seeing the boy was still talking, he pushed aside two pea jackets in a seat just down the aisle and settled back as if he hoped to sleep through the inconvenience.

"I guess you can't wait to get home," the lady said quickly.

"I ain't going home." The boy's voice was definite, and he pulled the bottle out of his pocket.

"I wouldn't drink any more if I were you."

He took a long, gagging swallow and jammed the almost empty bottle into his pocket.

"You think I'm drunk. Sometimes when I think I'm good and plastered, I wake up in the middle of the night cold sober. Then I start to think and I can't stop thinking. I near blow my top."

The boy's sudden fervor was embarrassing.

"When you get home, everything will be all right."

"I tell you I ain't going home." He was almost shouting. "I'm going back to the Army."

With elaborate rudeness, the fat man stared at the boy, then lay back against the seat.

The plump-faced woman was looking at the blackness outside the window, but the boy kept talking.

"They said they'd give me back my uniform, but look at me—dressed in a zoot suit!"

The woman didn't look, and he turned to the lady in the seat behind—a dark-complexioned, lean-faced girl.

"Look at me—dressed in a zoot suit!" he repeated.

"That's no zoot suit," the girl said quietly. "A zoot suit has a long coat and padded shoulders."

"They promised to give me back my uniform, and they buy me this zoot suit."

Passengers squirmed, trying not to notice the boy, but their studied indifference only made him talk louder.

"Got two brothers—both in the Army. One gets killed in Africa, and the other is missing. Now they expect me to go home. Me—the only one left. Imagine how the old lady will kick up."

He ran a hand through his straight, mud-colored hair.

"My old lady was good to me—always told me not to fight—always afraid I'd get banged up. Then they throw a gun in my hands and say shoot the bloody Japs. And that's what I do—sitting up there in a palm tree like an old hoot owl at a war dance and I clip 'em. They just keep coming and I keep clipping."

The boy laughed a hollow, brittle laugh.

"I was a good soldier and they gotta take me back."

THE woman with the knot of hair looked more intently out of the window, and the lean-faced girl inspected the contents of her purse.

"You don't believe me. None of you believe me!" He stared about him.

Only one man returned his gaze. "Why did you leave the Army?"

"My legs," the boy said. "We were hitting a beach, and I got it in both legs. All the way back to the States they keep telling me I'm okay. Thirteen weeks I lay in a hospital thinking that—thinking I'll get back to my outfit. And every day doctors would come and poke around at my legs. Then they'd bring more doctors, and nurses would stand around looking. . . ."

He glanced down at his legs.

"One day they take out the tubes and look mighty proud. And they take pictures of my legs—take 'em from the front—take 'em from the back where they grafted on the skin. I'm okay, they tell me; legs will be weak for a while, but now you're okay. Then when I get ready to leave, they say that I get a medical discharge—say my uniform is lost and buy me this zoot suit and look proud as hell."

"Oh, gee!" the fat man exploded and came back to his seat. "Why don't you just sleep it off?"

"You still don't believe I was in the Army."

"Let's see the bullet holes in your legs."

The boy didn't move.

"Let's see the bullet holes—then we'll all believe you." The fat man was smiling, a smug, challenging smile.

Slowly the boy raised his foot and placed it on the arm rest of the man's chair.

"Okay," he said flatly. "Be sure and take a good look."

The fat man obviously intended to. Then suddenly the boy noticed the other faces turned his way—faces no longer indifferent, some already showing pity, others just cold curiosity—homebodies who had never caught a glimpse of war, waiting to be shocked.

"Well . . ." the fat man said. His voice was taunting.

THE boy's hands knotted into fists and hung at his sides as he stared at the faces around him—faces he knew he would never get used to, faces anxious to take one long, full look at his shot-up legs, before turning away to show they didn't like such unpleasantness.

"Well, we're waiting."

Abruptly the boy's foot came down from the arm rest, and he turned and walked down the aisle, bracing himself between the seats each time the lurching of the train threw him off balance.

When he was past the crowd of soldiers and sailors, the woman with the rust-colored hair shifted slightly.

"You think he was really in the Army?"

"Just a 4-F with a bottle," the fat man said. "You saw the way he folded up when I asked to see his legs."

a short short story

Help
FOR HERO WINGS

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM LONDON

The Army is just as anxious to protect your flying sons as you are. It has devised a dozen ingenious contraptions to keep them safe

THE smooth, boyish face of Lieutenant William Henry Karraker, of Lexington, Kentucky, has a way of suddenly wrinkling all over and as suddenly unwrinkling. It is a sort of dry, mirthless smile in which his intense eyes do not join, and, because he is only twenty-odd, the effect is striking and troubling until you reflect that all this war's old-young airmen bottle up in a few months emotional strains that adventurers of former times could not gather in their whole lives.

Only when he speaks of his ditching is there a change. The wrinkles hold still for a minute and his eyes reluctantly share the grin. Karraker is a navigator and, like all the tribe, a perfectionist. So you feel that what sticks in his mind is not the danger of the ditching, but the way it ended—because that was silly.

His Fort, one of the renowned Hell's Angels group, had egged a target in France that day and was coming home, when disaster struck. Flak-happy, she fluttered away from her formation and by the time the coast was reached had so little altitude and control left it was obvious that all the skill and devotion of her crew could not get her across to England.

The only question was whether her crew could get itself across. In the earlier days of the Eighth Air Force, even that question probably would not have remained. Rather than face ditching, crews understandably felt justified in setting hopeless cripples down on enemy territory, destroying the wreckage and taking their chances on capture.

But ways and means had changed. Soon after the surf-laced edge of France had slid behind, and the sea was only a few hundred feet below, the Fort's pilot, Captain R. N. Johnson of Orlando, Florida, ordered over the intercommunicating telephone, "Prepare for ditching." All hands not otherwise engaged immediately pitched overboard guns, ammunition and every loose or detachable thing, then hurried to the radio compartment where the operator had been advising the Fort's home station of their plans on the prearranged ditching frequency.

Meanwhile the pilot and copilot snugged their safety belts. In the little radio stall the eight other crewmen disposed themselves according to plan. The operator belted in his seat, leaned forward, tautly spread his arms out on the desk and pressed his face on them. Karraker sat on the floor with his knees up, his hands clasped behind his neck, his feet against the waist bulkhead, and his shoulders hard against the rear of the radioman's seat.

The rest wedged themselves into two rows sitting on the floor with their backs toward the front of the plane. The two nearest the forward bulkhead flattened their heads and shoulders against it, shoved their hands and knees against the men in front, who in turn had their knees in the backs of the two forward men whose feet were against the rear bulkhead. These four men in the first and middle clasped their hands behind their necks with their elbows together and heads forward on their knees. It was expert packing and paid dividends.

There was a first bump as the tail furrowed. The huddled men didn't move except involuntarily trying to truss themselves and one another even more firmly. Then came the real wham as belly and nose went into the unyielding sea at eighty-five miles an hour. Deceleration was rapid. Karraker says it felt like hitting a cement wall at forty-mile speed.

Instantly the crew untangled and sprang to work. Each man had his chore memorized and practiced until it was second nature. One yanked levers that opened hatches outside the fuselage and spilled two dinghies which automatically inflated right side up as they burst forth, one onto each wing. The radioman gathered up his portable emergency sender. The entire crew scrambled out, in a set order, five to a side, stepped into the little blue and yellow craft dry-shod, and paddled clear of the sinking plane. From the time of the second impact, it took them exactly twenty-seven seconds to abandon ship. Overhead the Spits circled, on guard. They were twelve miles from the enemy coast.

Prepared for the Worst

The castaways hadn't much leg room but were dry, warm and well provided for by the equipment contained in the dinghies. Besides the paddles, there were packaged rations, cigarettes, tinned fresh drinking water enough to last many days if prudently allotted, signal flares and pistols to fire them, wood plugs and patches to repair possible leaks, pumps for reinflation and boxes of powder, which, broken onto the sea, would spread into large orange (the most easily seen color on water) spots; also sails, incidentals and a box kite which, flown high on fine wire, served doubly as a visual signal and antennae for the radio. This, fixed on a rescue frequency, sends automatically, with power generated by a small hand crank. "Working it keeps you warm," says Karraker.

His crew was lucky; they had no worries that thick weather might hide them. The Spits wagged their wings and went their way as planes of the Air-Sea Rescue arrived to maintain spot patrol—and amuse themselves by diving at the box kite. These rescue planes are equipped to drop by parachute a large dinghy—actually a lifeboat—capable of holding all ten men and complete with outboard motor. It wasn't necessary this time. Three of the huge, swift Air-Sea Rescue launches were knifing over the horizon.

This is where Karraker, the navigator and precisionist, got very annoyed. The launches had developed a friendly race. At the last instant, the unsuccessful boats sheered off in breath-taking turns that threw up walls of white and green water—and swamped the dinghies. Karraker and his mates, until now snug, dry and pleased, were fished out of the briny—safe but very wet. Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of heavy bomber was gone, but that is part of the unavoidable wastage of war. Ten skilled and brave men of incalculable value were saved to fight another day. The British Air-Sea Rescue had done its stuff again.

(Continued on page 47)

BRITISH COMBINE

That grin on Lt. Tom Trainor, left, is for the suits of armor our fliers wear. The flak shell which made the hole he is showing to his pilot, Lt. Jim Davis, exploded practically in his lap and would have killed him if he'd had no protection

Dashing out to pick up the crews of planes "ditched" in the Channel, one British Air-Sea Rescue Service launch crosses another's wake. Protected only by turreted antiaircraft guns, they have snatched many a flier from under Nazi coastal guns

BRITISH COMBINE

Cpl. H. R. Katz of the Wac reads Italian and listens to the recording as she recites the phrases

LANGUAGES ARE WAR WEAPONS

Our G.I. Joes are learning many foreign languages by a new quickie method. It won't get them a date, but waiters no longer laugh when a Yank orders a tangerine and 36 eggs

BY FORBES PARKHILL

A native, a sandy map, and the words "Man, ee go, go, go, go" is "pidgin" for "the Japs have fled"

SIGNAL CORPS U.S. ARMY

LIEUTENANT GENERAL JOSEPH W. STILWELL was desperately in need of Chinese-speaking American officers to train native troops. Disembarking from their transport at Bombay, the requisitioned officers were told by a Chinese interpreter that they would be escorted to a post in India where the training program already had been launched by a tiny cadre of Americans.

One of the Yanks said in flawless Mandarin, *"may GWAW BING DZA! ee na A-lee?"*—"Where are the American soldiers?"

"A missionary's son!" exclaimed the delighted interpreter. "No other white man could speak our language so fluently."

"Wrong," the grinning American told the astounded native. "Never spoke a word of Chinese until the day we embarked at Frisco."

The story of the several hundred American officers who acquired a speaking knowledge of Chinese in less than a month aboard a transport is but one of the countless examples of the remarkable effectiveness of the quickie language courses provided by the Education Branch of the Special Service Division of the Army Service Forces.

These courses are not intended to give complete command of a foreign language. They have enabled more than a million American soldiers to acquire, with only ten or twelve hours of instruction, a vocabulary enabling them to ask directions, buy things or order a meal.

Each of these soldiers has learned 250 or more useful words or phrases of one or more of some thirty-eight languages and dialects, including Japanese, Hindustani, Burmese, Hova, Serbo-Croatian, Korean, Czech, Melanesian pidgin English and several Arabian dialects.

Corporal Charles F. Hockett was raking leaves at a Virginia military post when he was snatched out of his fatigue uniform and whisked away to Washington on the first leg of a mission that was to enhance vastly the effectiveness of our training problem in the Asiatic theater.

At the time of his induction, Hockett had been an instructor at the University of Michigan, and a linguist of note. His Ph.D. from Yale had proved singularly ineffective in preparing him for the niceties of raking leaves. But when it came to "first aid" in languages—that was something else again. Presently Corporal Hockett found himself, with two native Chinese assistants, outward bound from San Francisco. Oddly enough, he had been unable to speak Chinese prior to this assignment. But what he didn't know about learning and teaching languages isn't worth telling.

Learning Through Hearing

As the transport plowed across the equator, groups of sweating officers spent hours daily in the liner's former nursery. Hockett based his instruction on the Army introductory—or "quickie"—language course, which makes use of instructional phonograph records supplemented by a pocket-size language guide.

As a child learns to talk by imitating the sounds of the words he hears, so the groups of officers learned to imitate the most frequently used Chinese words and phrases. They'd listen first to a recorded explanation in English. Like this:

"To find out what time it is you say really, 'Now how many marks of the clock?' . . . What time is it?"

Then they'd hear the voice of a native speaker repeating the sentence in Chinese—twice:

"SH-YAN! DZA! ee JEE-EE d-yan JOONG? . . . SH-YAN! DZA! ee JEE-EE d-yan JOONG?"

Then a pause, while the officers repeated the sentence, in unison—but loud. At the same time, they could, if desired, refer to the manual, which contains the exact text of the record, with the Chinese words printed in a phonetic or simplified spelling.

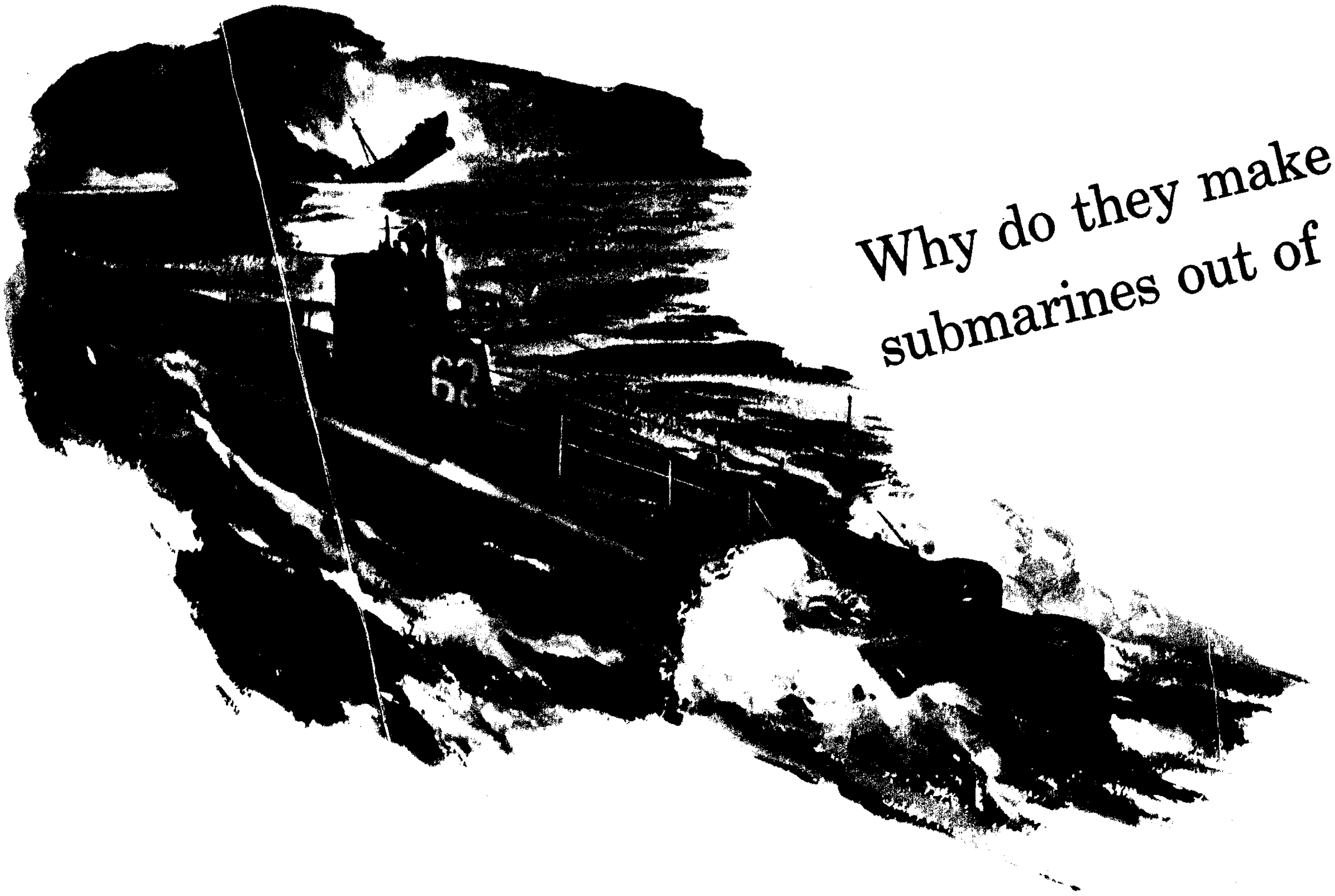
By the time the introductory course was completed, the transport was pitching and rolling in a hurricane, and the officers were fighting back seasickness as they repeated the sliding, singsong rhythm of the Mandarin sentences.

Now the recorded lessons were completed, and the language students were ready for more advanced instruction. Corporal Hockett's native assistants replaced the voices heard on the recordings. The officers had advanced to a stage now embraced in the second level of the extended language course. This second-level course, designed to take up to 150 to 200 hours of working time, gives the pupil a knowledge of 1,000 to 1,500 words, a good pronunciation, and fluency within the limitations of this vocabulary.

By the time the Americans reached their post in India, they were capable of carrying on the military training of native troops with a practical, if not thorough, knowledge of Chinese.

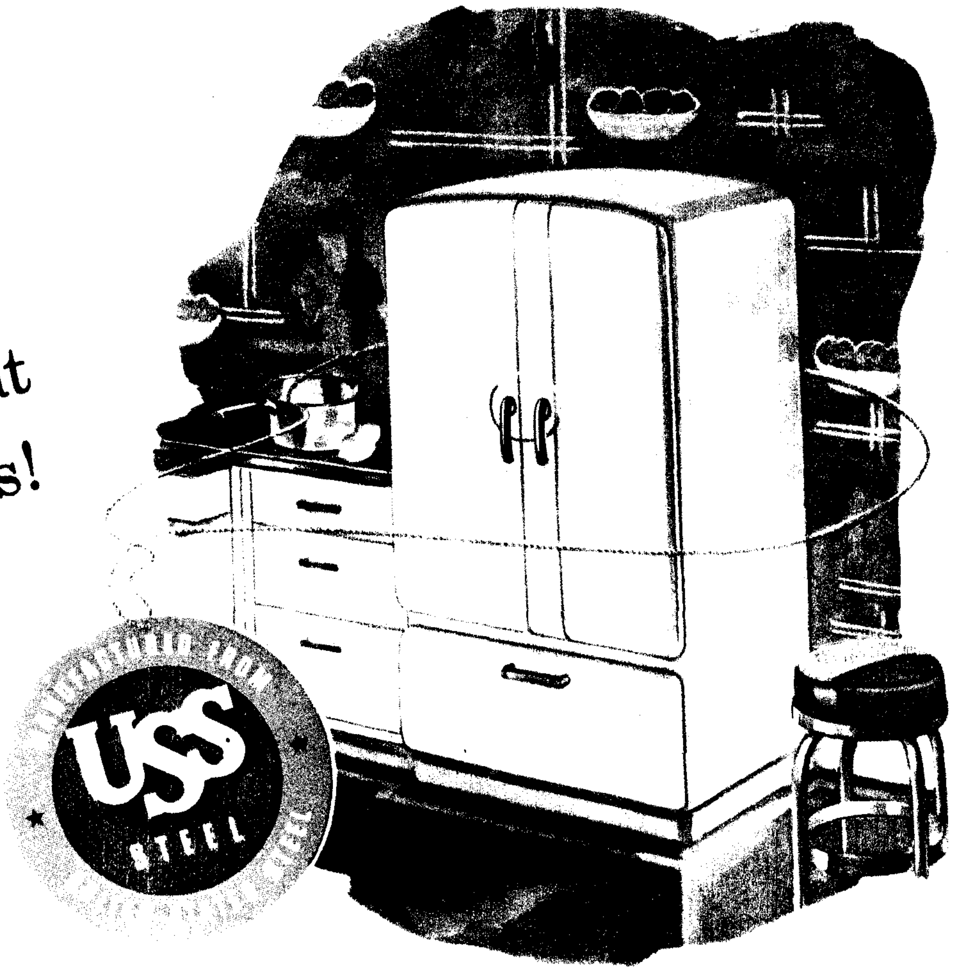
Contrary to general belief, Japanese is one of the easiest languages to learn to speak. Soldiers find no difficulty in learning passable quickie Jap lingo in the customary ten to twelve hours

(Continued on page 68)



Why do they make submarines out of STEEL?

Because you can't beat STEEL for sturdiness!



These pictures are worth remembering. Some day you will want to buy something for long use. A refrigerator. A stove. A car. Better steels will be ready then. War has proved them. 174 laboratories of United States Steel stand behind many of these new steels. Products made from them will carry the U·S·S Label you see here. Look for it. It means *quality steel*—war or peace.

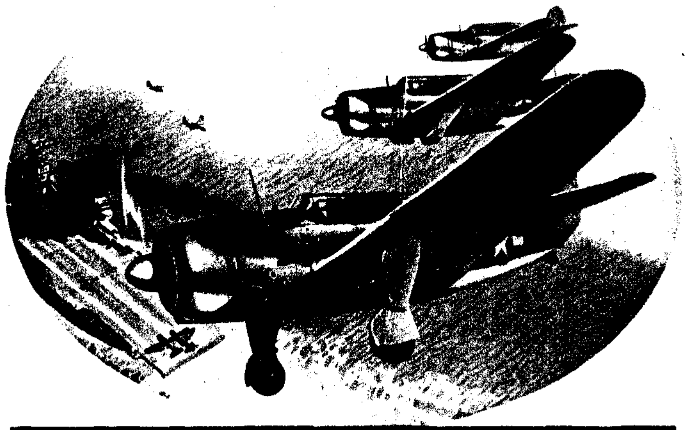
UNITED STATES STEEL

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY · AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY · CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION · COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY · CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION · FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING & DRY DOCK COMPANY · NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY · TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY TUBULAR ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION · UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY · UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY · UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY · VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY

ENDURANCE QUEEN OF THE "BIG-TAIL BIRDS"

61 combat missions and 530 hours in the air . . . *all on her original engines! That is the record of the Martin Marauder "Skeeter" in the Mediterranean theater. Eleven times she came back riddled by flak from nose to tail. Twice she was laid up for major repairs . . . but she went on to set an endurance record among the bomber group they call the "Big Tail Birds."*

From official War Department release



Japs, on land and sea, *have felt the sting of the Curtiss Helldivers, which are taking heavy toll of enemy ships, planes and men. To the daring crews that fly these hornets of the air, Hudson pledges continued large-scale production of wings they can trust.*

A LUCKY SHIP, said "Skeeter's" crew, when this veteran Martin Marauder rolled in safely from bombing mission No. 61.

We know of course that courage, training and flying skill—not luck—played the big role in "Skeeter's" amazing record. But we like to think that back of these was *confidence* in the plane itself.

This has been Hudson's aim throughout its large-scale production of B-26 fuselage sections—to build them tough, build them expertly, build them fast—with all the "know how" that comes from a third of a century of high precision experience.

Hudson production lines have now stepped up their pace for work on the new Bell Airacobra and other large-scale aviation contracts. On these assignments, too, our aim will be the largest possible quantity, with highest possible quality.

Hudson cars, before Pearl Harbor, were built by this same policy, and they have won, the country over, an outstanding reputation for endurance and low upkeep cost.

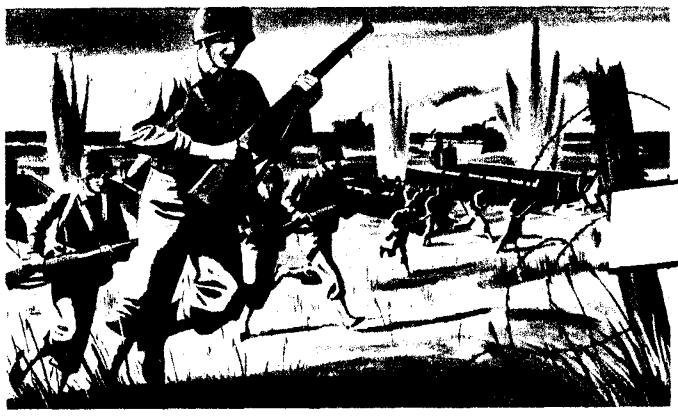
Until Victory brings you finer-than-ever Hudsons, our distributor-dealer organization will "keep them rolling." See the nearest dealer for a new or used car, or service on your present car.

HUDSON
MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN
34 Years of Engineering Leadership

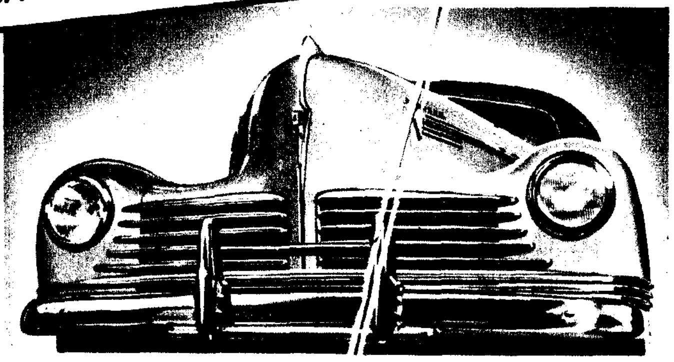
Hudson workers, who have twice won the Army-Navy Production Award, and who fly the Bull's-eye Flag for bond purchases, urge you to

Buy MORE in the Fifth Bond Drive

THEY HAVE TO BE BUILT RIGHT



Landing craft rank high *on America's 1944 production schedule—and to help power this vast invasion fleet, Hudson has long been in mass production of husky Hudson Invader engines. Our veteran motor experts never forget that "they have to be built right."*



Hudson owners everywhere *have learned, under difficult wartime driving conditions, that extra accuracy and care in motor car manufacture pays them dividends of extra, low-cost mileage and uninterrupted service. Speedometer and upkeep figures are proving that the hundreds of thousands of Hudsons now on the road were "built to serve better, last longer, cost less to run."*

OUR PLANTS ARE DEDICATED TO WAR PRODUCTION...OUR DEALERS TO MAINTAINING WAR TRANSPORTATION!

Change of [illegible]

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD McLEOD

The Story: **Carol Hillary** is trying to escape from an emotional maze. Caught in a crossfire between her parents—**Adam**, the novelist, and **Helen**, a famous correspondent, who are dueling politely over **Adam's** attachment for **Jenny Davis**, the singing star—**Carol's** effort to lead a normal life is further complicated when she falls in love, unwillingly, with her mother's protégé, **Major Miles Duncan**, a young flier. She breaks her engagement to **Dudley Lennox**, for whom she works on the magazine, Foresight, but after she has finally led **Miles** into a proposal, she learns that her mother wants **Miles** herself. **Helen** knows that **Lennox** has not given **Carol** up, and plans to break off **Carol's** new romance by whatever means she can. Her first step is to get **Miles** to promise not to marry **Carol** until after the war.

Conclusion

MILES telephoned every day. Carol had returned to work, and he called her in the evening. She was not always at home. When she was, she had one question to ask him. She would ask, "Have you changed your mind?" and when he said, "No, but I must talk to you, Carol, I must see you," she said, "Then it's of no use," and hung up.

For it seemed to her that things were singularly clear. He was not sure, or they would have been married by now. And if he were not sure what was the use of discussion? She had been an idiot to think that time made you sure. That's what she had thought, when she had said at the cottage that they would wait a little while. . . .

What difference did a week, a month, a year, or a century make? Either you were sure, without reason, or you were not. It was like believing, it was like faith . . . it was like your belief in God, in the recurrence of spring, in the immortality of the human spirit. Either you believed or you didn't. Waiting didn't create belief, nor did telling yourself that you believed.

His letters came and she read them. They said the same thing, over and over, in as many ways as were possible to him. He was not very articulate on paper. They said that he loved her; he loved her enough not to wish her committed to constant anxiety and sorrow. He loved her enough to wait for her. Could she not say the same of him?

She did not answer the letters. She could not trust herself. She tried, she covered many sheets of note paper with her small, clear writing and destroyed them. Because her pen had a life and a volition and a goal of its own, it ran away from her, it said things she would not say. It was a passionate and a humble pen. It asked *why?* It implored. It said: We are wasting our time. . . .

You write at white heat, you seal and stamp the envelope and you go out and drop it in a letter box. And in due time it reaches the person for whom it is intended. His reading temperature is not as a rule, your writing temperature. He reads it in the morning, perhaps, after a bad night, too much to drink or too little sleep or anxiety over work. Or there's been an accident at the field. Or he's lost at poker. Any one of a hundred things. . .

Or if, by a miracle, the reading temperature registers the same degree of fever, and he comes rushing to see you, as soon as it is possible . . .

You don't want that. Temperatures, artificially induced, drop suddenly.

She thought: I'll talk to Father.

Adam was seldom at home these days but she did find him in his study after dinner, one night. He was going through his wall safe and his desk, destroying papers. His clearances had come, and he was taking his shots, doubling up on them looking and feeling wretchedly, in consequence. But things were breaking fast. Lennox wanted him in on the ground floor and he himself wanted to be there. He couldn't afford to spread the shots over a period of weeks.

His uniform had come, that worn by an accredited member of the press at the battle front; and his equipment. His light small typewriter, and the few things he would need.

"It's a clutter," he apologized, and grinned at Carol, "but find a place to sit down. Aunt Agatha was in a while ago. She wanted to help. I shooed her."

"Don't shoo me yet," said Carol. She found a place, and sat. She said, "I hate your going away."

"I hate it, too, in one way," he said. "I wanted to see you and Miles married. You could have been, you know. By the time I come back, you'll be a settled matron. Or rather, unsettled, a camp follower for the time being."

She said, leaning back in the big leather chair, "I don't think so."

Adam looked at her sharply. His head ached and his arm was very sore. Also, he had some degrees of fever. Things looked a little blurry to him. The room was very hot, as well, for he had been burning papers.

He said, "My poor old Perdon will faint when she sees this room. By the way, I'm keeping her on for a time. There's some stuff she can type and put in order for me. I've arranged to have her salary paid for as long as that takes, and as long thereafter until she gets another job."

His agent would look after Perdon. Oddly enough, she seemed the only person whom he must leave who needed looking after.

Carol said, "That's good," absently; and Adam asked, "Hey, what's on your mind?"

She said, "You spoke of my marrying Miles. I don't think I'm going to."

Adam sat down at his desk. He said, "I never heard of such shilly-shallying. First Lennox, now Miles. What's got into you?"

She looked at him, with misery but resolution. She said, "I wish I knew. You see, he came down and stayed at the cottage with me—"

Adam drew a deep breath. His face did not alter. He asked, "So what?"

She smiled faintly. She said, "It was all quite kosher. It might not have been. And in a way, I wish it hadn't." She paused and went on: "But it was. He wanted me to marry him as soon as possible. I thought we'd better wait, until, at least, he had his orders. I felt that he . . . might not be sure. . . ."

"You were sure?"

"Yes," said Carol.

"Then, what?"

"I came to town," she said, "and Miles came up. In between seeing him one time and the next, he had changed his mind. He said it was because of Pete—you know, his friend, who is missing. He said, we would wait until after the war."

Adam asked, "Does your mother know this?"

"I told her that night."

"Had she talked to him about it?"

Carol said, "I was in Brooklyn. . . . Miles got here just before I did."

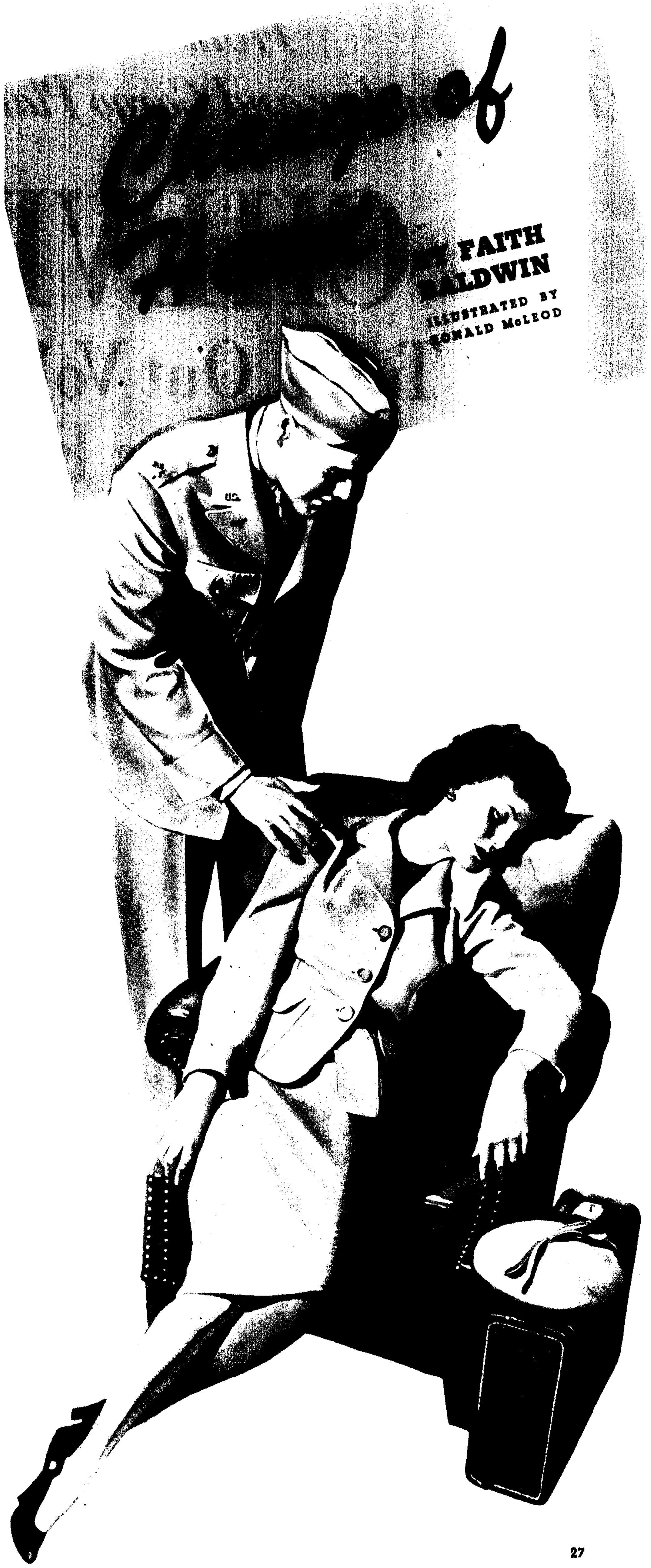
Adam said, "Well?"

Carol made a small, weary gesture. She said, "I think he's trying—to get out of it. I certainly won't stand in his way."

THERE was a pile of books on the desk. Adam flung them to the floor. The noise made his head worse, and Carol jumped. He said irritably, "Sorry, Carol, I never thought you were in the least like you mother."

"Am I?" she asked.

"Or like me, for that matter," he went on. "I've always considered you something of a changeling and been glad of it. But now you're turning out like us both. It's a pity. We're as muddle headed a set of parents as you'll ever find. Your mother thinks around corners. Also, she analyzes and psychologizes. I do, too. Partly because my trade is that of the novelist, and I have lost any talent for simple, direct thinking I ever had,



She fell asleep waiting. When he came he stood beside her and experienced such a tenderness he felt that he must cry. "Carol . . ." he said urgently

From "Ducks" to Trucks . . .
From Bomber and Cargo Plane Engines to Guns and Shells

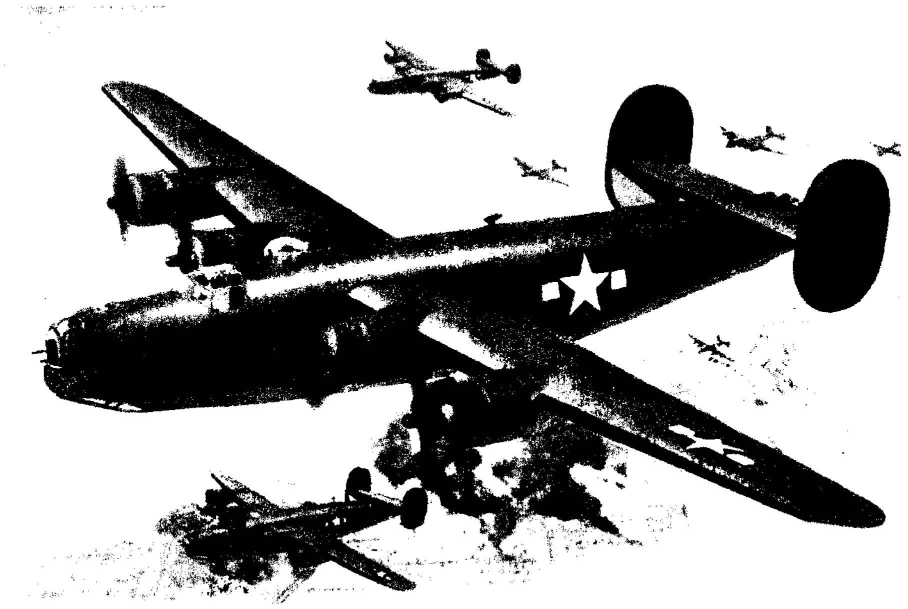
CHEVROLET

Turns Out Volume for Victory for Our Fighting Men

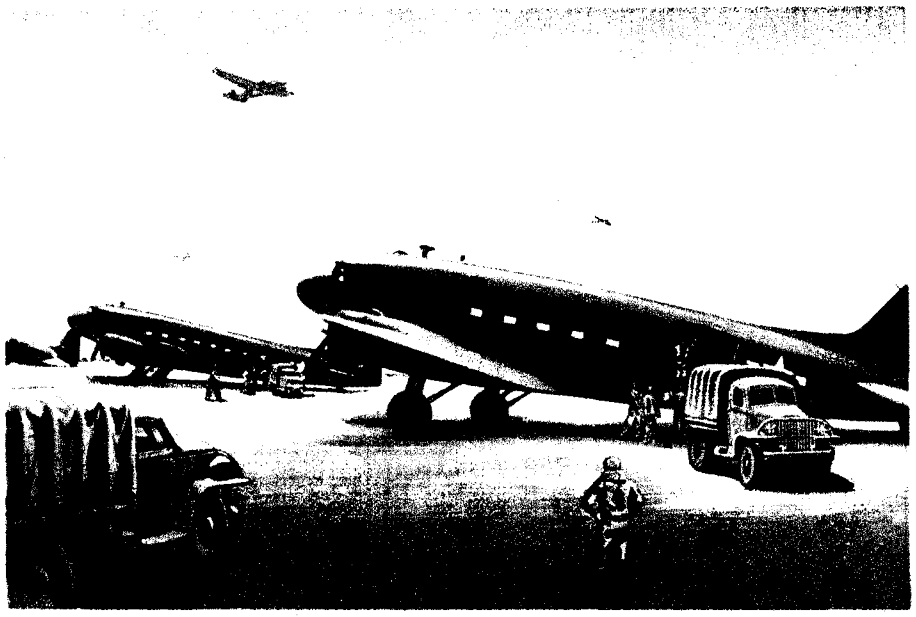
PHOTOS BY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

Working in close cooperation with the Army and with GMC, prime contractor on the job, Chevrolet is turning out ever-increasing numbers of the famous "Ducks" to help our armed forces invade for Victory, in both the Atlantic and the Pacific theaters of war.

★ ★ *BUY MORE WAR BONDS—AND KEEP THEM* ★ ★

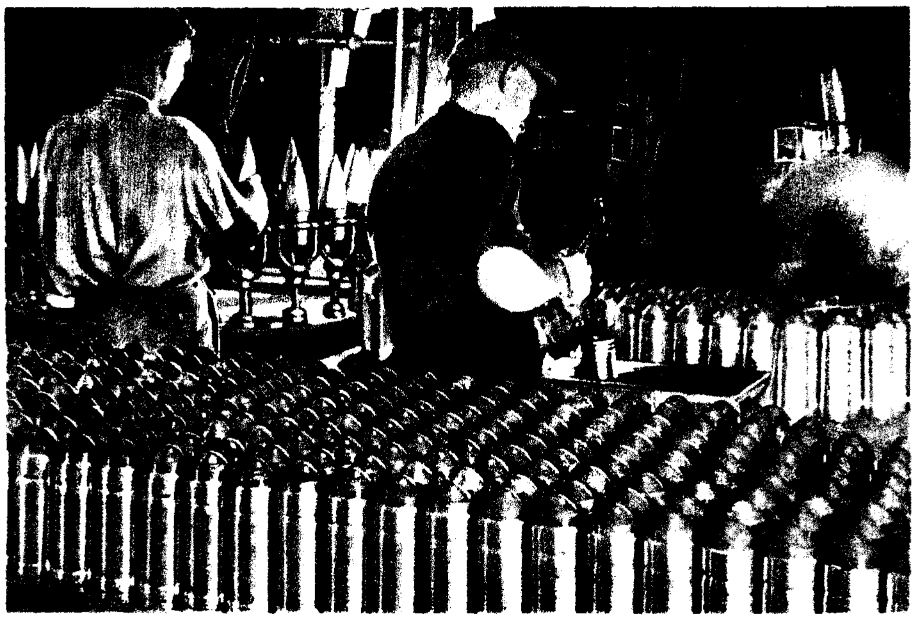


Chevrolet-built Pratt & Whitney engines power the B-24 Liberator bomber and the C-47 and C-53 cargo planes.



Chevrolet built ten per cent of all aircraft engines produced in the United States during 1943.

Chevrolet has helped to build vast numbers of these giant 90-mm. guns which are dealing destruction to enemy tanks and planes.



Multitudes of high-explosive and armor-piercing shells are pouring from Chevrolet plants to blast the Axis on all fronts.

Chevrolet has delivered thousands upon thousands of military trucks to our armed forces for service in all parts of the world.

Aluminum forgings, vital parts by the million for other war producers, swell Chevrolet's total of "Volume for Victory."

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

6 A. M. . . . looks bad for Gus!

THINGS LOOK BAD. Gus has a hard day ahead and he feels low-down and logy because he needs a laxative. Comes a bright idea. Gus takes a sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica before he sits down to breakfast.

8 A. M. . . . he's on the bus!

THINGS LOOK BETTER. Taken before breakfast, Sal Hepatica brings fast yet gentle relief . . . *usually* within an hour! It also helps turn a sour stomach sweet again by helping to counteract excess gastric acidity. AND . . . 3 out of 5 doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline laxative.

Try Sal Hepatica the next time *you* need a laxative.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy*

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica from your druggist today, remembering this. Caution: use only as directed. Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Ask your doctor about the efficacy of this prescription. Sal Hepatica is a product of Bristol-Myers.

TUNE IN { "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P. M., EWT
"DUFFY'S" with Ed Gardner, Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P. M., EWT

through training for that trade. I stop to ask, why, when, how? I stop to wonder at your motives, question my own, doubt every-one else's. That's the way it is. It is a hindrance to living, not a help. Are you in love with this boy?"

"You know I am."

"You'd take your chances with him tomorrow?"

"Yes," she said, and for the first time her eyes spilled over, and her father looked away, angry and embarrassed.

He said, "And he's in love with you?"

"I thought so," Carol told him. "I don't know now if it's love or—"

He said, "If you start that 'just' business again, I'll forget you are twenty-three and put you over my knee and whale the tar out of you. There's nothing I can do about this. It's up to you—and to Miles. I'm getting out of here. Also, I have my own problems. You wouldn't think I'd have them at my age, but I have. And you're going to listen to me, for a change. I haven't told your mother yet, but I shall. I want her to divorce me. I want her to go to Reno. And I want to marry Jenny. I should have done so long ago. Your mother persuaded me, when you were small, that it was for your best interest that we remain, at least outwardly, together. I dare say you know that, by now. Later, when it seemed to me that you were sufficiently adult to take a parental divorce in your stride, she threatened to name Jenny as correspondent.

"Jenny was midway in her career. Granted that it isn't very important, as careers go, it meant a good deal to her. Granted, too, that scandal doesn't hurt an actress, it would have harmed her. Not as far as audiences and box offices go, but within herself, intimately.

"She's a good kid," he said gently, and seemed to forget that Carol was in the room. "She made a mistake when I came along but she's stood by it. There have been plenty of rumors, of course, and they have foundation in fact. But no open scandal as long as your mother and Jenny appeared to be friends. Now it doesn't matter. She's going to tour the camps, she hopes to get overseas, and she isn't going back on the stage. As soon as I am free, we'll be married. And if your mother refuses," he added, "I shall divorce her, upon my return."

Carol said, after a moment, "It should have happened long ago."

"Thanks," he said. He added, "It's better now, perhaps. It won't hurt you. You have other things to think about. . . . What happens to me or your mother or Jenny won't mean very much to you, Carol. Just what happens to you and to Miles."

He stooped to pick up the books and was dizzy. He said, "Ring for Ole, will you? He can give me a hand. I feel like the devil. I'm going to bed."

She rang, and he straightened himself with an effort and walked to the door with her, his big hand on her shoulder. He said, "If I were you, I wouldn't throw away something you believe is worth keeping until I were sure I didn't want it."

She tried to smile, and Adam bent and kissed her cheek. He watched the door close behind her. He waited for Ole, feeling ill and lonely. He wished Jenny were here. She could be very quiet, her small hands were cool and kind. She was the kindest woman he had ever known, the merriest, the most loving.

He tried to think about Carol. There was something very screwy there, he told himself, something which didn't add up, which didn't make sense. He thought: And I bet it's Helen.

But how? he wondered, and was back again in the old pattern of puzzling things out, wondering what made people tick. How, and when, and why?

ADAM HILLARY'S affairs were in order. If anything happened to him overseas, Carol would have a legacy. He was not a rich man. Like most writers he had no capital but he had enjoyed a large income for some years. He had been very successful. He earned excellent lecture fees, and his novels had gone to Hollywood. He was also extravagant and generous. He was always good for a loan—rarely repaid—or a check to charity. The rising income taxes took the lion's share of his earnings, but such investments as he had made were sound, and there was cash in the bank.

Helen wouldn't suffer. She earned as much as he and would go on earning it. The house was in her name, and the cottage. She had invested more than he. One of her most devoted friends in the old days was a well-known banker. Agatha Stuart had her own income. And Jenny's earning capacity was superior to Adam's.

He had made a new will, leaving small annuities to Miss Perdon, Ole and Marta. Everything else went to Carol. His daughter could earn her own living. To be sure, she made her home with her parents, and her salary went for personal needs and spending money. Helen bestowed fur coats, jewelry, fripperies upon her with a lavish hand. But if she did not marry, if she wished to pull away from the Hillary household, Adam's money would insure her bed, board, medical care—and emancipate her from Helen's tendency to what Adam mentally termed lagniappe.

If she married—well, the money would augment a major's pay, assuming that she married Miles. He thought: I'd like to have a talk with the boy. Then he dismissed the idea. Even were it possible, it would be foolish. There was nothing he could say; or, rather, no matter what he said, it would make no difference in the long run. Whatever was right or wrong between them was their affair.

He thought: I've been a failure as a parent . . . too absorbed in my own situation to give her more than a corner of my mind. You couldn't go along for twenty-three years on a live-and-let-live basis, easy and undemanding, and then suddenly come, all over, the heavy father, the guide, philosopher and friend. Carol's infancy belonged to trained nurses, her childhood to Aunt Agatha. Helen had been like a bright sunbeam, a shower of gold in the nursery, darting in, disappearing, leaving in her wake Teddy bears, dolls with real hair, miniature pianos and beautiful hand-made clothes.

WHEN Carol grew into awkward coltish girlhood, touching and lovely, her schools had taken her away, her interests had been friends, teachers and boys. During this period her character had been forming; it was a chisel which, with slow, almost imperceptible strokes, revealed the woman she was to become. And, he reflected, from the time she had entered her teens the antagonism between her and her mother had been made apparent. Helen could not brook a will as strong, or stronger, than her own.

Helen was making preparations to go to the coast. One of the major studios was going to film the story of her adventures. Fictionized, of course, the facts taken from the story which Foresight was to print and Frank Whitney to publish, in book form. Helen was amusing about it. The film would include her earlier travels, the torpedoing, the blitz, and then the Chinese journey.

The girl who would play her part was, at the most, twenty-five. But one of the conditions to her acceptance of a stupendous sum for the motion-picture rights was that she was to be consulted on the writing of the script and, when the picture went into production, upon the actual shooting. She couldn't, she said, afford too many mistakes.

On the afternoon before his departure, Adam knocked on her study door. When he entered, she was dictating to one of her secretaries; the other was typing furiously. Through the open door to the bedroom, he could see Cresson sorting what looked like heaps of pastel clouds for packing. A small pert manicurist was assembling her tools preparatory to departure. Cresson had no time for manicures today.

Adam said, "I'd like to talk to you if I may."

Helen raised an eyebrow. She looked at the devoted secretaries resignedly. They vanished. The manicurist scuttled out, not without a lingering glance at Adam, who was in her estimation a beautiful hunk of man if a little on the elderly side.

Helen's study was air-conditioned. The books glowed on the shelves, flowers were bright and fragrant. The photographs of the great looked down from the walls in approval. The fireplace was filled with white birch logs.

Adam sat down opposite his wife. He said, "As you know, I am leaving very early tomorrow morning. I don't believe in farewells at dawn. Too demoralizing, with the departing voyager anxious to be off and the collective family making the usual drowsy gestures. So I thought we'd say goodby now. I shan't be in for dinner, and if I understood you correctly this morning, you won't be, either. I'll say goodby to Carol and Agatha tonight."

Helen said, "Well, good luck. I still think you're being unnecessarily dramatic."

He said, "Possibly. But it doesn't seem so to me. I want to be in on this. I could have had a desk job in Washington. But I didn't want it. I can't fight, but I can get closer to it than Washington. But before I go, there are a few things we must discuss . . . under the head of unfinished business. I've made my will. Frank's been made my literary executor and everything's in order. As soon as I have an address you'll be notified. Also of my safe arrival." He smiled faintly. "If anything happens to me—"

"It won't," she said.

"I dare say you are right. Although war correspondents have taken something of a beating in this fracas," he reminded her. "Personally, I hope nothing does, as I have made plans."

"Would they interest me?" she asked.

"Anything is possible," he said. "Helen, can you be direct and truthful with me, for once? Have you any affection for me at all?"

"None," she said.

"Good," Adam said, and she felt a stab, not of astonishment but of anger. "That makes it simpler. I didn't think you had, but I had to be sure." He shook his head. He added, "When I think back, when I remember how much in love we were . . ."

"You got over it quickly," she reminded him.

"No. I came back from the war and did my best to adjust to the routine life of a university town. I thought it was what you wanted. We had a home, and then a child. But it wasn't what you wanted—"

She said, "May I remind you that it was you who left me, to tear around Europe, with the usual results?"

He said, "You wouldn't go with me. And when I returned I found you had made definite plans—"

"How could I go—with a small child?"

"You could have. Other children have survived their parents' peregrinations. Carol was a healthy child. I earned enough money at all times to provide you and her with a home wherever we were, with nurses, schooling—I think Carol would have enjoyed it. She has a capacity for enjoyment. But you couldn't bear to be Adam Hillary's wife. You had to be Helen Hillary."

"It's rather late," she said, "to reproach me. Also you did so thoroughly, years ago."

He said, "One reason why you didn't want to leave America was Robert Howson."

Helen laughed. "Poor Bob," she said: "I haven't thought of him in years."

"Nevertheless," said Adam, "he was a factor. The first rung of the ladder."

She said, "You are being absurd. Robert was twice my age and more. He was simply the first person who believed in me, and my potentialities."

"He was my senior," said Adam, "the best professor of English in the country. Also one of my closest friends, a man I admired tremendously."

He paused, thinking of Robert Howson. Well, that got him nowhere. Few women—certainly not Helen—were worth the rupture of that friendship, the loss of the young, lusty hero worship.

He said, "When on my return we patched things up—"

"For Carol's sake," she said swiftly, "and because I thought that we might still make a success of our marriage. But the habit of infidelity was too well rooted in you, Adam."

HE SAID sadly, "A man goes where he is wanted. Curiously enough, I have never considered you unfaithful to me. To be unfaithful connotes a certain amount of prior fidelity. Also, infidelity is usually expressed in physical terms. You were never faithful to anyone but yourself. And as for physical infidelity"—he moved his heavy shoulders impatiently—"I don't know, and I care less. Sometimes, I have wondered. You are essentially a frigid woman. Your only passions are of the mind . . . cold flesh and a burning mentality. It's a wicked combination.

"If you have surrendered to any man, it was with malice aforethought and because you could not get what you wanted any other way. But I doubt even that. You are almost inhumanly clever. I would stake my last dollar that you'd—welsh. You'd have excellent excuses, the sort which would send the average man reeling from your presence filled with the unhappy guilt of the remorseful, swearing he wasn't fit to breathe the air.

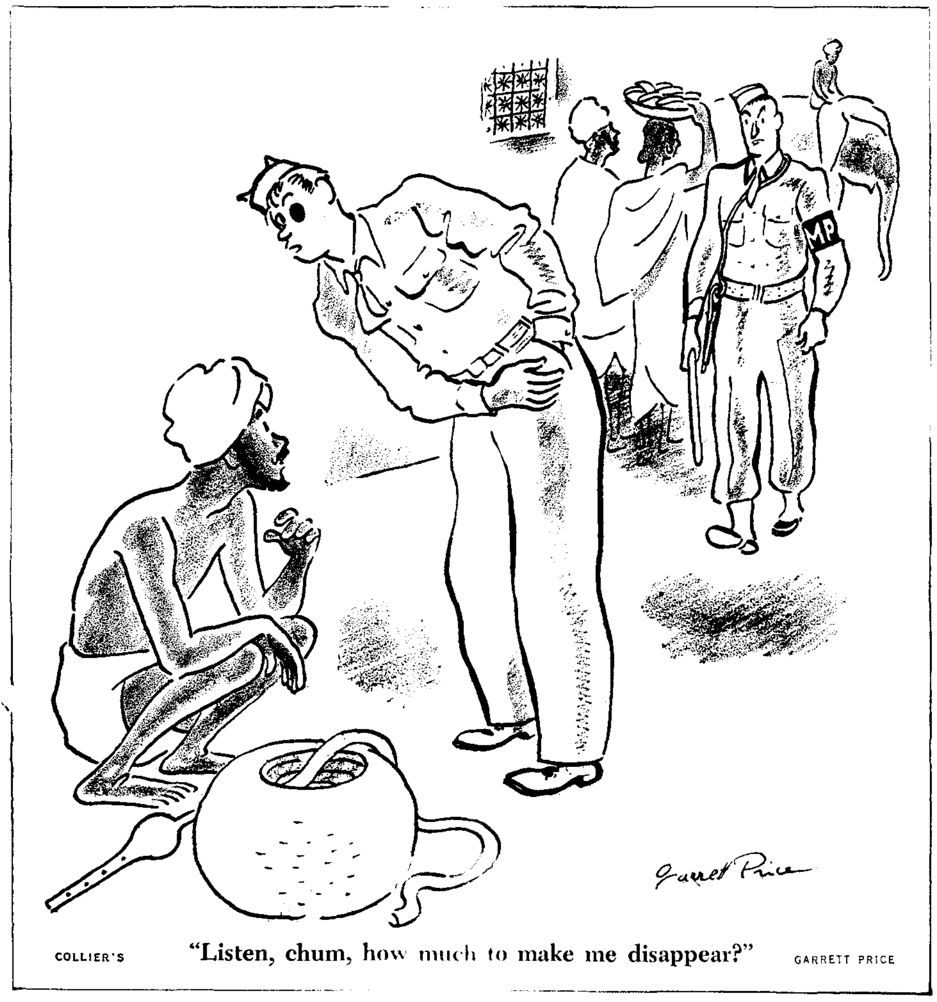
"I don't know what the excuses have been, but I can guess. Loneliness and an unhappy married life had brought you to this temptation, perhaps, and something you could only term real love. But for your child's sake, you must make the supreme renunciation. Wonderful," he commented, "and unholy. Which brings us—"

She said, "I shall not sit here and listen to this. When I think of you and your—your women."

He said, "You flatter me. There were not so many. They were nice women for the most part, and kind and gay. They had warmth and reality and delightful flaws. Most of all they were, as you say, *women*. But I'm afraid you must listen. I want to talk about Carol."

"What about her?"

"Just this. I think you have interfered



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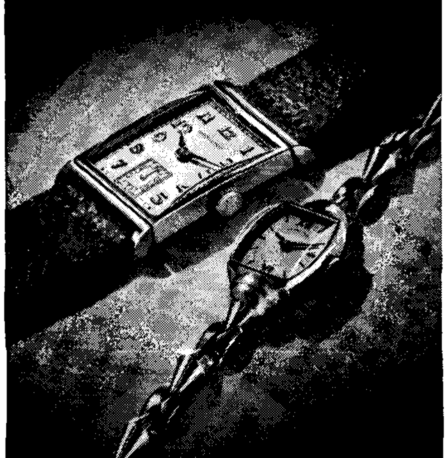
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between her and Miles. I think it due to you that they appear to have reached an impasse. I cannot believe," he said, "that you care very deeply for Carol. But if you do, you will regret this, Helen. Because if she *ever finds out*—"

She said, "I don't know what you're talking about. I haven't even seen Miles. And I never interfere. Carol's of age. She can do as she pleases!"

He said, "I hope she does. And one more thing. Years ago I asked you for a divorce. You refused it because of Carol. Or so you said. I have asked you since, after Carol was old enough not to be hurt. As a matter of fact, growing up in this hostile household has probably done her more harm than good. Certainly she has never had a sense of security. And I was too concerned with my own affairs to try to give it to her until too late. Any security she has from now on must come out of herself and from her own decisions. I have already told her, Helen, that I am going to ask you again . . . and that I intend to marry Jenny. She did not seem in the least shocked . . . on the contrary. The situation can't have been pleasant for her—"

Helen broke in. She said, "I didn't make the situation!"

"No? I think you did. Because you wanted the picture of yourself intact. Charming wife, devoted mother . . . and a career. You wouldn't admit any failure openly, and a divorce meant failure in at least one department of your life. You liked being Mrs. Adam Hillary as well as Helen Hillary. But you had to be both. I haven't done too badly myself. So we became a legend. Fabulous, almost unique in our fields. Distort the picture, ever so little, and the legend becomes commonplace."

Helen's face was drawn, almost ugly with anger. She said, "The only terms on which I will divorce you would be an action in New York State, naming Jenny."

Adam waited a moment. Then he said, carefully, "We expected that, Helen. Jenny's willing . . . more willing than I. I suppose I dislike discarding the ego-warming cloak we call chivalry. Jenny's leaving the stage pretty soon . . . for good."

He rose. He said, "Think it over. There's another side to the picture. For the legend of the devoted mother can be marred by an action for divorce which readers of the tabloids would assume unpleasant for Carol. They'll ask, 'Why didn't she go to Reno?' That's what most women do who wish to spare their children public laundering of family linen."

The door closed after him. Helen stared at it, her mouth taut. Then she rang for her secretaries. Before they came in, she managed to look herself, a little wan, a little misty. After all, she had just said goodby to her husband.

Only they hadn't said goodby.

ADAM spent the early part of the evening with Jenny. He told her of his conversation with Helen. "Monologue, really," he added with a rueful grin. He added, "I don't know what she'll do. I admit I put the screws on. It makes sense. A lot of people would wonder why, after maintaining a fiction all these years, she comes out with facts." He touched Jenny's dark hair with his big hand. He said, "Try not to worry."

"I shall worry," she said, and the tears raced down her cheeks. "Not about her. I don't care what she does. *If only you'll come back*, darling, and we can be together."

"I shall," he remarked. "I'll make it up to you, Jenny."

Later that night he said goodby to Agatha, who patted his shoulder with her gnarled hand and said, "I don't like goodbys. We'll not say it."

He agreed, smiling, and then said abruptly, "I've asked Helen for a divorce, which she refuses unless the conditions are her own. A New York State action. I don't know what she'll do. I don't want you upset. You've been a tower of strength, and I'm deeply grateful to you. Also I'm fond of you. I think you know that."

She said, with some difficulty, "I understand, Adam. Don't fret about me. Poor Helen . . ." She looked up at his slight exclamation and said, sharply, "I don't mean that in the usual sense. But she has so little. She doesn't know it, of course. I believe I *am the only person in the world* who is truly fond of her. You were in love with her, then for years you hated her. Carol began with the natural, unthinking affection of a child for a parent. It rarely stays at that level. It has to be earned as the child grows older. Helen didn't earn it. She tried to buy, or force it, and didn't succeed, Carol being what she is. But I have nothing to gain or to lose, from my niece. I have had her with me since she was a child. I haven't been able to do anything for her, since she married you. Or even before. I run her house, relieve her of responsibility but that's all. But the habit of loving dies hard. I do not admire Helen," she said, "and I do not condone her. She is not an admirable woman. But I love her because I cannot help it."

Adam went from Agatha's room to Carol's. She was in bed, reading, waiting for him. He sat down on the edge of the bed. He said lightly, "This is it. . . . If you hear stirrings around the house in another few hours, I forbid you to do anything about it."

"I won't," she said shakily.

He said, "I'll be back. There's just one thing . . ." he hesitated.

"What?"

"If anything unlikely should happen to me, will you tell Jenny yourself?" he asked. "I don't want her to read it in the papers, and that's what would happen. There's still *a lot of formality about the next-of-kin business*."

"Don't say it," said Carol. She added, "All right, Father."

"Thanks." He rose and looked down at her. "I'll expect a lot of letters when I've an address. Also a cable if and when you decide to change your status and residence." He watched her face harden. He said, "And, a suggestion: If I were you I'd check with Ole on the time Miles came to the house the day you were in Brooklyn. Ole has a retentive memory."

He bent and kissed her and stood up. "Good luck," he said. "I wish you'd say goodby to Miles for me. Maybe I'll be seein' him. Stranger things have happened. I don't pretend I'm sorry to go, except for you . . ." He added, silently: And Jenny. Better leave it unsaid. Carol would know, anyway.

She said, "Wait a moment. Did you—speak to Mother?"

"No dice," said Adam; "or rather she thinks she's loaded them. I'm not astonished. I didn't expect her to take the first train to Nevada." He went to the door, turned and waved and was gone.

Carol brushed the tears from her cheeks. There was so much she might have said and had not. During the last few weeks they had been closer than they had ever been. And now he was leaving her. She felt forlorn and sorry for herself. Then she shook herself, mentally. It was just as well. She might have grown to depend on him. It was silly to depend on anyone. In the last analysis, you have only yourself.

If she asked Ole, and Ole said Miles had been in the house for some time before Carol's return, what would that prove? Nothing except that Helen had lied. But if she had lied, she had a reason.

CAROL was at the hospital a few nights later when Miles telephoned. Helen, sitting in the drawing room with Aunt Agatha and Frank Whitney, heard Ole taking the call. She rose swiftly, went into the hall and stood at the open door of the telephone room. She said, "I'll speak to Major Duncan, Ole."

She went in and closed the door. "Miles?" she said. "It's Helen. Carol's at the hospital. . . ."

Miles said, his voice heavy with disappointment, "I'm shoving off in the morning."

"Where?"

"Texas," he told her briefly. "I can get to town tonight for an hour. If I could see her? Can I phone the hospital?"

"My dear," said Helen, "she's not permitted calls." She didn't know if that was true or not, but it didn't matter.

He said doggedly, "She gets home about ten, doesn't she?"

"As a rule," said Helen. "But not tonight. She's going out . . . she hasn't told me where . . . but it seems that she and Dudley are going on to a party of sorts."

He asked, "You're trying to tell me that she doesn't *want* to see me?"

"I'm sorry," said Helen.

"She's seeing Lennox again," he said flatly. "Well, that tears it. You might tell her I called."

She said, again, "I'm so sorry, Miles."

But he had hung up. Helen sat a moment at the little telephone table and then she went back to the drawing room. She said lightly, in answer to an inquiring look from Agatha, "That was Miles."

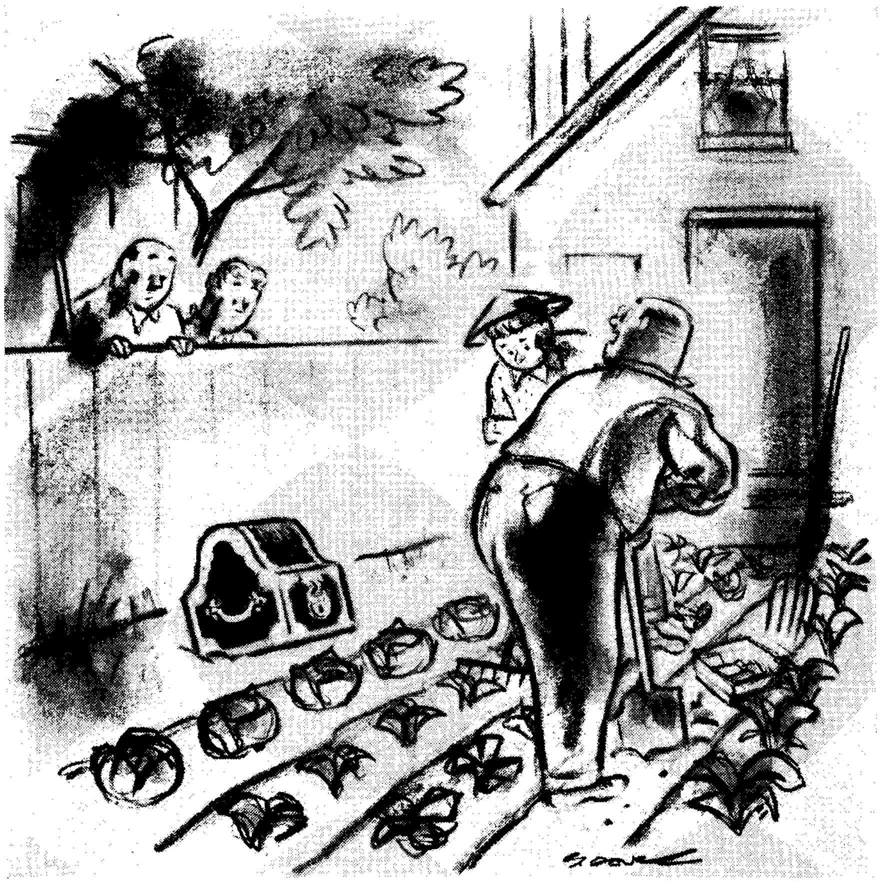
Better, in case Agatha's ears were as sharp as her own and had heard Ole say, "Major Duncan?"

She turned back to Frank Whitney. Frank was saying, "So you're off tomorrow."

"Priority and all," she said, "though I dare say they'll set me down at a whistle stop and I can cool my heels waiting for a train."

He said, "I hope not. Well, phone me when you get there." He looked at Agatha and smiled. He said, "I am always anxious until she does. Nothing must happen to her. We've got a book on our hands. It has everything. You know," he told Helen, "I've been plenty worried. The Duncan manuscript for instance. I thought you were slipping."

"I know," she said remorsefully, "but I



"Yes, we dug it up last week sometime—haven't had time to open it yet"

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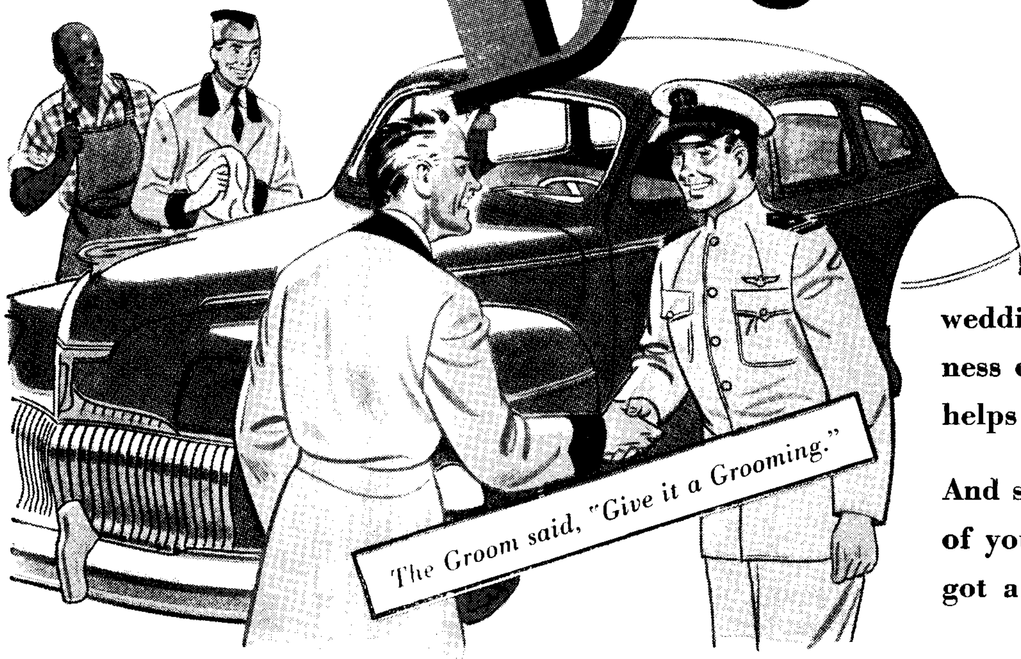

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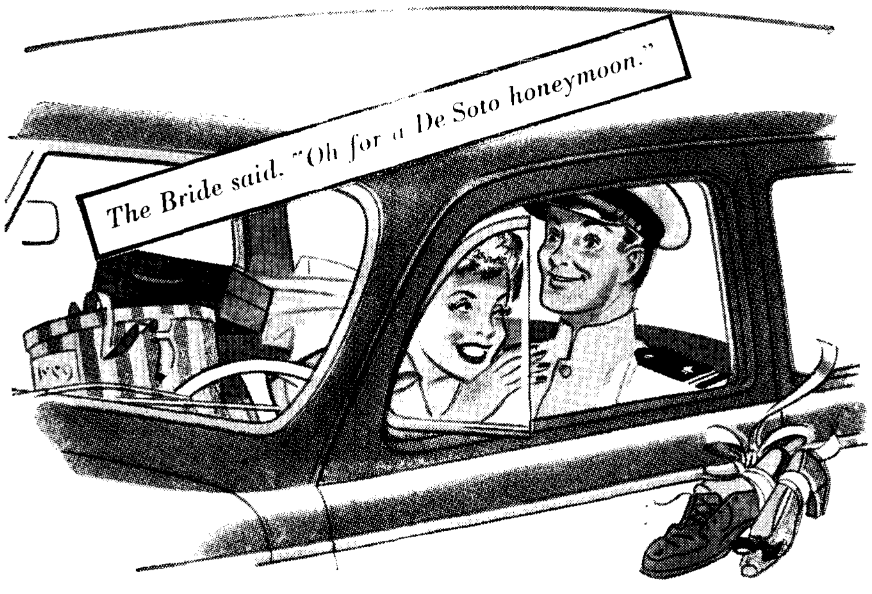

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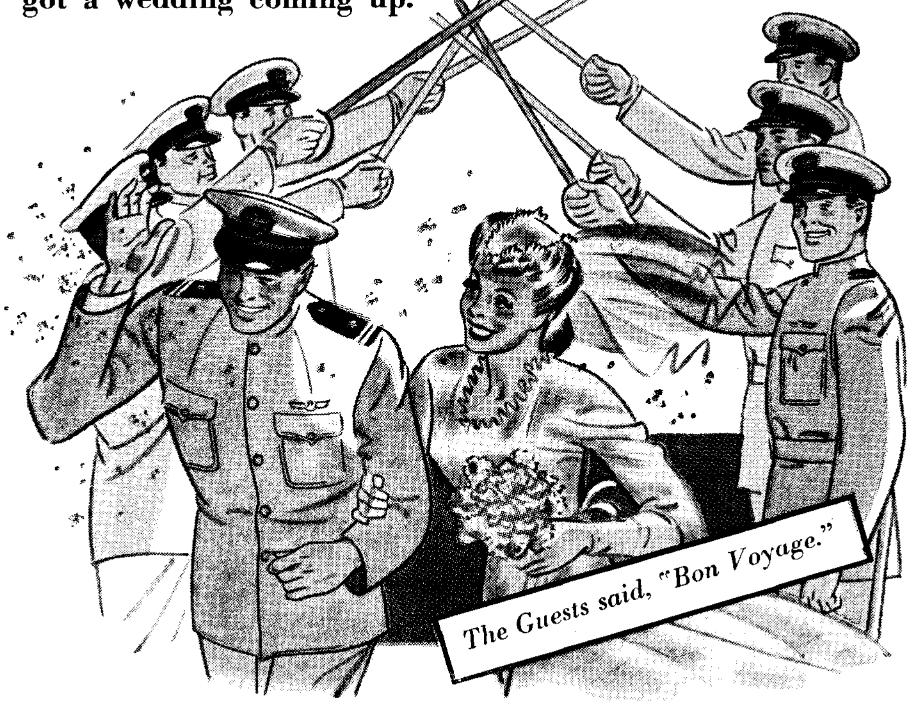

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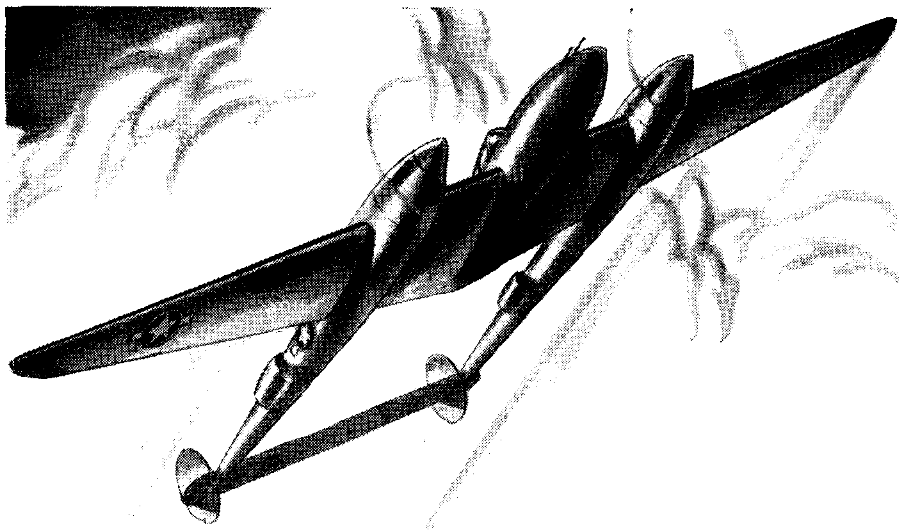

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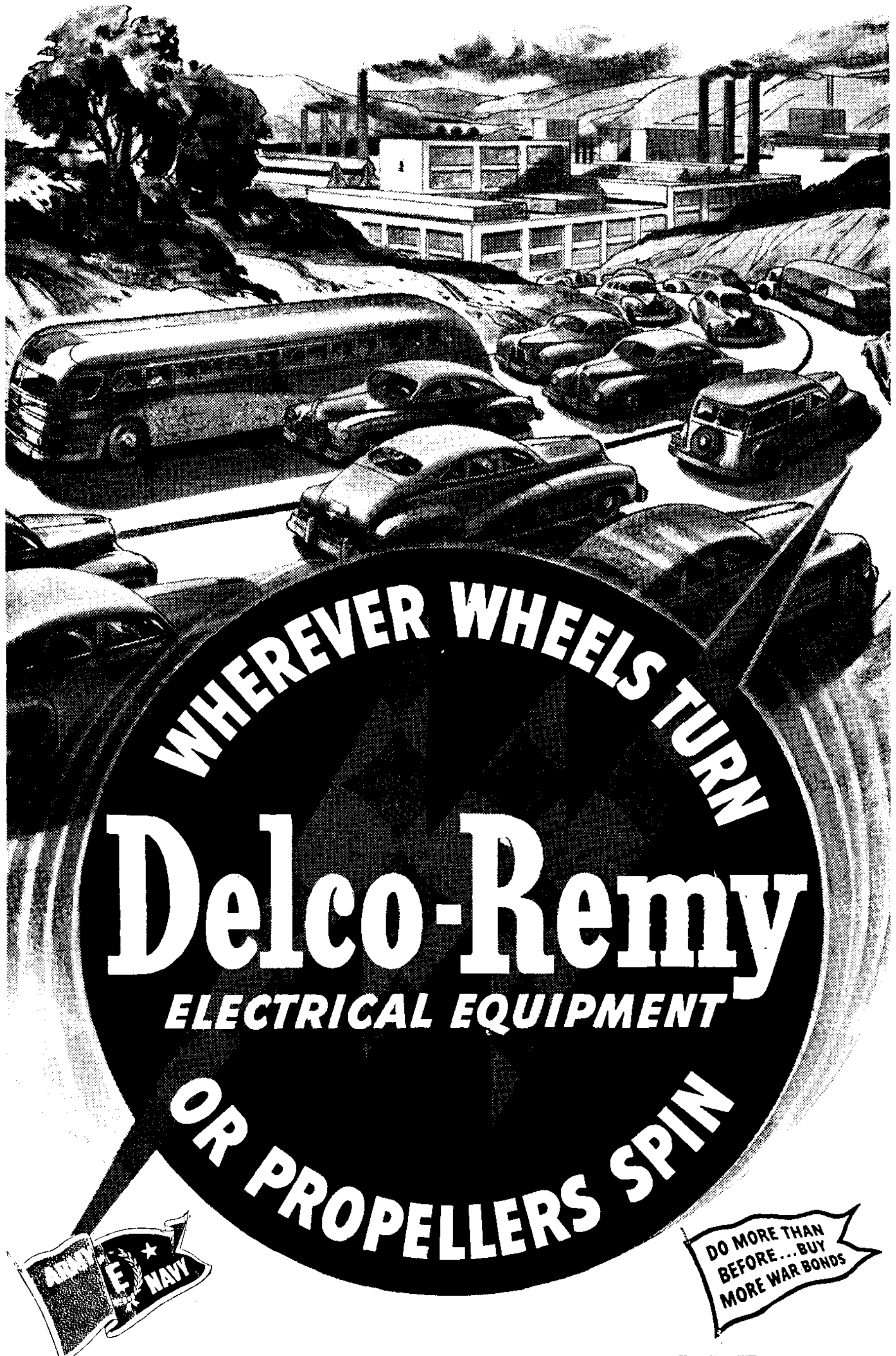

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Death reaches out a finger toward Monica Blane—and she runs away. Somewhere she'll find safety; somewhere she'll find the man who took her heart and vanished into silence. But somewhere behind her, death follows in pursuit—and here you may watch a duel as taut and merciless as that of a Lightning and a Messerschmitt flashing through the sky. Buckle your safety-belt and begin

WINGS OF FEAR

did the best I could, Frank. Miles is a darling but so very inarticulate. It was a case of injecting as much life as possible into cut-and-dried facts. He's very reticent. He tells what he's seen and what he's done, but you learn nothing of his inner experience, his mental and emotional processes. When I tried to use my imagination he stopped me. He said it embarrassed him," Helen concluded, using her imagination freely.

"Well," said Frank comfortably, "I can understand it. But you've got the whole business, the feeling of flight, the feeling of combat, in your own book. Now if Duncan's had that . . ."

She said, ruefully, "That's what I tried to put in it, out of my own experience, my talks with other fighter pilots, but he wouldn't have it. So"—she shrugged—"it's a composite picture."

"It's a damn' good one," Whitney told her. "Lennox will make a killing, and so will we."

THEY were still talking when Carol came in. Ole admitted her and said, "Major Duncan called, Miss Carol. Mrs. Hillary talked with him."

Carol glanced in the living room. Agatha was no longer there. She saw Frank Whitney, a highball glass in his hands, sitting alone by the fireplace. She asked, "Where is Mother, Ole?"

"She went upstairs. Someone called on her private wire."

Carol asked, "Ole. Can you remember the last time Major Duncan was here? I was in Brooklyn and came in later. Do you remember if he came in just before I did or much earlier?"

Ole said, "I remember because when I let him in he said, 'I'm very early.' Mrs. Hillary was in the drawing room." He stopped and considered. If he were curious he did not show it. He added, "It must have been nearly an hour before you returned, Miss Carol."

"Thanks," said Carol and went into the drawing room, and Whitney rose to meet her. "Drink?" he asked. "Helen said she'd be right down."

Carol took the drink he offered. She said, "Lord, it's hot. What a summer!"

"Why aren't you week-ending at the cottage?"

"Oh," she said, "it doesn't seem worth while . . . just for week ends." She waited impatiently until Helen came downstairs and when she was in the room said, "Ole tells me Miles called."

"Yes," said her mother, "he was sorry to miss you. He said he'd call again tomorrow night."

Carol thought, If he does, I'll ask him to come to see me as soon as he can. I'll ask him, point-blank, if Mother said anything. . . .

But he did not call. The slow, hot days went by. Helen was in Hollywood and Adam had cabled of his safe arrival. Carol saw Jenny Davis. The show was closing after Labor Day, and Jenny would be off to the camps. After that, if everything went as she hoped, overseas. They did not talk intimately—it was too difficult.

They lunched together twice, and once Carol taking an out-of-town school friend to the play went backstage to see the star and found Dudley Lennox there with one of his bigger advertisers. The suggestion was made that they go out to supper. Jenny begged off. She was tired she said, the heat had gotten her down. She was very thin, her face was worn to a triangle by anxiety.

Carol's school friend was all for supper, and a couple of attractive men, although the advertiser hardly came in that category. Short of making a scene, Carol could not refuse. They made the rounds, ended up at the Stork. Afterward Dudley and she dropped the girl and the fat, pleasant gentleman—"Paunch and Judy," murmured Dudley—at their respective hotels.

Driving toward the house, "Like old times," said Dudley cheerfully. "And you needn't push yourself through the side of the cab. I'm not going to make love to you. What do you hear from Duncan?"

"Nothing," said Carol.

"Is it out of order if I ask why?"

She said, "I'd rather not discuss it with you, Dudley."

"Okay," he said amiably. "How do you like your father's cables?"

She said, "They're fine."

"We think so, too." He added. "Have you seen Helen's story?"

"No."

"I'll send a proof down to your desk," he promised. "I think it's the best thing she's done."

When they reached the house, he went up the steps with her. He asked, at the door, "Is there any reason why we can't lunch together now and then?"

"None," she said, "except that I don't want to, specially. Good night, Dudley."

He said thoughtfully, "I could fire you, you know."

"I wish you would," said Carol, "as I haven't the energy to fire myself. And I can always get another job."

"That's what keeps you on the pay roll," he said. "Anyway, it's nice to know that you breathe the same air-conditioning."

THE proof was on her desk the next morning. Carol laid it aside until the lunch hour. She was not particularly interested. Helen had written several short readable books since the fall of France—and prior to that. She had always been politically and internationally minded. She had a great deal of information, because the best brains were at her disposal. The best brains are usually those of men; and many men, despite their brains, are susceptible. Helen had collected political economists, foreign correspondents, prophets and historians for years.

Carol lunched alone, away from the Foresight Building. She was in no mood for companionship. Waiting for her ham on rye and a pot of tea, she withdrew the proof from its large envelope and glanced at it.

The sandwich came and she did not eat it. The tea turned to lye and cooled in the pot.

This was Helen's story. It was neoned with great names, it glittered with excitement, a breathless headlong quality, it made light of hardship or discomfort, it even made a little fun of the writer.

It said, in effect: Look at me, a foolish, middle-aged woman tearing around the world and loving it, yet worrying over lipstick and astringent when the bombs are falling all around me. It was such a pretty picture of such a pretty woman washing out lingerie in strange places, spraining her ankle at the wrong time, getting into jams and out again. A valiant woman, who took things as they came; who leaned out of windows and watched the bright fingers of searchlights until someone yanked her back into the room again; who heard bombs fall and shells whistle; who went walking with history; who sat in gardens and talked of war and peace with people who fought one in order to attain the other.

BUT it was more than Helen's story. It was the story of the men she had met, most of them anonymous . . . bomber pilots, pursuit pilots, fighter pilots, men of the infantry, the artillery, the engineers. Helen got around. Suddenly she had become their interpreter. Especially that of the pilots. She knew how they felt when the Zeros came all around the clock. She knew how they felt when they were alerted when they sat in the Ready Room, the Briefing Room. She knew how they felt when they were afraid and when they were furious with avenging anger. She knew how they felt when a man they loved died, when a plane did not return. She knew—and she set it down.

Carol got up, paid her check and went back to the office. She picked up the telephone on her desk and asked if Mr. Lennox were in the building. He was not. She left her name. She said, "Will you ask him to call me here or at home?" She did not care what his secretary thought and she knew that his secretary was thinking plenty.

For this was Miles' book. All of the book which mattered belonged to Miles. For she had heard him say these things—not perhaps as prettied up by rhetoric but substantially the same. The night at the cottage when they had talked so long and so late . . . for she had forgotten nothing. She had forgotten no word, no gesture since the night they had danced together, and she had fallen in love.

These were things he had told her and which he had also told Helen. But Helen had not put them in the book which would be published under Miles' name—"As told to Helen Hillary." Helen had saved them for her own book.

Carol took the proof home. She put through a call to Miles at the field and continued reading while she waited. The call came, and after an interval she learned that Major Duncan was no longer there. He had been transferred.

She was unable to obtain further information.

She hung up, finally. She thought: If I write, it will be forwarded.

She thought: He did call. He called to say he was leaving. Mother talked to him. When I came in from the hospital, she *knew*.

The black anger which filled her was bitter and heavy . . . the anger of the betrayed. There was no other word for it. Helen had betrayed them both for her own purposes.

The telephone rang. The pages of what was literally proof scattered over the floor of her bedroom. She picked up the instrument, her heart hammering. It could be Miles. It must be Miles. But it was not long distance, it was a local call.

It was Dudley Lennox. He asked, "You called me, Carol?"

She said, "Yes. I want to see you. Could you come here, tonight, after dinner?"

He said that he could come. He had an engagement but he would break it.

"Thanks," said Carol and hung up.

Agatha was out. It was her night at Red Cross. Carol dined alone, and Ole clucked despairingly. The beautiful jellied Madrilene, the chicken aspic, the green salad, the raspberry sherbet went back to Marta almost untouched. Carol drank three glasses of iced coffee and smoked half a dozen cigarettes. She thought: If my father were here—

Pull yourself together. You've never asked his help and, rarely, his opinion. You can get along without him. You can get along without anyone, even Miles, if that has to be. Learn your lesson the hard way. Everyone stands alone. The leaners try to shift the weight to someone else's shoulders and they succeed, in a measure. You weren't permitted to be a leaner. Maybe it's as well.

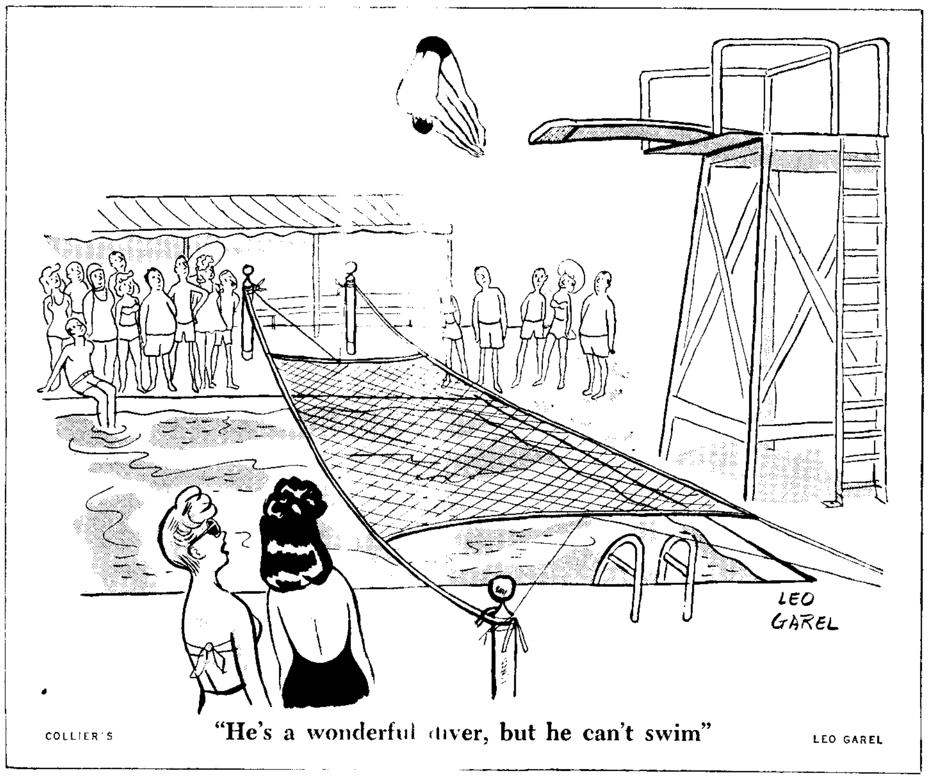
It was pretty bleak, getting along without Miles. She had been learning that for some weeks now. But whether he wanted or did not want her, whether his alteration had been due to Helen or to some compulsion of his own, something had to be done about Helen's book.

WHEN Dudley came, she was waiting for him. He came into the drawing room, looked at her and smiled. "Special dispensation," he said, "or royal summons?"

Carol did not smile. Her face was almost austere. She indicated the chair opposite. She said, "Sit down, Dudley . . ."

"Listen is obey." He sat down, offered her his cigarette case. She shook her head. Her mouth was dry and parched from smoking. She said, "Drinks, at your elbow."

"Short snort," he murmured. He poured it, set it down without drinking and glanced at the proof lying, neatly stacked, on the table. "What do you think of it?" he asked.



COLLIER'S "He's a wonderful diver, but he can't swim" LEO GAREL

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. . . when you're a

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A news photographer is a busy man! Always on the jump—hopping planes, meeting trains, photographing fires, wrecks and Hollywood glamour girls! You bet he appreciates a high-speed tooth powder that's specially made for busy people! Listerine Tooth Powder makes every second count!

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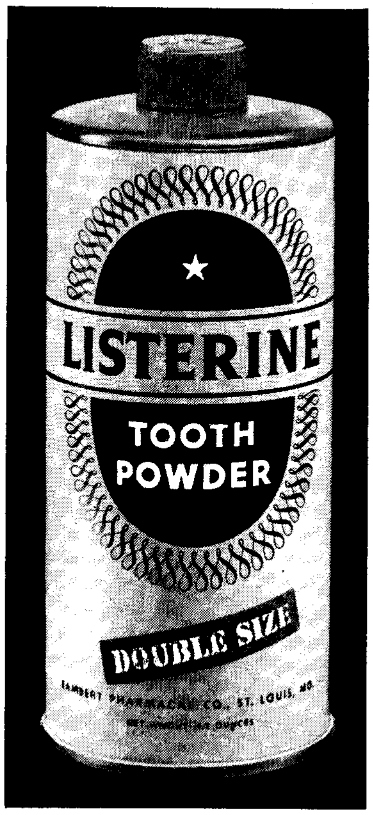

Everybody's busy! No doubt you are! So why not use this high-speed powder that's specially created for busy people—Listerine Tooth Powder? It goes into action on the double quick! . . . makes every second count . . . and yet is wonderfully efficient.

And what a delightful feeling of invigoration it gives your mouth . . . a fresh start in your busy day.

If you've been skimping on the important detail of brushing your teeth, you owe it to yourself to use Listerine Tooth Powder.

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LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER

The Week's Work

Hickman Powell

HICKMAN POWELL, who writes of Thomas E. Dewey, p. 12, knows the New York governor more intimately than most men, and is his avowed friend. He first met Dewey when he was assigned by the New York Herald Tribune to cover the spectacular Dewey crime prosecution in New York. He took a leave of absence to write Ninety Times Guilty, the story of Lucky Luciano's vice racket, and the association with Dewey which began then has continued. Powell serves as a consultant to Dewey on state problems.

He was born in Duluth, Minnesota, and attended Swarthmore Preparatory School and the University of Wisconsin. During a youthful junket around the world, he stopped off at the island of Bali—and wrote The Last Paradise, the book that started the rush of tourists to that spot. His subsequent magazine articles and books have dealt with a variety of subjects—the Coast Guard, politics, the part the Rolls-Royce engine played in the Battle of Britain, farm problems. Powell spent several months last winter in England, gathering article material. Between trips to Albany, Powell and his wife live on their Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm.

SINCE Harrison Forman (A Million Starve, p. 14), is in Chungking, far from New York, we asked his wife for personal data. She replied: "I know Mr. Forman feels deeply that when men understand one another, they will cease to fear one another, and when they cease fearing one another we will have fewer wars."

That feeling, it seems to us, is the best possible foundation for the journalistic career Forman chose. Through articles and books, he has contributed greatly to America's understanding of the people of other nations, particularly China.

"He believes that improved transportation is perhaps more important than diplomacy for peace," Mrs. Forman continues, "and that when a clerk from Moscow can spend his two weeks' vacation in New York and the New York bus driver can in turn go to Moscow, London, Paris or Vienna, we will better understand one another. Perhaps I do not put it as he would, but it has a big thought in it.

"Harrison has always been an adventurer—from boyhood days when he stowed away on a Lake Michigan steamer, to the days of hunting Pancho Villa's treasure in Mexico, to sailing for China and making the trek into the little-known land of Tibet. He has been a reporter all his adult years, though he also has been well known as a photographer, newsreel man, lecturer and broadcaster. He has carried the red ribbon of this war in the Pacific from the islands of Wake, Guam, Singapore, Manila and Hong Kong. He went to the Pacific a year before Pearl Harbor and has not been home since. He was on the spot for the outbreak of war both in Asia and in Europe—at Shanghai and at Warsaw. He has traveled the countries he writes about. He knows them and their people, their customs and their leaders. . . ."

Thank you, Mrs. Forman. We now know one more thing about Mr. Forman—that he has an appreciative and understanding wife.

THE authentic ranch flavor you find in Raoul Schumacher's story, The Whip Hand, p. 17, comes from the author's long experience on ranches in New Mexico and California. He bought a ranch in New Mexico when he was only twenty, and made enough money raising horses and assorted livestock to go to Europe for a year. Returning to New York, he wrote mystery and adventure stories under the name "Ivan Kell," but, in spite of reasonable success, he decided that city life was not for him. He used his story proceeds to buy another New Mexico ranch. Since then he has combined ranching with writing in what is for him an ideal way of living. In 1943 he was married to Beryl Markham, another author whose work has appeared in Collier's, and now, out on their California ranch, they are collaborating on a novel.

MAYBE parents are right when they save the creative writings of their six- and seven- and eight-year-olds. Nick Boddie Williams' story, Kentucky Code, p. 11, survived through just such a circumstance. Williams first wrote about his dog Naylor when he was seven years old, and it took him until now to rediscover it and revise it for publication. "Nothing has been added," he says. "It is the same story. But for a long time, it seemed too much like exposing family secrets to strip Naylor's soul bare that way. Had he lived, he certainly wouldn't have done that to me. A sequel to the story, which at first I included but then cut out because it was depressing—it depressed me, anyway—is that Naylor died of ground glass soon after the time of the story—and we always suspected 'the man with the whip,' who was much more of an ogre in my memory than any escaped convict."

Williams, a native of Virginia and a sojourner in Alabama, New York, Texas and Tennessee, now lives in Pasadena, California, "where I can see the Pacific if it's a clear day and if I get up before dusk, which I rarely do.

"Aside from a few months' yen in 1929 (remember?) to be a millionaire," Williams adds, "I've been a newspaperman, and nothing except cancellation of the Bill of Rights can save me now." A. P.

Nick B. Williams

She said, "I think a lot of and about it. This isn't Mother's book. It's Miles'!"

He asked, "What do you mean by that?"

She explained briefly, and he listened. He said, after a while, "Aren't you permitting your—interest in Duncan to influence you?" He shrugged. "He couldn't have written one line of that."

"No," said Carol, "but he is the source material. He doesn't know it. Perhaps he will never know it unless it is drawn to his attention. You haven't seen his book, Dudley. It's a nice, pedestrian job. Everything which could make it important has been left out. But it's turned up—here."

He said, "My dear child, what do you expect me to do?"

"You could talk to Mother," she said, "in Hollywood and suggest that she make acknowledgment, if only in a foreword."

"Impossible," he said, "as it's gone to press."

"Then, later."

"You think she'd agree?" he asked, amused. "And besides, what have you to go on? I have no doubt that Helen can produce her notes for the Duncan book and that they'll check with the book itself."

She said quietly, "I might have known you wouldn't help me." She looked at him very directly. "Miles and I were to be married," she said, "when he got his transfer. He wanted it to be before, but I thought it best to wait. Not very long ago, he suddenly agreed with me, even to the point of suggesting that we wait until after the war. I don't believe that it was his idea, any more than this book is Mother's." She waited a moment. She said, "Miles has been transferred. He called to tell me so, but I wasn't home. I did not learn of the transfer until tonight."

"Where is he?" asked Dudley.

"I don't know," Carol said, "but I'll find out." She stood up. She said, "You could find out for me."

He did not move. He said, "Sure. I have plenty of contacts and in any case it would not be difficult. But I don't intend to try."

"I didn't think you would," she said.

HE ROSE and looked at her. He said, "The more you fight the better I like it. You have plenty of spirit. It would be wasted on the hero. Heroes are a dime a dozen. You have implied that your mother has had a hand in recent events. Have you considered how it became possible? Do you remember Duncan's emotional plight when he first came to New York? Anything may have happened. You may have been a detour, a diversion. Or he may be suffering from an emotional hang-over. I won't ask you what took place during your interrupted idyll on the Island . . ."

She had her hand on the bell rope. When Ole came, she said quietly, "Mr. Lennox is leaving."

But he wasn't, not yet. He waited until Ole had gone, to stand by the door, and then he said, "All right. I like it better this way. I never pretended friendship, Carol. That's not what I feel nor what I want. I've done everything I could to prevent you from making a fool of yourself—and me. You and your father," he murmured, "are, after all, oddly alike . . . reckless, stubborn, quixotic . . ."

She said, "My father believes in me and Miles . . ." She broke off and stared at him, saw his faint smile. She said, "You sent him overseas deliberately . . . not because you needed or wanted him but to get him out of the way!"

He said, "As a matter of fact, he's sending in better copy than I thought. I'm losing nothing. But it was, if you must know, your mother's suggestion."

He walked into the hall where Ole waited woodenly. He said pleasantly, "Good night, Ole," and the door closed after him.

Carol ran upstairs. She burst into Agatha's room without preliminaries. Agatha leaned over and turned the twitch of the electric phonograph and put down her novel. She asked, sitting erect in bed, her white hair in two short thin braids, "What's happened? Have you heard from your father?"

Carol sat down. She said, "No."

"Well, tell me," said Agatha impatiently.

Carol told her, from the beginning. She told her about Miles at the cottage, and of their plans. She told her what had happened, and what she believed had happened. She put the proof of the book on the bed. She said, "Perhaps you won't believe it, as you haven't heard him talk. . . ."

Agatha listened. Telling took a long time. Then she asked, "What are you going to do?"

"I'm resigning my job, tomorrow morning. I'll find out where Miles is. Then, I'll wire him I'm on my way. But I'll go via Hollywood."

"Your mother won't like that," said Agatha. "Yet if what you tell me is true, she may be more or less prepared. I dare say Dudley is calling her now."

"I didn't think of that," said Carol, looking stricken. She rallied quickly. "I'll think of something," she said.

"No doubt," said Agatha. "Want me to go along?"

"No, thanks, darling. . . ."

"Have you enough money?"

"Yes."

"If not, wire me. And if you're married," said Agatha, "perhaps I can get there in time. If not"—she put out her bony hand—"you have my blessing."

CAROL telephoned Washington. Her mother had a friend there, a gentleman ranking high in the Air Corps, whose duties kept him at the capital. It was largely through him that her mother's various trips had been arranged. He was very grateful to Helen Hillary. He had not forgotten the time, years ago, when she came to visit on the post. She could have easily brought his career to an abrupt conclusion. But she hadn't.

He was uneasily astonished to hear from Carol, whom he recalled as a gangling little girl. He asked, once she had got past the secretaries on the magic of her name, "What can I do for you?"

Carol said, "It's for Mother, really. You may recall that she returned home at the same time as Major Miles Duncan and that they collaborated on a book? It appears that the major has been transferred suddenly from Mitchel Field and Mother wants to know where he is stationed. She has to reach him. The book is going to press."

"I read," said the great man, "that she was in Hollywood."

"Yes. She left a number of unfinished things, this being one," said Carol. "I tried to find out myself, in order not to bother you . . . and she's so rushed. So I thought . . ."

He said briskly, "I'll call you back. Or shall I wire her?"

"If you'd call me?" asked Carol hastily. "She will telephone here later in the day. And then I can tell her."

They hung up with expressions of mutual esteem, and Carol went about her urgent affairs. Transportation was hard to obtain. She went to the travel agency often used by her mother. There would be Pullman space on the Century for her. But getting to Los Angeles was another matter. Perhaps, if she wouldn't mind a lower berth?

She wouldn't.

The call came through from Washington. The great man's secretary had been able to locate Major Duncan in Texas and gave Carol the name of the field. . . .

"Well," said Agatha, after this was reported to her, "are you going to wire Miles?"

"Not until after I've seen Mother," said Carol. "I've thought it over. I have to be *sure.*"

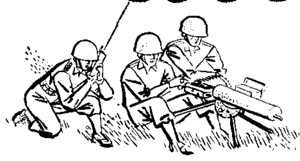
Agatha reflected that was what living in an insecure household did to you . . . more than anyone else you had to be sure. Carol's passion for the bare bones of truth, for absolute certainty, was an integral part of her life pattern. She could take nothing for granted. Most youngsters did. They took parental devotion and protection for granted. They fell in love and they took that for granted, too. Everything would be all right. The happy ending. Not Carol. Nothing in her past experience had convinced her that you could take anything for granted.

CAROL went to Los Angeles. The travel agency hadn't been able to reserve hotel accommodations there but it couldn't matter, said the clerk, as her mother had an ample suite. He advised her to take box lunches from Chicago, wished her luck and turned to the violent ringing of his telephone.

Carol had been to Hollywood before, in a drawing room on the Superchief. This was no drawing room. This was a lower berth. This wasn't the Superchief or the Chief. This was a long, long train filled with soldiers, sailors, Marines. People sat up in day coaches. Babies cried.

If anything could teach you not to follow your man half across the continent it should

Handie-Talkie signals the attack!



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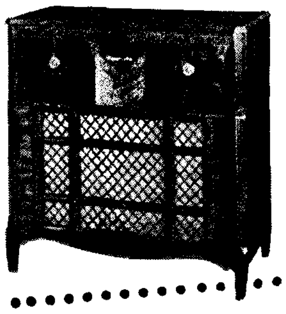

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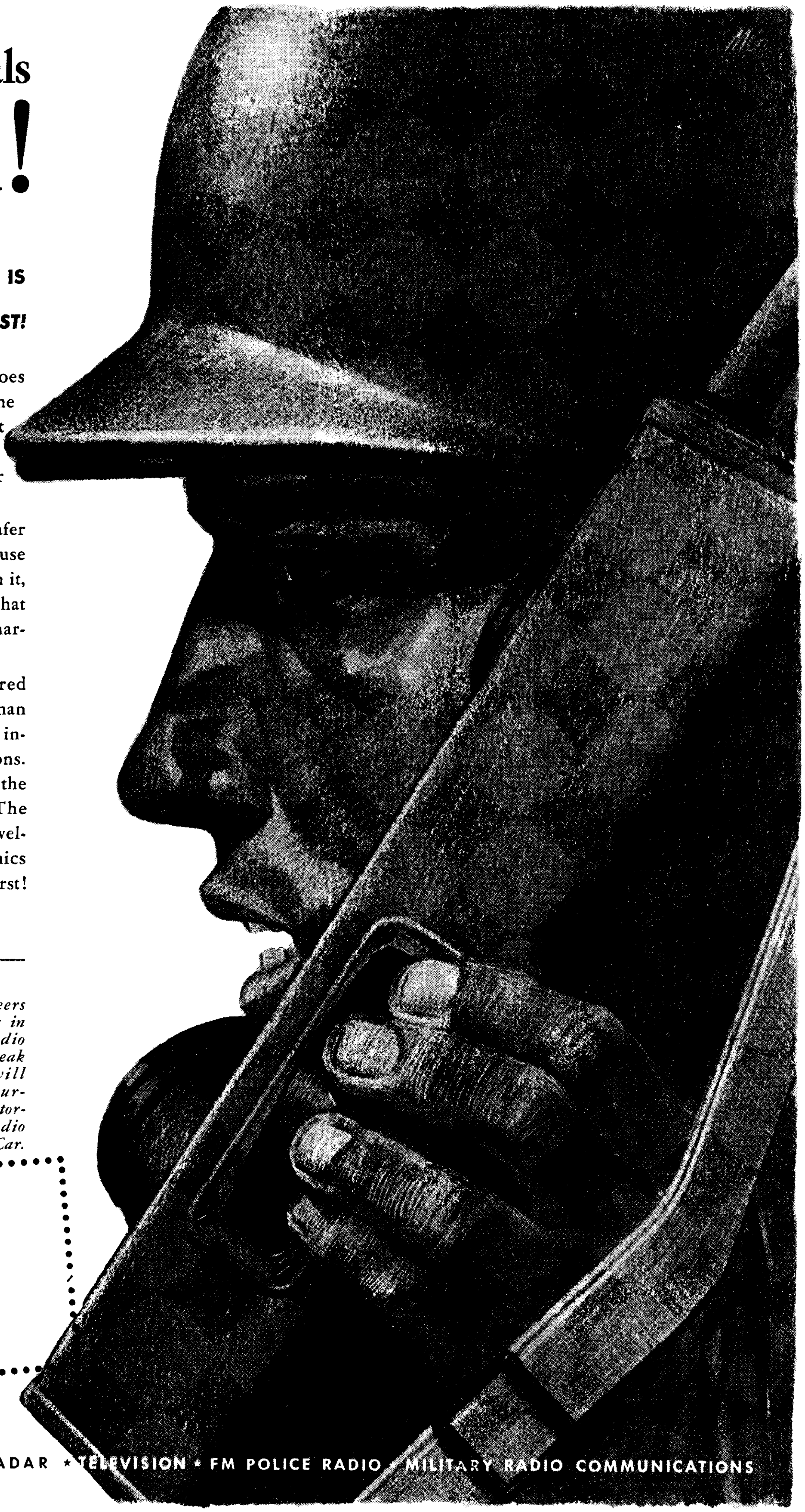


FM RADIO ★ PHONOGRAPHS ★ RADAR ★ TELEVISION ★ FM POLICE RADIO ★ MILITARY RADIO COMMUNICATIONS

WHEN YOU FIGHT
ATHLETE'S FOOT
FIGHT TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI
OR EFFORT MAY BE WASTED

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE ATHLETE'S FOOT

- Five fungi may cause Athlete's Foot. Any one alone—or all of them.
- Fungi are hardy, persistent, hard to reach.
- SORETONE KILLS ALL 5 FUNGI ON CONTACT.
- Soretone contains powerful 4-Beta-Ethyl-Hexyl-Phenol—not in any other Athlete's Foot preparation.

This malady is stubborn. Don't trifle—fight to kill. Soretone helps relieve that maddening burn and itch, while it attacks the cause. Soretone cleans and dries the skin. Dissolves perspiration deposits—on which fungi feed. Soretone helps promote healing of broken tissues. *McKesson makes it.*

MONEY BACK —if Soretone doesn't bring satisfaction.

SORETONE

POWERFUL HELP —TONIGHT

Spread toes apart. Pour Soretone full strength. Let dry. Repeat in morning.

Avoid reinfection. Spray or wipe shoes with Soretone. Boil socks 20 minutes.

McKesson gives a big bottle for $1 — so use liberally. (Also 50¢ size.)

If not relieved promptly, see your doctor.

FIGHTS TO KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

be this trip, thought Carol. Only it didn't. Discomfort mattered only to the vacationers; not to women who were concerned with war only as it affected those they most loved, whose entire beings were concentrated upon obtaining the outward consolations of loving . . . touch and nearness and embrace, no matter how brief the time. It was heartbreaking, it was insane, it had its special beauty.

And she was part of it. She was going to Miles. He had not asked her to, but she was going.

GETTING out of the taxi, walking into the big hotel set in its lush, green, landscaped grounds . . . flowers and shrubs, palm trees, vines, cottages, swimming pool—she looked like a carbon copy of herself. You didn't get out of a train like that, hours late, and appear as if fashioned from moonlight and dew. You hadn't stepped out of a fashion magazine. You'd stepped out of something which was just short of a cattle car, yet with the most profound admiration for the railroads of the United States, which were doing a job three times bigger than any public utility can be expected to do, and doing it as well—or better—than possible.

The desk clerk slid his eyes around at her, when her turn came and asked automatically, "Have you a reservation?"

She said, "No, but—"

"I'm sorry," he said wearily and wished he were home—at least, he had a home—with his feet in hot water, and a Scotch and soda in his hand. "There isn't a—"

She said, imperiously, "I am Mrs. Adam Hillary's daughter. Will you tell her that I have arrived?"

His manner changed. Helen Hillary's daughter? He hadn't thought she had one as old as this. He said cautiously, "Mrs. Hillary hasn't mentioned to us that she was expecting you."

You had to be cautious. People did the darnedest things just trying to find a place to sleep.

Carol opened her purse. She always carried identification. Aunt Agatha insisted on it. "Suppose you were run over?" she'd ask. She put the wallet on the desk and he glanced at it. He said, "Sorry, Miss Hillary, but you have to be so careful. The boy will take you right up. . . ."

The boy took her up. They rang but there was no answer. The boy unlocked the door with a passkey. It was a pretty suite—a duplex, with living and dining rooms downstairs and two bedrooms and baths above. It was filled with flowers. Helen's typewriter stood on a desk. She did not travel with secretaries these days. She was very patriotic.

"Guess Mrs. Hillary ain't here," said the boy sadly. He liked seeing Mrs. Hillary. Also she was generous.

Carol tipped him. She called room service and found that it was possible to have tea. She went upstairs, where the boy had taken her bag. One room was unoccupied, the other showed traces of Helen—cosmetic case, more flowers, clothes hanging in the closets.

Carol took off her dusty frock and put on a robe. After tea she would bathe and rest.

HELEN came in an hour or so later. Carol heard her key in the lock, her feet on the short flight of stairs, her voice calling. She could not have moved if it had meant her life.

Helen came in. She wore a new frock, a printed linen, a big hat, and short gloves. She looked animated, a little tanned, and very well. She cried, "Carol—I couldn't believe it when the clerk told me. Why are you here? What has happened? Why didn't you let me know?"

When Dudley had phoned her, he had said nothing about the possibility of Carol's coming to Hollywood. He hadn't guessed. He should have, she thought, fretfully.

Carol said, "If I had let you know, you would have had a sudden urge to go to Palm Springs or Mexico City." She sat up and swung her long legs to the floor. She said, "I'm on my way to Texas. I stopped off to see you."

"Texas?" repeated Helen. She sat down, and found that she was shaking. She thought, for once directly: This is the showdown. She had never expected it to come.

"Texas," said Carol. "Miles is there."

"Really?" said Helen. "I didn't know."

"I think you did," said Carol. "I think he called and when he found I was out he told you."

Helen said, "Aren't you being a little dramatic? Of course he called. I told you so. He said he would call you back."

"He said," corrected Carol, "that he was going to Texas."

Helen thought: She's following him; he'll tell her. She smiled. She said, "All right. So he told me he was being transferred. He didn't," she added sweetly, "demand that I tell *you*. If he had wanted you to know, he would have called the hospital or managed to get to town or, at least, wired you or called again. But he didn't. He wanted it this way. The easier way for you both."

It sounded plausible. Carol said stubbornly, "I will not believe it." She added, "I've read your book, in proof."

Helen was silent and wary. This much, she knew, Dudley had told her. She waited.

Carol said in a tight, frozen voice, "It isn't your book—that is, the part of it which matters, the part which will get the good press, and the acclaim, the part which will sell it. The rest doesn't matter. You've written all that before—how brave you are under fire, and what fun you have talking to generals. But the new part belongs to Miles. It belongs in his book, not in yours. But you wanted it for yours. If you had written his book as it should have been written, you would have been only the mouthpiece, the dictating machine—"

Helen said, "You are being absurd. I have my notes for Miles' book. Also my own notes, made before his was ever written."

"No doubt," said Carol. "Are you going to write a foreword to the book before Frank publishes it, acknowledging your debt—and your co-author?"

"No," said Helen. Her eyes were brilliant with anger. She added, "You are making a fool of yourself, over a stupid, unimaginative boy who doesn't care enough for you to let you know where he's going. And if you go to Texas he'll tell you so!"

Carol said, "I'll take my chances on that. I'll also take him the Foresight proof."

"And what will that get you?" asked Helen.

"Nothing, probably," said Carol. "I didn't expect you'd make the acknowledgment. And I doubt if Miles would want it. It would only embarrass him. But I thought I'd give you your chance, too."

Her mother asked, "Where is he, exactly?"

Carol laughed. She said, "I have no intention of telling you. You'd wire or telephone, you'd manage something, somehow."

Helen said, "It doesn't matter. I can find out."

"If you call Washington," said Carol casually, "you'll be in an awkward position. Because that's how *I* found out. I said I was calling for you. And so got the information."

Helen commented, with a spark of admiration, "That was quite clever of you, Carol."

Carol said, "I thought so. I don't like being clever. I don't like using—hereditary methods."

Helen rose. She said, "This has been a very interesting conversation. But I am dining out. We'll continue it in the morning."

Carol shook her head. She said, "I shan't be here. I stopped in the station and bought my ticket, before I came to the hotel. I'll be gone before you get back. It's a slow train but it will serve." She rose and walked over to her mother. She said, "I don't know why you've done this, Mother. . . . I don't know why you have been so opposed to my marriage or why you have used very curious methods to prevent it."

Helen still had the card which she had played one evening not so long ago. It had taken a trick once, it might again. This was a different game but it was a good card. She said, quietly, "I opposed your marriage, at first, because I felt it was not suitable and that you wouldn't be happy. I knew Miles before you did." She smiled. "And, I think, better." She let that sink in. "Later, I opposed it because I felt that after your absurd behavior in permitting Miles to come to the cottage when you were there alone, you had created a situation. Men of Miles' type," she said carelessly, "are apt to cling to a code which is somewhat outmoded. I tried to persuade him that you were adult, that you knew what you were doing . . ." She broke off. She said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

"You meant it," said Carol, who was perfectly white. "But I don't believe you. You've never given me any reason to believe you. When I see Miles, I'll believe him."

"Don't you think," asked Helen softly, "that you are recreating the same situation by pursuing him—unasked?"

"Possibly," said Carol, "but I don't care."

SHE waited a moment. Then she said, "I'll have some dinner downstairs and I've already asked for sandwiches and fruit to take with me. And for my bill . . ."

"Your bill?" repeated Helen, startled.

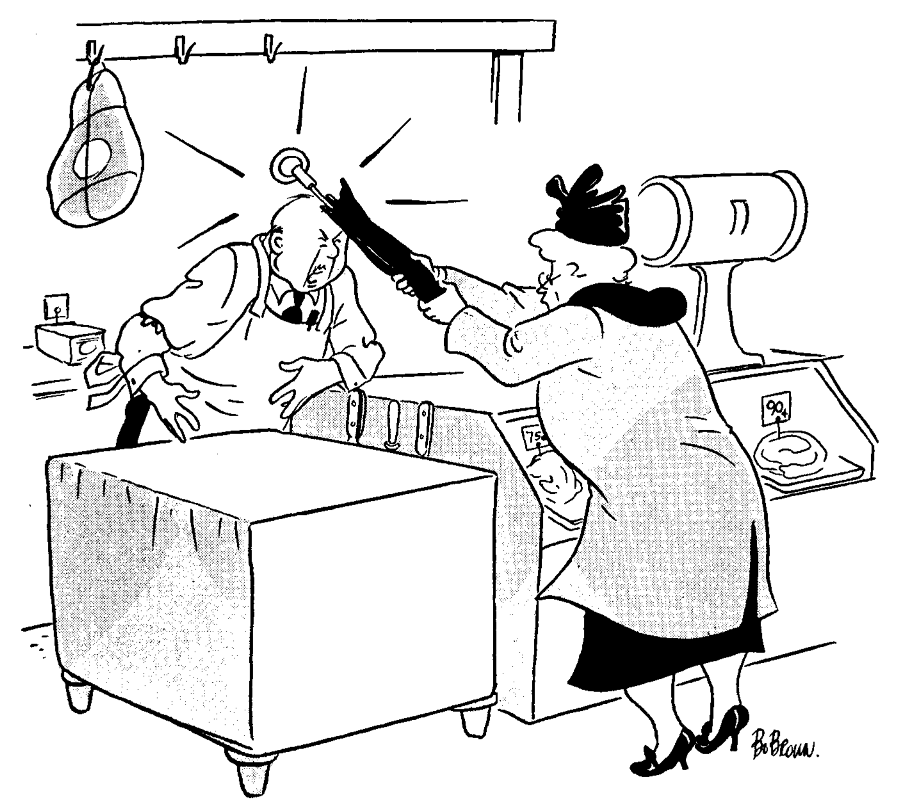
"Tea," said Carol, very matter of fact. "The sandwiches. I'll pay for dinner."

Helen's eyes filled, suddenly. She said, "Carol, aren't you carrying your—enmity too far?"

"You mean, what will the hotel people think?" asked Carol brutally. "They haven't time to think and it doesn't matter to me if they find time."

She watched Helen sit down again. She watched her cry. She remembered the night she had seen her cry in Miles' arms. Helen spoke, after a while, brokenly, "I—I have always acted in your best interests. . . . Darling," she said, "if I have hurt you—"

"It's too late," said Carol. She said it sadly. She felt her sorrow. It was sorrow



COLLIER'S "I'm moving and thought I'd stop in to say goodby!" BO BROWN

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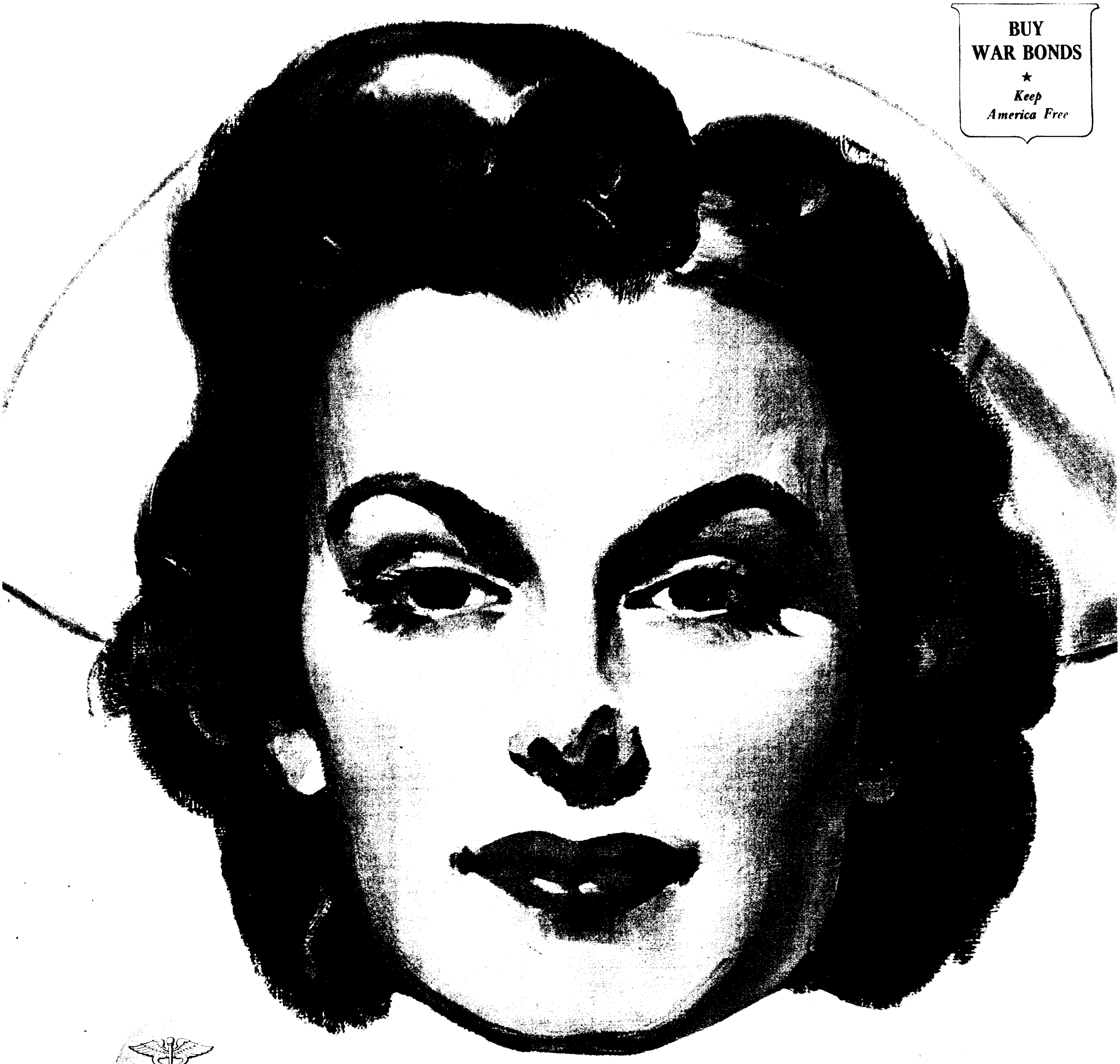
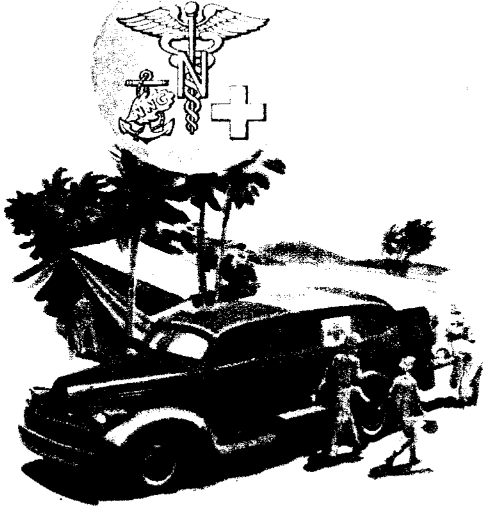




Among the more important items manufactured by Pontiac for the Armed Forces are Oerlikon 20-mm. antiaircraft cannon, 40-mm. automatic field guns, aircraft torpedoes, Diesel engine parts, tank axles and engine parts for military vehicles. A reproduction of this advertisement, suitable for framing, will be mailed free on request.

"Their devotion to duty—their skill, courage and resourcefulness—will live forever in the hearts of our fighting men." . . . Thus does a high ranking officer pay tribute to America's war nurses.

And the miracles of mercy and acts of bravery which inspired this tribute are being duplicated in desert, mountain and jungle . . . on hospital plane, train and ship.

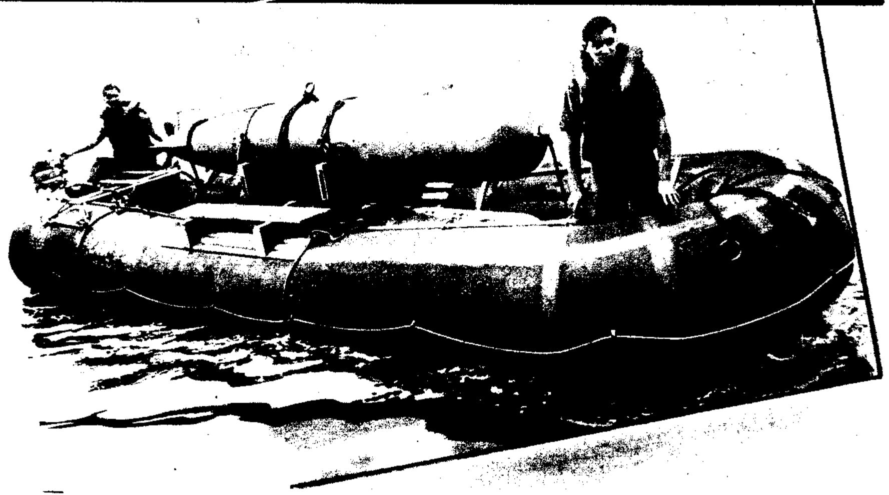
Since those Civil War days when Clara Barton defied public convention and overcame official objection to minister to the sick, the maimed and the dying *under fire,* the nurses of our Army and Navy have maintained unbroken, the highest traditions of courage and unselfish devotion to duty.

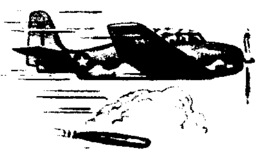
Here at Pontiac, where we are serving to the best of our ability by providing our Fighting Forces with a wide variety of the implements of Victory, we should like to add our tribute to the Angels of Mercy who are serving their Nation so loyally, so faithfully, so unselfishly.

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Coming Up!

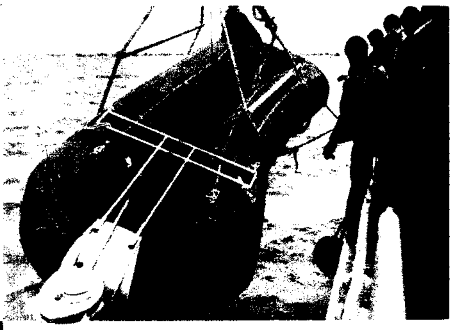
...TWO TIN FISH FOR TOJO!





UNTIL it is slammed straight for the belly of a frantically twisting, dodging Jap ship, a Navy aerial torpedo should be handled with care! And that is the way this deadly pair, cradled one over the other in a rubber barge, is being transported. In rearmament service these big rubber boats provide their lethal loads with a "safety zone" . . . a plump cushion of air that completely surrounds the cargo, safeguarding it against the danger of shock or collision. Many Evinrudes are used in such service, providing capable driving power and high maneuverability.

1 **Servicing Seaplanes** is another job for which rubber boats are ideally adapted. For powering big rubber boats, Evinrude now produces a special model of its famed Lightfour, built with deep shaft, high-ratio reduction gear, and 360-degree steering that permits the boat to be maneuvered in any direction and instantly reversed.



2 **Up she comes,** the day's work done! This photo shows the type of bracket widely used for mounting an Evinrude on a large rubber boat. Evinrude has developed many special mounting brackets to meet the varied needs of the scores of different types of small craft used by the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. An Evinrude is the most adaptable of marine power plants!

3 **The Japs** use outboards too, as is shown by this photo of a Jap outboard captured somewhere in New Guinea, and patched up by our boys to serve in ferrying supplies to the beach. Perhaps, by this time, it has been replaced by a sparkling Evinrude Speeditwin, a "popular number" in the islands of the far Pacific!

Free!

Send for copy of 1944 "Owners' Edition" of the Evinrude News. A pictorial magazine that covers outboards in war and peace — profusely illustrated with photos showing Evinrudes serving the Army and Navy, and pictures of happy peacetime uses to follow!

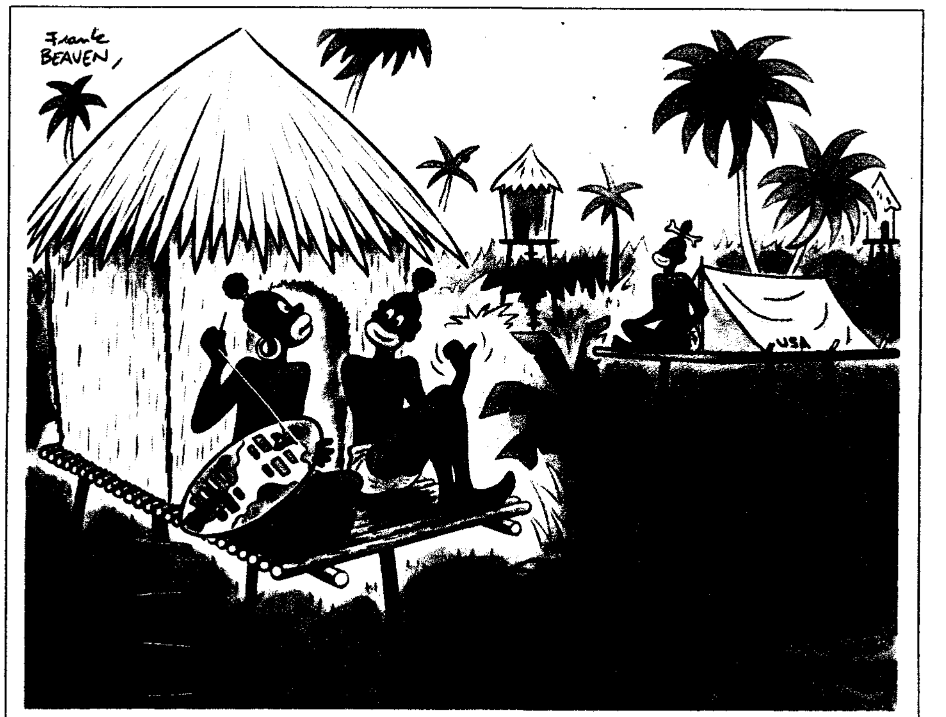
Write for your copy!

EVINRUDE

OUTBOARD MOTORS

EVINRUDE MOTORS, 5023 N. 27th St., Milwaukee 9, Wis.

Every Dollar You Invest Helps Speed Victory — Buy More Bonds



COLLIER'S "He got it shooting craps!" FRANK BEAVEN

for loss, the loss of something she had never had.

It mustn't be this way, thought Helen frantically. The legend was fading, the beautiful picture dissolving. You couldn't prevent it. "Where is your charming daughter?" they would ask. What did you reply? "I haven't the faintest idea, as she hasn't chosen to tell me . . ."

She said, "All right. I—I did know Miles was going to Texas. He asked me to tell you. He wanted to come to town, at once. I said you . . . were out . . . with Dudley Lennox."

Sometimes honesty turns the trick, clears the atmosphere.

"I see," said Carol. "And what else?"

Helen said, "That day you were in Brooklyn, he came to the house. Early. I tried to convince him that it would be better if you waited until after the war."

"How?" asked Carol, evenly.

She answered evasively, "The usual arguments, all of them sound."

Now, Carol was dressing, rapidly. Her mother watched her—watched her comb and brush her hair, watched her powder, watched her use her lipstick. And then, saw her turn.

"Are you going to give father his divorce?" she asked.

Helen said, "So he told you? Of course not. Unless he consents to a New York State divorce, naming his mistress."

Carol said, "I don't think your public would like that. It seems so—unsportsmanlike."

Her mother said furiously, "If, when he comes home, he goes to Reno, I shall contest it, Carol."

"I don't know much about the law," Carol said, "but there must be a way in which I could help." She looked at her mother, thoughtfully. She said, "Even if it weren't a help legally, it wouldn't hurt *him* if I testified for him."

"You wouldn't dare!"

"I'd dare," said Carol unemotionally. "You don't want him, Mother. You haven't for a very long time. You never wanted me. We—Father and I—we were just part of the picture. We made such a—rounded portrait. But we're out of the picture now, no matter what you do or don't do."

She put her things in her suitcase, locked it. She said, "I'm going now. . . ." She looked at her mother. She added, "I'll let you know, of course, what . . . we decide. Goodby . . . I wish it could have been different. But things don't alter, in ten minutes, after twenty-three years."

She was gone, walking down the stairs, carrying her suitcase, her head very high. Helen could not see that her chin shook and her mouth was twisted and her eyes were wet because it was so miserable an ending, and so inevitable. She ran to the stairs, she looked down, she called, "Carol, *Carol*. . . !" but a door closed and there was no answer.

Helen went into her bedroom. She stood for a long time and looked in the mirror. She was still lovely, and she was not yet fifty. But she would be.

She was alone.

Carol had tied her hands. There was nothing she could do and preserve face. There was only one thing possible: To go to Reno, when the arrangements had been made and Adam been notified, and to get her divorce with as much dignity as possible. Because any scandal would react, not on Jenny, not on Adam, but on her. . . . People would talk, at the Stork, at Ciro's, at Victor's; people would talk at beach clubs, in Newport, at the Ritz, at the Algonquin; people would say, "But even if everyone *knew* that he and Jenny Davis lived together . . . there must have been something very fishy in that household if Helen Hillary's own daughter would—"

She shuddered, thinking of that.

WELL, there were ways out. A quiet divorce, a gallant stand for the press. The wronged, but never the avenger. She'd been through blitzes before. There wasn't an ounce of physical fear in her. That much was true. She'd take this other kind of blitz, too. She could turn it to her own advantage. She had always been an opportunist.

She thought with anger and unwilling admiration: Carol's like me, after all.

So she was. She had something of them both: Adam's stubbornness, his logic, his reckless emotional compulsions. She had an echo of her mother's wit and fluidity and determination. She possessed her mother's weapons also, because most women have them, if few know how to use them, with reason. But what she had from her parents she had made her own, and her integrity shone through.

Helen thought: I'm not beaten!

She wasn't. There were years ahead of her. There was more success, adulation, flattery. There were wonderful dressmakers and plastic surgeons. There were other men. There were lots of men.

She sat down at her dressing table and looked in the mirror. What she saw frightened her, and she put her face in her hands and wept. These were real tears. It was a pity that Carol was not there to see them.

Carol wired Miles from the station. She said, "I am on my way." She added the time her train might be expected and the name of the hotel to which she was going. She had asked for a list of the hotels at the Travelers Aid desk. She had wired the hotel they recommended.

She did not sleep that night. She did not rest during the dusty trip, the many stops, the repetitive pattern—soldiers, wives, mothers and babies. She was thinking ahead, she was running, fleetly, in advance of the train. She thought: If Miles and I have children, I shall love them so much, for his sake and for my own but most of all for theirs. And perhaps they will love me in return. She was humble, thinking that. She thought: If they know they are safe with us, if they understand that they can count on us, if they feel themselves secure . . .

There is no other security. Money does not buy it; anything can happen to money. Environment does not assure it; environment can alter overnight. But the warm, wide selfless loving—this is all the security any child needs, or any adult, for that matter, to take him safely through the difficult and exciting, the heartbreaking and wonderful moment called living. . . .

No one met her at the crowded, echoing station. It was terribly hot, it was windy. Dust choked her and seeped into her pores. She waited a long time for a taxi and finally shared one, which took her to the hotel. It was a big place and it was crowded. They had had her wire, but they were unable to accommodate her. Perhaps, by late tonight, if she cared to wait?

She would wait. This was where she had told Miles she would be and where he would find her. She did not dare risk going out and searching for another place. The clerks were so busy, so hagridden, they might forget to tell him where she was . . . even if she found a place and could telephone.

She would not call the field. He had her wire; eventually, he would come.

She waited in the lobby. She had something to eat in the coffee-shop cafeteria, she went back to the lobby and waited. She wired Aunt Agatha. She bought a paper. She watched people. Hundreds of people: Chinese, Mexican, American. Uniforms with wings. She looked at shoulder bars. She looked at faces. She saw cattlemen and cowboys. She saw pretty women. She saw schoolgirls. She saw prostitutes.

It was dark before he came. She was still sitting there patiently. But a moment before he pushed through the revolving doors she had dropped off to sleep. She sat in a big, dusty plush chair, her suitcase beside her, her hat on her suitcase. Her dark, disheveled head was against the back of the chair. Her face was white and quiet, and her heavy lids were folded down secretly over her eyes. Her mouth was very red and young.

He stood beside her and experienced a tenderness so nearly unbearable that he felt that he must weep.

He said urgently, "Carol . . ."

She sighed, opened her eyes and looked at him. She did not stir. She looked and looked and presently she smiled.

He said, "You crazy little . . ." He stopped and went on, "I came as soon as I could," he told her. "I've been away from the field. Otherwise I would have met you, if possible, or sent someone, or wired . . . but I got back less than an hour ago and found your wire."

"It doesn't matter," she said; "you're here now."

He picked up her suitcase. "Come on," he said.

Carol rose. She was giddy with fatigue. She said, dizzily, "They said I might have a room here, late tonight, if I waited."

"The hell with that," he told her. "You're coming with me. Jim O'Conner's my C O. I knew him way back when. I talked with his wife before I came into town. You're going there. They live off post and there's plenty of room . . ."

He had her arm. How thin she was! He took her out and put her in an Army car.

She said, shakily, as they made their way through traffic, "I don't know, Miles, I have so much to say and somehow I can't say it. I feel funny," she said, like a child, "all sort of gone and queer inside."

"It will keep," he told her. "Here, lean back, close your eyes."

When they reached the pleasant house of the O'Conners he had to lift her from the car. She was nearly asleep again; she dragged against him as he half carried her up the walk. Mrs. O'Conner met them at the door. She was, Carol saw dimly, a pretty woman in her forties. She looked at Miles and at Carol. She said, "Here, give her to me."

Between them they got her upstairs and into a small guest room. And Miles said anxiously, as if Carol could not hear, "I don't know what's the matter with her. It can't be just because she's tired."

Mrs. O'Conner had been a trained nurse. She said, "I don't know, either, but it looks like some sort of shock, or emotional reaction. Clear out," she ordered, "I've work to do."

Carol remembered very little afterward. She knew she was somewhere, and that Miles was not far away. She knew she was in bed, with fresh sweet linen under and over her, and a clean nightgown on her tired body. She knew that she had been washed and her hair brushed and given something that fizzed, in a glass. She knew that it was an effort to move or to speak, and that the woman who was in the room with her told her she need not try to do either. She was very grateful. She said, "Miles?" and went to sleep.

SHE woke to sunlight and a blue sky, and to see the dusty green of cottonwoods beyond her windows. She heard a child's laughter, and an older child saying "Hush." Her door opened quietly, and Mrs. O'Conner stood there with a tray in her hands. She asked, "Are you awake and hungry?"

Carol sat up. "I'm starved!" she said. "I—what happened to me last night?" She looked, flushing, at the older woman. "What must you think of me?"

Mary O'Conner said briskly, "I think you've had a hard trip and a shock somewhere along the way. I think you're very pretty now that you're rested, and almost good enough to be Miles' girl."

Carol's color deepened. She said, eating bacon and eggs and drinking the strong fragrant coffee, "I can never thank you."

"You passed out," said Mrs. O'Conner cheerfully. "I believe you've been on a bender. I'm not talking about alcohol," she added, smiling.

Carol said, "The trip wasn't too bad. I stopped off for a few hours in Hollywood. Things have been happening pretty fast."

"They always do, these days."

"What time is it?" asked Carol.

HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—No. 13

Each sentence below contains four words commonly mispronounced. Read aloud, then check with list on page 47.

1. She felt quite like a Parisienne when she could order café au lait, café noir and café nature.

2. After the honeymoon, they established their ménage in a chalet near Lausanne, free from the mélange of the city.

3. The chauvinistic sycophant continued to kowtow to the leader of the safari.

4. Before the commando raid on Bougainville, a reconnaissance sortie was made in a Boeing plane.

5. A replica of the Palisades was made of papier mâché for the Newark Geological Society.

6. His library proved to be a repertory of Wagnerian scores, and this accounted for his unusual repertoire.

7. By some strange necromancy he poured Chianti and Sauterne from the same carafe.

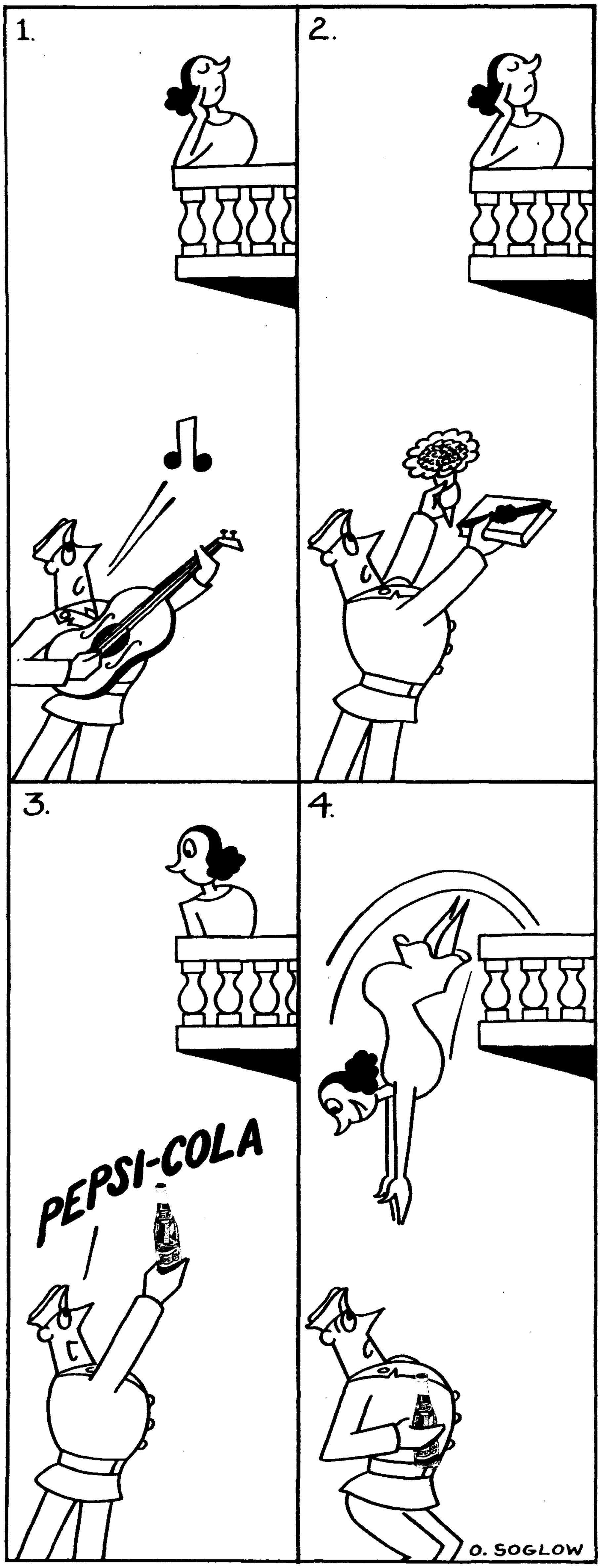
8. On his trip to Barbados and the Bahamas, his reading ranged from Du Barry to Curie.

9. At Port Said the children were enraptured by the Arab sheik who told them the tales of Ali Baba and Fatima.

10. At the pageant, a trained pachyderm played a mammoth ocarina and a xylophone.

(Words having more than one pronunciation are checked with seven leading dictionaries for the most generally accepted usage.)

Charles H. Hall



Not for Glory nor yet for Gold

For a tenth share of all gold, silver, pearls and spices he might chance upon, Columbus sailed to seek the Indies.

Magellan followed in his wake, and Drake, too, spurred on by dreams of fame and treasure to be gained in new found lands.

They blazed new routes of trade and claimed the wealth of continents in the name of greedy monarchs.

But the young Magellans who today are girdling the globe by air seek not for glory nor yet for gold.

They fly to make the great ocean of the skies a highway to a better world — a free world in which our nation shall have security for all time.

To keep this freedom now being so dearly won America must continue to be first in the air, in peace tomorrow as in war today.

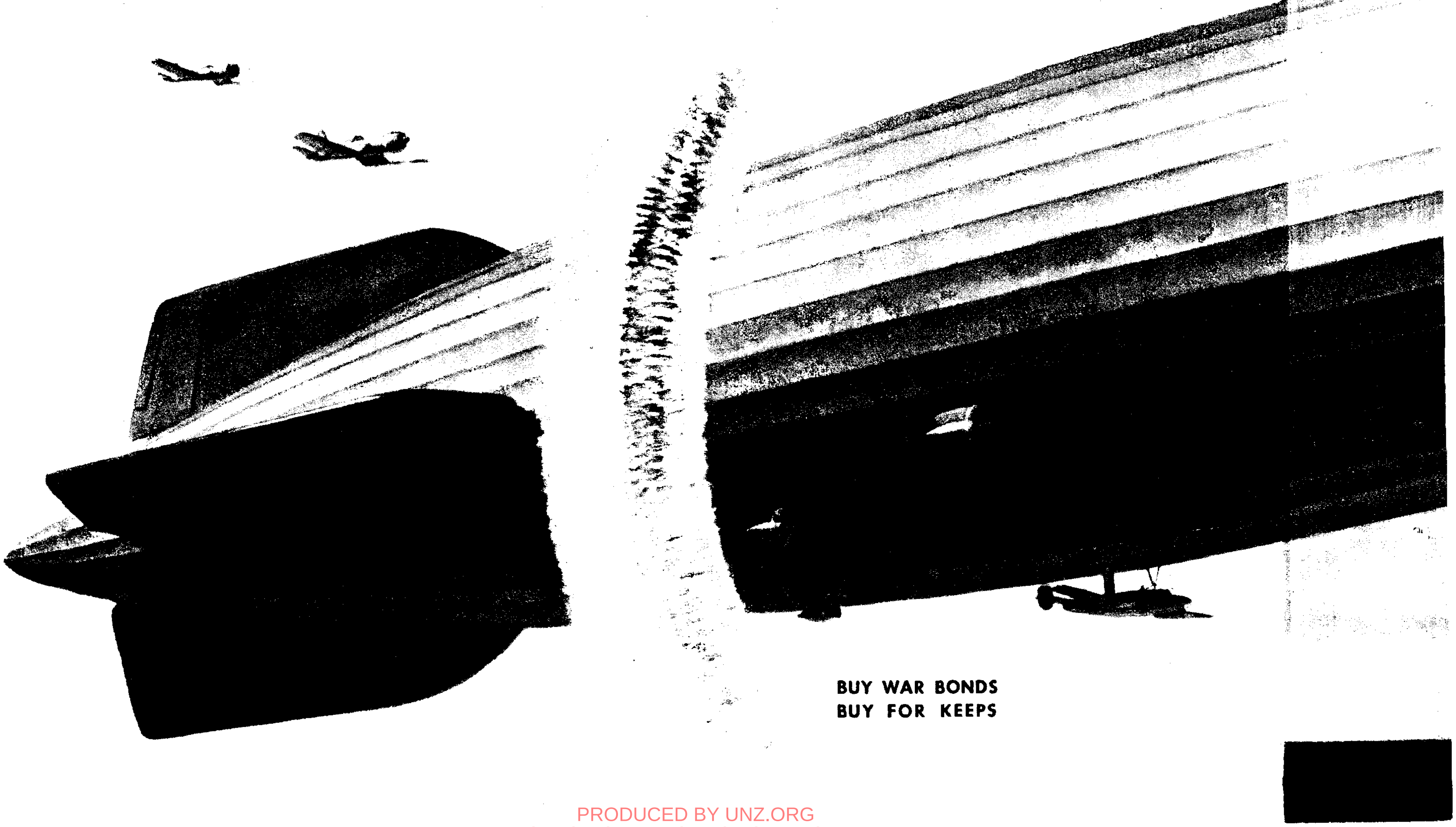
And just as a great merchant marine has long been the backbone and support of sea power, so will a numerous commercial air fleet be the surest mainstay of aerial might.

Such swift, far-ranging air-merchantmen will not only be the surest way of spreading the American ideal of progress through harmony, but also the best insurance against attack.

Yes, America must maintain leadership in the skies, not for the glory of conquest nor the gold of world-wide commerce, but to keep the airlanes free from new aggressors who might hope again to loot the world.

AIR COMMERCE OF THE FUTURE may employ both swift airplanes and giant cargo-carrying airships. Looking toward that time Goodyear Aircraft Corporation today is contributing to America's air leadership by building airships and airplanes for the Navy, as well as wings, empennages, ailerons and other components for many types of military airplanes. Goodyear is one of America's great aircraft builders.

GOODYEAR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
Akron, Ohio   Litchfield Park, Arizona



GOOD YEAR
GOOD YEAR
AIRCRAFT
DEAN CORN-WELL

CHOICER? *naturally!*

"DRY" grapes from non-irrigated vineyards give I.V.C. wines that extra delicious flavor.

Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious . . . just naturally richer.

I V C

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WINES

BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Since 1883, these rare California vintages have been bottled at the winery. Now twenty-six different I.V.C. Gold Medal and Cucamonga wines are pressed and bottled for your pleasure . . . here at the world's largest vineyard. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

"It's noon. My kids are home and clamoring for food."

"I'd love to see them," Carol said, "if I may." She looked at Mary appealingly. "I—this is such an imposition."

"No," said Mrs. O'Conner. "It's for Miles. For you too, now. Jim and I have a son," she said quietly. "He's a fighter pilot. He would *have been shot down on his first mission* if it hadn't been for Miles, who got there first and shot the enemy down instead. Jim, Jr., lost a lot of plane, and had a hole in his arm and one in his leg, but he landed, he was alive, he still is. We—think a lot of Miles," she said.

At the door, she turned. She said, "Try to rest. I'll let you up for dinner. Miles can't be here till afterward. I suggested taking you out to the field and eating, all of us, at the Officers' Mess, but he said, No, he'd be in later and see you. Jim won't be home till then, either. If you don't mind kids, we'll have dinner with them, if you can take my cooking. I haven't had a maid since I came."

CAROL slept most of the day. Then she got up, bathed and dressed, and they had dinner. The little girl and the older boy were noisy, natural and charming. Carol helped dry the dishes. When the doorbell rang, Mrs. O'Conner shooed her out into the hall. "You take him in the living room," she said. "I have things to do."

Colonel Jim O'Conner was with Miles. Carol had an impression of a tall man with a brown face and graying hair, a wide smile and very blue eyes. He took her hand, held it a moment and vanished as if by magic. The children had gone, too.

The living room was very quiet. It was not a notable room. This was a rented house, and not much of the O'Conner personality went into it. But it was a room Carol would always remember.

"You feel all right?" asked Miles. He had not touched her.

"I feel fine. I—" she laughed. "I was sponged and pressed and put to bed. I'm sorry I went all swooning and collapsing on you, Miles."

He said, "You look—okay." He sat down on the couch and, after a moment, she went to sit beside him. He asked, "Why did you come?"

"To beg you to marry me."

"Carol." He looked at her, shook his head. "I—you know how I feel—"

"Do you, Miles? Do you really feel that way?" she asked earnestly. "No, look at me. You see, I've seen Mother in Hollywood. She told me—under some pressure—that you had phoned and said you were being transferred. I was at the hospital. I didn't go out afterward with Dudley. I had no date with him. I came home early."

He said, "But why? That was a deliberate lie."

"Yes." She was grave and stern, telling him how deliberate. "She told me when I came in that you had telephoned and would call again. She did not say that your orders had come. And there's something else: My mother said that one reason she opposed our marriage was because . . . of your coming to the cottage. She felt that you might think that because we had been exposed to gossip—which in this case was Dudley—you would feel under obligation."

He cried, "She told you *that?* But it was in reverse, Carol. When we talked together that day while I waited for you, she said that a hasty marriage could have only one implication: That it was necessary. She asked me if that was why I was so insistent."

CAROL said, between laughter and tears, "So that was it! I wondered at the time if she had said anything, if she had discussed it with you. She said, when I asked her, No, as you were there only a few minutes before me."

Miles drew a deep breath. "And all the time I thought—"

"That you were protecting me?" She smiled. She said, "It's out in the open now."

"But I don't understand," he said, bewildered. "I thought she—liked me. I mean—why would she do such a thing? She—she's your mother," he said angrily. It was hard to dispel the magic. He said, "It's difficult to believe."

Carol said evenly, "She cares for no one but herself. Miles, your book. The best of it. The things you must have told her, from the first day you met and afterward. The things you told me at the cottage. They aren't in your book, darling; they're in hers. I have the proofs. I asked her if she would make an acknowledgment, when her book is published. She said, No. She denies everything, naturally. And we have no proofs," she added, "and I'm not trying to make a bad pun!"

He stared at her a moment, thoughtfully. He didn't care about the book. The book had been an excuse to be with Helen Hillary. He admitted that. She could use him for a hundred books, and he wouldn't care now. But the fact that she had used him. That was different. That was the pay-off, that was the works.

He said, "To hell with the book! When I think what she's done to us." He swore fluently, stopped. "I'm sorry," he said.

"You needn't be. We—washed up," she said. "It was Mother who suggested that Dudley send Father overseas. She thought he was an ally. And he was, he is."

Later she could tell him the rest, show him Helen's book, fill in the details, tell him about Adam and Jenny. But not now. She asked, "Shall I go back?"

"And leave me? Never again." He took her in his arms and kissed her, for the first time since they had been together. He kissed her with tenderness and exaltation and hunger. He said, "Wire Aunt Agatha and get her here if you can. If not, Mary O'Conner will stand by. We'll cable your father. I may not be here long, darling, but we'll find a place somewhere if it's over a garage or in a motor court or a shack. Will you mind?"

"I won't mind," she said, close in his arms.

"The arrangements won't take too long," he said, "and the chaplain will marry us. And then we'll be together for as much time as there'll be left."

"However short," she told him, "it will be forever; and however long, *it will seem* too brief. Miles, we're on our own," she said, "you and I . . . we're a *family*."

That was it. All the family she had, really. Agatha loved her, but she was old, and of another generation, another way of living and of thought. Adam loved her, but when he came back he would have Jenny. They would make their own lives; they, too, belonged to another generation.

Helen had never been part of her family; she belonged exclusively to herself. She and Carol would patch it up perhaps, see each other occasionally, someday, pay lip service to their purely biological relationship. Helen would see to that, for the sake of the legend. But that door had closed . . . if ever it had been open. Unlocked, Carol thought on my side only, and not for very long.

He asked anxiously, "You're not afraid. A good many of the things Helen said to me are true enough . . . the worry and the heartbreak and the risks."

"Oh, be quiet," she said, and kissed him with honesty and ardor. "We have each other, and we have today."

THE END

INTERNATIONAL

THE HERO ON THE COVER

THE rain stopped. And then came the cadenced dripping from the tall palms. And the splitting *silence* of night that makes a gunner nervous. The platoon of machine gunners and riflemen lay on their bellies in saucers of mud behind their guns. They were holding the pass at Lunga Ridge, a half mile away from priceless Henderson Field, our first foothold on Guadalcanal.

Platoon Sergeant John Basilone picked up his phone. He listened. "A large Jap force is approaching your position. You are outnumbered about a hundred to one. Hold!" Johnny set the phone down. He slapped a couple of gunners on the back. "Stick around," he growled. They chuckled nervously. A runner came up. "The guns on your right flank have been blown clear out. . . ." Johnny slung a 40-pound Browning over his arm and whispered to his men on the left. "Take that gun down and follow me." They did.

Johnny Basilone led them down a jungle trail. The moon peeped between racing clouds. Johnny saw a Jap patrol. He stood still. And braced his legs. And sprayed the Nips with the gun cradled in his arms. When he and his two machine gunners got to the right flank, they found two men trying to hold the Japs off with rifles and pistols. There wasn't time to set the new machine gun up in a foxhole. The Japs were coming fast and screaming. Basilone dropped on his chest and held the machine gun before him. He held the barrel so that the bullets would barely skim the grass top. The other Marines covered him with rifles to the left, right and rear. Several Japs fell. Others turned and ran.

In a lull, Johnny reached for the "knocked out" gun and his hands traced the parts in darkness. He corrected the "head spacing" in the dark. The Japs were firing light and heavy machine guns. Basilone's boys just got set up in time to meet a head-on Jap rush. The rain started again and the belts of ammo were caked with mud and water. But they kept firing. And the Japs kept coming. But the guns lasted longer than the Japs.

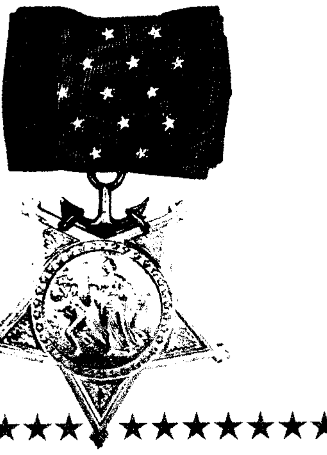
Several times, a Jap got through to crawl under the barrel of the machine gun. But Johnny—on pure reflex—always managed to pump a .45 automatic into their faces.

At about 3:30 A. M. the ammunition ran low. The Japs were blasting the barbed wire with high explosives and they were going to come through at any cost. Johnny took a short cut to his own lines—across the front of the Japanese lines. He got a hundred pounds of it. It took him fifteen minutes to snake back with his burden. "That lousy hundred yards," he says.

Before dawn, the guns ran dry. The water cans had spilled in the action. Johnny ordered the guns fired dry. Someone spotted a whole field full of Japs creeping forward. The hot guns chattered and more Japs moaned, then died. The guns got a rest. At dawn the main attack came. There were so many dead Japs piled in front of Basilone's gun that he couldn't find a field of fire. He had to move the gun. Thirty-eight bodies were counted in that one mound.

The next day, Basilone got orders to move his guns to a new position where he faced only a hundred Japs instead of three thousand. "That's rest enough for any Marine," he said.

For his work on the night of October 24 and 25, 1942, Sergeant John Basilone won the Congressional Medal of Honor. . . . J. B.



GANGWAY FOR A GOOD SOLDIER!

MAMA has decided that her two young men should meet each other.

And he's off to see his daddy — for the first time!

We may not be able to give them the kind of ride we'd like to. Trains will be crowded. Some coaches may not be as comfortable and convenient as our best equipment. They may have to wait on sidings as troop and munitions trains get the right of way.

But service men and their relatives are good soldiers. They take inconveniences in their stride, understanding that the railroads are doing the best they can to bring them together.

With traffic so heavy, the railroads cannot always maintain all their prewar standards. But they are keeping their dates with convoys, and fighting all the emergencies that go with the world's biggest transportation job. They're working as they have never worked before and are determined to do their level best to help get the job done, and done as speedily as possible.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
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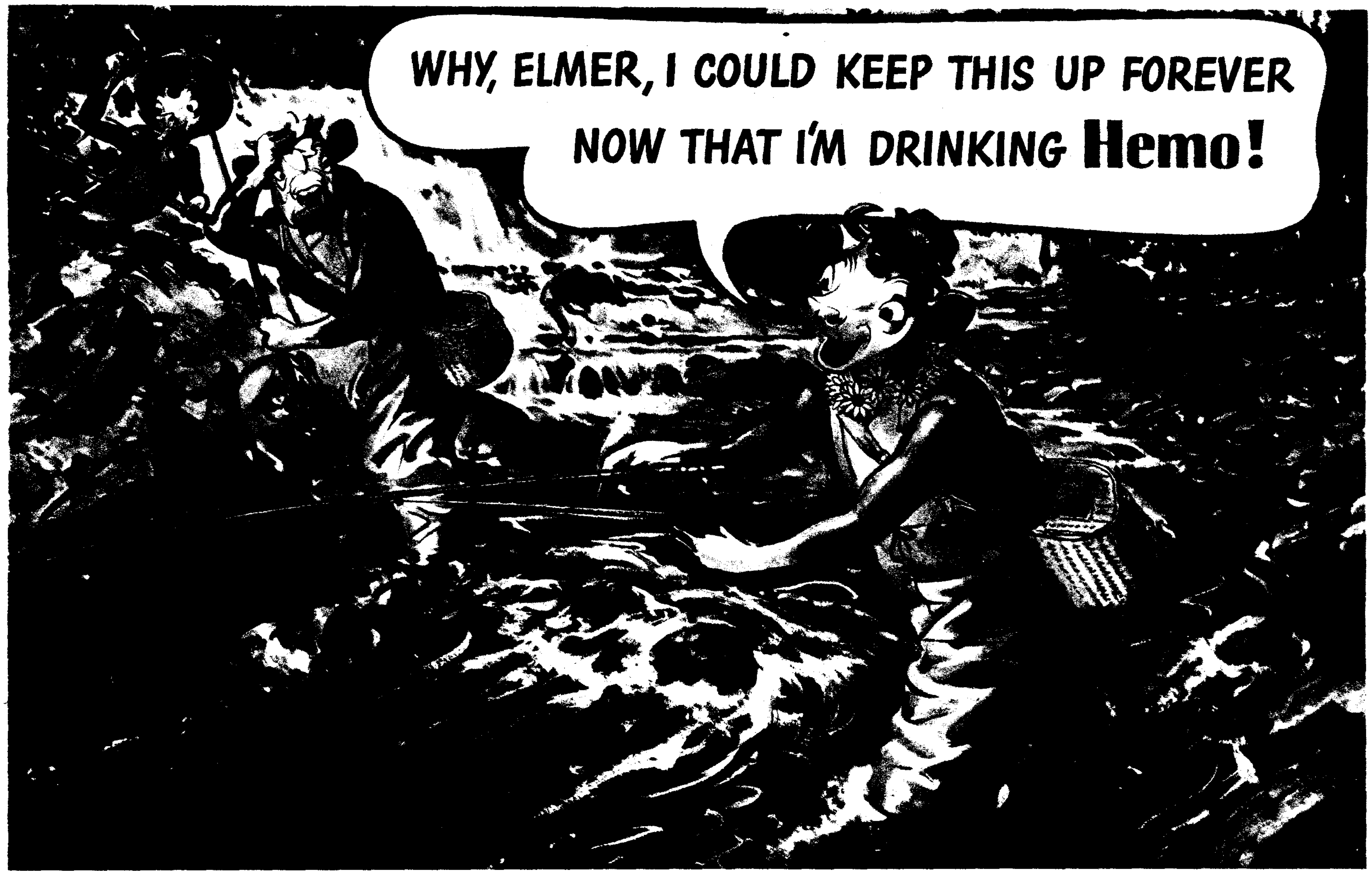
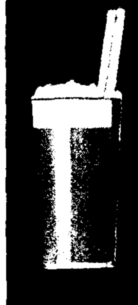
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY


WHY, ELMER, I COULD KEEP THIS UP FOREVER NOW THAT I'M DRINKING Hemo!

Keep fresh with Hemo–
Drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

ONE GLASS OF HEMO—TWO TEASPOONS MIXED IN MILK—GIVES:



The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

Borden's Hemo

Borden's
Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"FISHING'S FUN—but enough is *enough!*" grumbled Elmer, the bull, wiping his brow. "How's about knocking off, and heading for home?"

"Just one more bite, dear!" pleaded Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Then we'll go home, and you can pep up with a big glass of delicious chocolate HEMO!"

"If we don't start soon," sighed Elmer, "I won't have the pep to pick up a big glass of HEMO."

"Then let HEMO pick *you* up, dear!" laughed Elsie. "HEMO, you know, is wonderful protection against a vitamin deficiency we ALL face these days . . . According to standards set by government nutritionists, 2 glasses of HEMO (mixed in milk) give you your *full day's* needs of Vitamin A, B_1, B_2(G), D, and Niacin; and of Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus!"

"My! My!" teased Elmer. "Who'd ever suspect all those vitamins and minerals were hiding in such a swell-tasting chocolate drink?"

"That's the lovely thing about HEMO!" enthused Elsie. "In HEMO, you get your vitamins and minerals the *sensible* way. HEMO is real, nourishing food to start with—*brimming* with body-building elements! And Borden's add *more* vitamins and minerals to make HEMO a truly *protective* food. So, you see—"

"*I see*," concluded Elmer, "that if I'm ever going to get home, I'll have to admit, sooner or later, that HEMO is *the way to drink your vitamins and like 'em!*"

- **Serve the family HEMO once or twice each day! The big, full-pound jar costs 59¢ at grocery or drug stores. So the HEMO for one zippy drink (2 heaping teaspoons) *costs just 2½¢!* Drink HEMO at fountains, too, made up in any flavor you prefer.**

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Help for Hero Wings

Continued from page 23

Knowledge of the existence of Air-Sea Rescue and its tiptop efficiency is a great comfort to airmen, as it should be to their folks back home, particularly during invasion days when the air over the North Sea and the Channel is certain to be literally alive night and day with fighting planes. Yet Air-Sea Rescue is not the only means of succoring your fliers. Against battle and other war risks, the individual Yank flier has become the most safeguarded airman in the world. And some of the items that shield him today will help to make travelers safer and more comfortable on commercial airlines of the future.

Principal among those who have evolved these items in the ETO is Brigadier General Malcolm C. Grow, surgeon of the U. S. Strategic Air Force. General Grow was born in Philadelphia on November 19, 1887, and won his M.D. from Jefferson Medical School there in 1909. In the last war, he served two years with the Russian army before joining ours. Since 1928, he has been in the Air Forces where, among other important accomplishments, he established the Aero Medical Research Laboratory at Wright Field.

General Grow's personal contributions to the protection that now goes aloft with your air-fighting kin are numerous and outstanding.

He appointed "Personnel Flying Equipment Officers" in all combat units and supervised their training. He knew they would at first meet resistance not from Command but from the airmen themselves. Forced to concentrate on a multitude of instruments and gadgets and hampered by awkward clothing, fliers are inclined to feel that flying and fighting their ships takes all their attention, and to pooh-pooh "excess baggage." But after one ditching experience in a squadron, one life saved by any protective device, the Equipment Officer was no longer considered just another brush salesman.

Although he adopted the R.A.F.'s superb dinghy equipment as is, Grow had to work out new ditching procedure for every type of Yank plane. Since interior arrangements differ widely, you can't pack for ditching in Libs or Marauders as you do in Forts. To emphasize the need for tight packing, Grow's indoctrinators pointed out that, properly braced, the human body can withstand a shock of approximately nine times its own weight. Grow's favorite illustration is of a woman who fell ten stories and lived, because, by a lucky chance, all portions of the side of her body hit the ground at the same instant. Grow's ditching drill is now standard practice for all U. S. Air Forces that operate over open water.

But water is neither the only nor the greatest hazard. Yank fliers refer to the others as the "ETO's dangerous 4Fs"—food, frostbite, flak, fighters.

Food for Combat Fliers

Food breaks down into two problems: that eaten normally on the ground and that carried on long missions. The ordinary excellent Army fare won't do because all gas-forming items must be avoided. While these may cause nothing more lethal than a burp at sea level, at high altitudes they make the boys swell up inside their already cumbersome garments and may cause severe distress. So Doctor Grow originated special combat fliers' messes which he likes to compare with college training tables.

Daylight heavy bombers offered special difficulty in carried food because they operate for longer periods at higher levels than other combat types. Sandwiches and similar tidbits freeze. Chocolate is bad, for it raises thirst. Moreover, energizing food was needed to offset the emotional letdown which homing fliers experience, and the physical strain of hours of living in the unfriendly substratosphere. Doctor Grow solved this with a concentrated carbohydrate ration which includes five or six ounces of flavored candy drops, caramels and chewing gum.

Daylight heavy bombers again posed special problems in handling the danger of frostbite. Forts and Libs may be in the substratosphere from five to seven or more hours where temperatures of seventy degrees below zero are not uncommon. Not only oxygen but protective clothing is essential to life. Exposed, a man would freeze to death in a matter of minutes.

Frostbite is so insidious it is a human tendency to take a chance with it and, though you quickly find out you can't, it's then too late. The heavily furred and swollen clothing that used to make high-altitude fliers look like interstellar monsters is old-fashioned now, for mere bulk doesn't keep out the most extreme cold. New substratosphere fashions will have simpler lines and greater mobility for the wearers—in itself a protection.

To the development of all sorts of electrically heated suits and gloves, as well as face masks and numerous other items, Grow has been able to contribute plenty. One of his boons for gunners, who might lose or have to remove their gloves, is an electrically heated muff into which hands can be plunged intermittently. Perhaps his most interesting innovation is for those who are not able to protect themselves—the wounded. It is an electrically heated blanket in which the severely hurt are placed. In ditchings, the blanket is floatable and can be towed behind the dinghy if the man can't be feasibly taken aboard.

Last of the 4Fs are flak and fighters—and the "flak suit" is the most important and certainly the most spectacular and romantic of the safeguards that Doctor Grow has devised. The adventure of Sergeant Raymond M. Castellane is just one of a hundred or more examples of its value.

Waist gunner in a heavy bomber over Frankfort on a flaming day this year, the sergeant had lots of work to do, for just after "Bombs away" six German fighters swooped on her tail. The sergeant fired steadily as they peeled off to follow one another in. Then he saw pieces of the vertical stabilizer flying off. Next he saw a hole suddenly appear in the side of the fuselage near him. He was too busy shooting to realize that not only the skin of the ship but maybe his own had suffered, until presently the excitement died away and his right side began to burn. It was only what the doctors called "a lacerated superficial wound." But the sergeant was less formal. Unabashed, he wrote in his official report, "Flak suit, I love you."

His enthusiasm for the flak suit is characteristic. Yet not long ago fliers viewed it with reluctance. Back of the melting of the resistance, back of General Grow's design—the achievement for which he was awarded the Legion of Merit—lies the story of body protection that dates from the earliest recorded annals of organized war.

Low-velocity weapons—swords and arrows—brought the armor medieval knights wore. Then the high-velocity bullet made armor useless. The secret of Grow's revival of body armor lay in his discovery that the larger percentage of injuries in airplanes was caused by low-velocity hits—velocity being here considered the speed and force with which the bullets or fragments strike their final object, and not their original speed.

His problem was multifold. He must turn out something that would not impair fighting efficiency; it should be reasonably flexible, not too heavy for comfortable wear or too unwieldy to be shed quickly in an emergency. He couldn't have fliers being derricked into planes as knights were lifted upon horses.

He consulted Scotland Yard and on their advice took his design to an old London firm of swordmakers for manufacturing. The flak suits are now being made in the United States also. They differ slightly according to the work their wearer does. A complete suit weighs about twenty pounds and protects torso fronts, sides and rears, thighs, buttocks and groins. It may be worn sitting or standing since it is jointed where the apron section meets the vest. The whole thing falls off instantly with a light pull on one string. Against stout canvas backing, small individual squares of manganese that look like tin soda crackers are sewed into tape pockets so that each square overlaps its neighbors by three eighths of an inch.

In each suit are hundreds of these two-inch squares. The flak suit will not stop a high-velocity direct hit from a rifle or machine gun, but it has stopped a .45 automatic pistol bullet at thirty feet.

Helmet a Great Lifesaver

Next, Doctor Grow went to helmets. The ground troop helmet, itself a revival of ancient battle dress, has been a great lifesaver since the last war. The fliers of this war experimented with it, and this gave birth to the Air Force legend that some with highly personal notions of protection sat on theirs. However, it proved awkward over oxygen masks, head phones and other items, and its weight and size caused it to rattle painfully against crewmen's heads in the severe maneuvering sometimes necessary in combat flying.

Grow finally produced a two-pounder—close-fitting, noninterfering, leather-covered and chamois-lined, with its protection derived, as in the flak suit, from overlapping manganese squares. And Sergeant Roland R. Ziegler, a tail gunner, is one of many grateful airmen who will be glad to tell you it is eminently practical.

There's something of the jockey about tail gunners, for they continually weave backward and forward like a rider posting. Something of the hawk, too, for they have only one pair of eyes whereas the forepart of the ship has many. Constant mobility of their bodies and twisting of their heads is essential to cover the whole "clock" of air-battle vision.

Sergeant Ziegler was posting and peering a hundred per cent, for his ship was just above the target. He was leaning forward with his head directly toward six o'clock when the glass on his left side was blasted so thoroughly that it blew across his face like a spray of coarse ice. At the same instant, his helmet, its chin strap torn loose, spun around like a derby on a pole. Then it popped off and fell on his knee.

Understandably, there were a few seconds in which he didn't know what had happened. He says mildly, "It felt as if a paper sack had hit me." Then he noticed the big chunk of flak stuck in his helmet. The squadron doctor concluded later that without the helmet, the sergeant would have received a fatal injury. All he had was greater faith in his helmet and two small cuts on his nose from the glass.

So American military audacity which gets your airmen above the enemy destructively is matched by American military solicitude which brings them back safely. And that, in this awesome year, is something for the women—and the menfolk, too—who wait and watch and sigh at home, to know.

THE END

ANSWERS TO HOW WOULD YOU PRONOUNCE IT?—PAGE 41

Group No.	*Words*	*Pronunciation*	*Caution*	*Sounds like or Rhymes with*
1.	PARISIENNE	pah rizh y *en*	Accent last syllable, s is like zh	ah-LIZZ (h)ie-WHEN
	CAFÉ AU LAIT	kah *fay* oh leh	Keep it French	pa-pay-oh-YEH
	CAFÉ NOIR	nwar	Oi is like broad a as in far	N'WAR
	CAFÉ NATURE	nah *ter*	Accent second syllable, a is broad	not-HER
2.	MÉNAGE	may *nahzh*	Accent nage as nazh, first e like long a	May-WAS(ZH)
	CHALET	sha *lay*	Accent last syllable, omit the t	shall-LAY
	LAUSANNE	low *zan*	Accent sanne with short a, lau is low	ROSANNE
	MELANGE	may *lawnzh*	Accent lange, broad a, me is may	say-LAWN(ZH)
3.	CHAUVINISTIC	show vin *iss* tick	Accent iss, chau is show. (Exaggerated patriotism)	show-vin-THIS-stick
	SYCOPHANT	*sick* oh fant	Accent syc, short i. A flatterer	SICK-o'rant
	KOWTOW	ko *tau*	Accent second syllable, first o is long	oh-HOW
	SAFARI	*suff* ah ree	Accent saf but call it suf. A journey	SUFFER-he
4.	COMMANDO	kom *mahn* dough	Accent man with broad a	calm-WAND-oh
	BOUGAINVILLE	boo gan *veel*	Accent last syllable with long e	who-can-FEEL
	SORTIE	*sawr* tee	Accent sor, say tee, not tay	WAR-tea
	BOEING	*bow* ing	Long o, two syllables	GOING
5.	REPLICA	*rep* li kah	Accent rep, short e, short i	PEP-kick-ah
	PALISADES	pal y *sades*	Accent sades, long a	palace-AIDS
	PAPIER MÁCHÉ	pay per mash *ay*	Anglicize like paper, accent final e like long a	paper-ash-TRAY
	NEWARK	*new* erk	Say erk, not ark	FEW-irk
6.	LIBRARY	*lie* brery	Three syllables. Don't say liberry or lib'ry	PIE-berry
	REPERTORY	*rep* er tory	Four syllables, accent rep, short e	PEP-her-story
	WAGNERIAN	vahg *neer* y 'n	Not wag or wog but vog, accent ner, long e	jog-DEARY-Ann
	REPERTOIRE	*rep* er twar	Accent rep, toire is twar, one syllable	YEP-Bert-WAR
7.	NECROMANCY	*nek* ro mancy	Accent nec, not cro	NECK-romance-ceh
	CHIANTI	ky *ahn* ty	Ch is k, accent second syllable, broad a	the-JAUNTY
	SAUTERNE	so *turn*	Accent terne, au is long o	so-TURN
	CARAFE	kah *rahf*	Both a's are broad, accent rafe	car-OFF
8.	BARBADOS	bar *bay* doze	Accent ba with long a	far-WAY-goes
	BAHAMAS	bah *hay* mahz	Americanized, accent ha, long a	ah-FAME-was
	DU BARRY	du bah *ree*	Accent ry as ree, u as in put	yu'-MARIE
	CURIE	koo *ree*	Accent rie, long e, u as in put, very short	tu-ME
9.	PORT SAID	*saw* eed	Accent sa as saw, id as ede, two syllables	SAW-Ede
	ARAB	*arr* ab	First a is short, second is clipped	SCARAB
	ALI BABA	ah lee *bah* bah	Accent the first ba, broad a, ali is ahlee	squally-BAH-bah
	FATIMA	*fat* ee mah	Accent fat, short a (Anglicized)	FATTY-ma
10.	PAGEANT	*paj* ent	Accent pag with short a, g is like j	BADGE-ent
	PACHYDERM	*pack* y durm	Say pack, not patch, (An elephant)	JACKIE-firm
	OCARINA	ok ah *ree* nah	Accent ri like ree, say ok, not oss	lock-ARENA
	XYLOPHONE	*zye* low fone	Sound x like *z*	BYE-lo-phone

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The Whip Hand

Continued from page 17

When she could feel the breath of the bay horse against her shoulder, Jonas Price swung out of his saddle and confronted her.

He looked down upon her and smiled, and Maria did not think she liked the smile. It was bold and mocking. It was full of assurance and tinged with derision. Men did not smile like that at Maria Bent.

She squared her shoulders and did not return the smile. "It was an accident," she said, glancing at the whip.

Jonas Price laughed. "I like accidents," he said. "Accidents and horses—and girls that crack whips. Down home in Texas they do it different—but I reckon cracking a whip at a man's horse is as good as any way to catch his eye."

For a moment the insolence of the remark escaped Maria. She stared up into the brown, clean-molded face with a puzzled expression which turned slowly to incredulity, then swiftly to anger. She did not hesitate or bite her lip nor glance at the ground. She stepped backward and struck him hard across the mouth with the butt of the wagon whip.

"Where I come from," she said, "we don't like Texans. We don't take anything from Texans. The whip was an accident—the first time. This time it isn't." She held the butt in her hand and, turning toward the courtyard gate, began to coil the thong with deft and steady fingers.

Jonas Price stood very straight and very tall. He showed no anger, no surprise. His gray eyes held the look of a young man unfamiliar with rebuff, unbelieving of failure. He watched Maria for a silent moment and then stepped quickly toward her. He made no sound. He caught her by the shoulders in both his broad hands and whirled her around almost roughly.

"Not to me," he said. "You can do that to any other man, but not to me. I'm Jonas Price. There's no horse born that I can't ride—and no woman crosses my path that I can't kiss." He stooped smoothly and without haste and kissed Maria hard upon the lips—so hard it hurt, with such strength in his hands that she could not break away.

"To any other man," he said again, "but not to me." He held her for an instant, watching the blaze in her eyes, then let her go and swung upon the back of the bay horse and waved his hand and touched his spurs and, together with his three companions—all of them laughing—disappeared round a bend in the *camino*.

For a long time, Maria did not move from the wall. She did not want to move because she did not trust her anger. The Santa Fe Trail had given a harsh code to those who traveled it, and men had been shot for acts of lesser insolence than this young Texan's. Men had little time for words these days—out here at least—and it would have been easy enough for her to have gone to her father with the tale. Too easy!

SHE turned and entered the courtyard, striking the coiled whip against her boot as she walked. She crossed the great walled yard, its earth beaten to smoothness by the hoofs of burros and mules, rolled to evenness by the wheels of wagons, glazed by the sun. There was a stable at one end made of adobe blocks as old as time—and a corral before it, circular, of peeled pine saplings.

Within the corral, held by it, imprisoned by it, there stood a steel-dust gelding, motionless, brooding, rawboned and with muscles like metal straps. He had no beauty, unless strength is beauty. He had no air of servitude, unless patience under confinement can be called that. He did not look at Maria when she called to him. He was looking south over the endless sea of freedom and desert and yellow grass that stretched unfenced and scarcely trodden from the mountains and beyond the steep bajada, down, toward Albuquerque and the river. He did not turn.

"Cossack!" Maria called. "Cossack!"

She called it twice, but he did not turn. Maria leaned against the smooth-worn rails and watched him with thoughtful eyes. After a while, she turned away and went with unhurried steps toward the low adobe house.

"So," she mumbled to herself, "there's no horse born—no horse born that *he* can't ride!". . .

When, after weeks on the trail, the long caravans of wagons and braying mules and bearded men rumbled that last blessed mile into the City of the Holy Faith, all the people—the children, the men, the women—and all the dogs and the burros and the chickens were on hand in the square. Everything that lived and could respond to noise and add to it was there. Men shot guns into the air. Women cheered and glanced with expectant eyes at the bulging wagons. Children ran wild and dirtied themselves in the dusty streets, and no one cared; a caravan was in. It was time to celebrate. It was Fiesta.

Maria stood at the edge of the square and watched the caravan—lurching wagons that bore in triumph upon their hubs and sides gray dust from the Kansas and Missouri plains, and she felt pride in it. But her eyes found time for other things. They sifted the crowd.

Jonas Price was not hard to find. He was taller than most, and his vanity simply in being Jonas Price added somehow to his stature. His long yellow hair was a beacon—to Maria, a challenge. Men had gathered around him—strong men, too, but they seemed to like his confident manner, his broad gestures, his arrogant laughter.

Maria heard that laughter as she walked with even steps toward Jonas Price.

"Down in Texas," he was saying, "we like them short in the barrel and hard to break. They're better that way. They make you a horse fit for a man."

Fit for a man! Well, men broke horses, Maria thought, but now and then you found a horse that could break a man. Now and then you found a horse that could make a braggart swallow his words, could cut him down to human size.

She did not glance toward the knot of men. She did not have to. Jonas Price was suddenly before her, confronting her, blocking her path. He held his hat in his hand—his broad-brimmed hat—and be bowed deeply. His yellow hair fell forward, his shoulders cast a shadow at her feet.

"I've been waiting for you," he said. "I thought you'd come. I'm Jonas Price. But maybe you remember?"

Somebody laughed—one of the men, Maria knew, who did remember.

The Texan straightened then and looked into Maria's face. His eyes had lost none of their boldness, none of their mocking quality. But in a way, they were like Maria's eyes. Like hers, they were steady, like hers they did not waver.

"I thought you'd come," he said again. "I knew you'd come."

Maria stilled the flush of anger in her. She looked at the gathered men and then at the Texan. She was about to speak but he spoke first.

"The caravan's in," he said. He waved his arm to include the noise and the color and the milling crowd. "There'll be a *baile* tonight—and, for a Texan, I do the fandango right well. I figured to take you."

He did not ask. He simply stated. He stood there in the wine-clear air, smiling benignly as if he had offered her his life, as if no one—no sane woman in the world—would refuse to dance with him.

There were many in the crowd who knew Maria Bent and, knowing her, they drew closer in expectant silence.

They drew closer and waited—and after a while, Maria's lips curved into an easy smile.

"How do they pay you, Jonas Price," she asked, "for breaking a horse?"

He cocked his head a little as if he had not heard.

"Pay me?" he said at last. "Pay Jonas Price! They pay me well! I'm the best and I'll not ride for nothing. Ten buffalo hides, or twenty dollars—that's what they pay me!"

He said it proudly, and Maria smiled again.

"I'll pay you differently," she said. "If there's no horse born that you can't ride—you'll ride my Cossack. Now. Before these men and in this square. And if you ride him I'll be there, at the *baile* tonight." She spoke clearly, slowly, and looked at him with steady eyes. "If you can ride him, Jonas Price," she said, "then you're the man you claim to be. And if you can't—well, there's a trail to Texas, too."

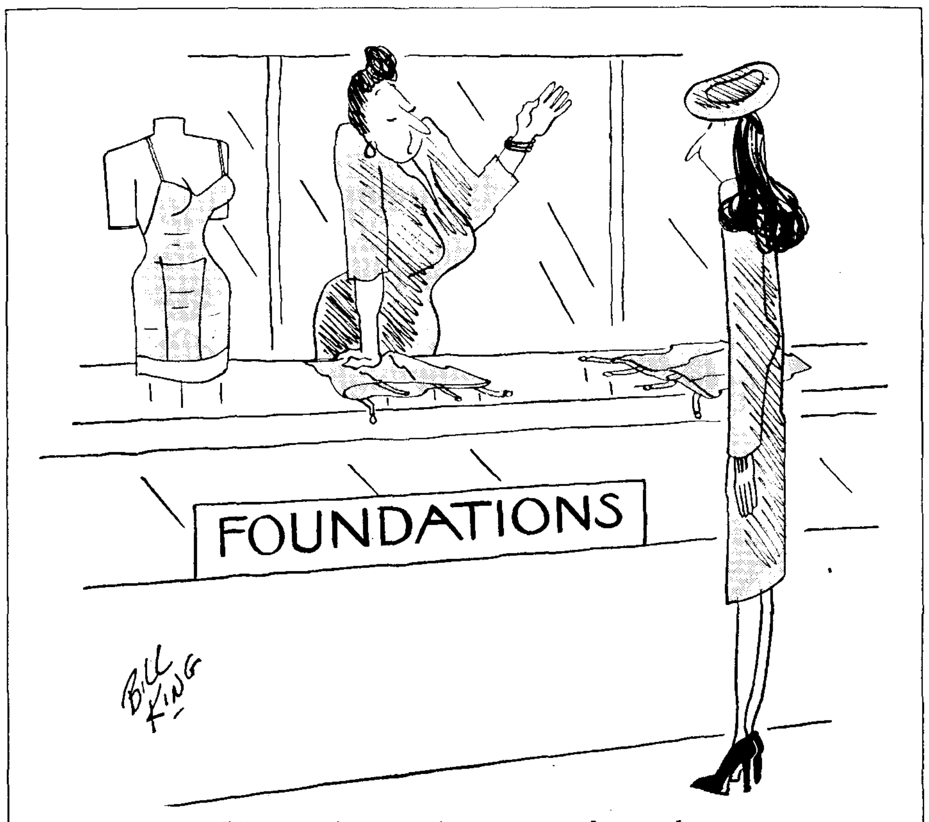
Someone whispered in the gathered crowd, and many smiled—but none more broadly than Jonas Price. He smiled. He laughed. He threw his head back and laughed until passing people paused to look. And then, with something like wonder in his eyes, he took Maria's hand and clasped it hard.

"A bargain!" he said. "As good a bargain as I've ever made. I'm ready. I'm ready now. Send for your horse—and tonight, we dance!"

THERE are things to know about a horse. There are horses that are unbroken but not really bad. Most will fight a man for a while and then they are tamed, or at least ready for taming. Some are stubborn but, in the end, they break. They break and they are made to serve and they do not often remember the way they were before. They have lost something—and gained something, too, perhaps. In a while, it doesn't matter to them; they live and work and do not look backward any more.

But there are other horses—not many, but some. There are horses that seem to sense the indignity of servitude—horses that bear, in a way, what small flame of pride is left to all of them. These horses do not break, and so, because words settle so much for men, they are called outlaws.

Cossack was an outlaw. It is not to say that he pawed and bit at men who handled him, nor rushed at them with bared teeth. He did none of these things. He did not shy at the hackamore or the saddle. He accepted them. He accepted them because he knew



"As I see it, yours is not so much a problem of foundation as one of superstructure"

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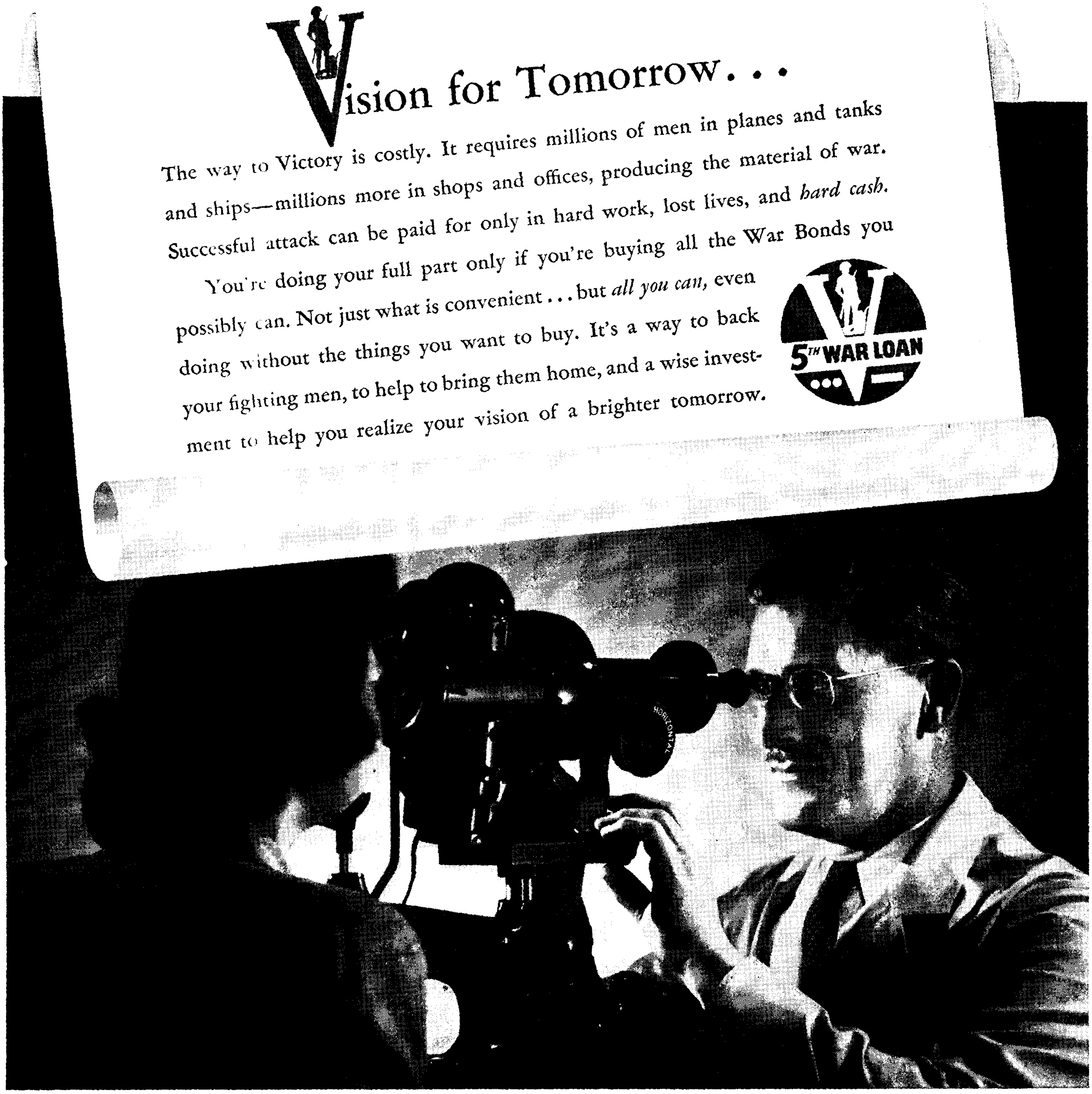

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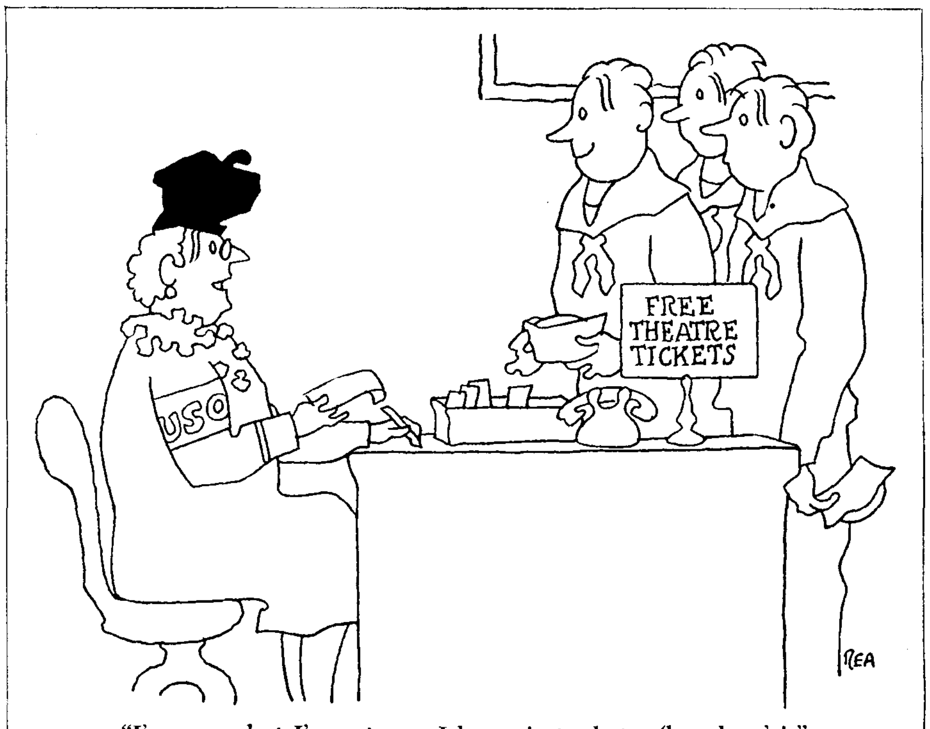
ALL AMERICAN
DEFINITELY MILDER

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



"I'm sorry, but I'm not sure I know just what a 'leg show' is"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

that these were necessary for the test and because he was ready for it.

When Cossack was led into the plaza, it was barren except of people. People had heard (since whispers have wings) that a bargain—a bet, a feud almost—had been sworn between Maria Bent and Jonas Price, and it takes no more than this to gather people. They had gathered and now they waited. They did not look at one another. They looked at the steel-dust gelding.

He came into the plaza led by two men, following them with careful steps. He held his large head high and stared beyond the people as he had always done. He trembled a little, but it was not from fear. There was no fear in his eyes or in his manner, but there was distaste in his distended nostrils.

In the center of the square, the two men stopped, and the gelding stopped and, for the first time, looked around him and saw his challenger. He saw Jonas Price coming toward him carrying a saddle—a tall young man with corn-yellow hair, holding a saddle against his hip, its stirrup straps dangling, its *cinchas* dragging. And the gelding turned, widening his nostrils a little more, and faced his man.

MARIA watched the meeting with curious eyes. She saw at once that Jonas Price had met his match—and she knew that he had seen it. It was the way the gelding stood—not frightened, not nervous, but contained and quiet, as if conserving his strength until the moment came to spend it. He looked at Jonas Price, and the Texan looked at him, then took his eyes away and glanced toward Maria.

He was not smiling now, and Maria did not smile. Suddenly this was not a joke, or an easy thing, or in a sense just a contest between a horse and a man.

It was as if Jonas Price knew now that the heart of the steel-dust gelding was Maria's heart—Maria's spirit, Maria's anger and her challenge. Together they understood this now, though the gathered people did not. But for them, there were no people. For them, there was only a will against a will, and there was no going back.

Jonas Price went to the gelding and threw the saddle on him, not roughly and not too fast, because there are things to know about a horse, and he knew them. The Texan lifted his hand then—not at Maria, but at the people because he knew they wanted that. Money was being bet, and men were drinking, and women were gay, and he knew that a wave of the hand was what they wanted—what they expected of Jonas Price.

The two men held the gelding's head, but even that was a gesture. Cossack needed no holding. He was willing; he was ready, and when Jonas Price swung smoothly to the saddle, Cossack did not cringe or shy away. There were things to know about a man, and he knew them.

Jonas Price swung smoothly to the saddle and found his off-side stirrup as easily as a man's left hand will find his right, and he sat there a moment, his corn-yellow hair low on his shoulders, his great hat cocked, his broad hands firm, but feeling, on the thong of the *hackamore.*

For an instant the gelding did not move. For an instant, there was no murmur from the crowd—no murmur, no sound.

The two men had gone, and Jonas Price and Cossack were there together—and together they began their fight. Together and alone, as if there were none to witness it save only the cobalt sky.

They began their fight and, from the first roll of the spurs to the last, time, it seemed to Maria, stood very still. Time held its breath.

The gelding reared. He did not plunge at once. He felt the taunt of the Texan's spurs and he reared from the earth—high and with contemptuous ease, throwing his weight upon the massive muscles of his haunches, casting his shadow in the square. And when the shadow was long, he sprang.

He had gathered himself and now he sprang—a thousand pounds of flesh and leather hurling upward from the ground, away from it, into the air and through it, twisting, pawing, bending—uncontrolled and free of will—a bolt of fury. He sprang and struck with stiffened legs and sprang again and struck again forging flames of dust from hammer hoofs that beat and made the only sound there was to hear—the only sound there could have been.

Jonas Price had met his match and he knew it, and the crowd knew it now, and Maria knew it. But a match is a match, and it was not proved that the gelding was more than the man—not yet at least.

The Texan rode. No man there could have said that Jonas Price did not ride. He rode as he walked and as he talked and as he laughed; he rode with arrogance. He rode hard and yet with ease—angrily but with a smile, precariously and yet with confidence—his gray eyes holding still the look of a young man unfamiliar with rebuff, unbelieving of defeat, although defeat was, in the end, inevitable for him.

It could be sensed by those who watched. It could be felt by those who knew, that no man, however young, however proud, could fight forever.

But Cossack could. Like Antaeus who gathered strength from each contact with the earth, Cossack leaped from it, time and again, with freshened power and hurled himself once more upon it, straining the *cinchas* and the gear, jolting his rider upon the hard tree of the saddle, never pausing, never resting, never tiring. He used his legs like flails, striking with them as he plunged, and used his skill like a general, grasping the unbalanced moment, pressing each brief advantage—and still the Texan rode.

He rode and smiled through the hurricane of dust and waved his arm above it and clung with his thighs and with his legs or broke the impact on the stirrups and used his spurs and kept his hands clear of leather —and rode until he could not ride, and he was lost.

Maria saw it and stepped from the fringe of the mumbling crowd—not far, but a step. She saw that he was lost and she did not speak or cry out or say a word. She stood motionless and near to triumph in the arena fogged with dust—and she watched him fall.

She watched the gelding, sure at last and burning with his victor's fire, plunge his final breaking plunge and rear once more. She saw the yellow banner of the Texan's hair, bright as a lifted flag; she saw his smile—and then he fell, though not alone.

They fell together—horse and man—backward, backward in the maelstrom of their making, in the gray storm of their battle, and crashed to earth, and the Texan did not rise.

Jonas Price lay on the earth—not in the sun, but in the shadow of the steel-dust gelding, who had risen from the fall and stood breathing hard, his head still high and his eyes still seeking things beyond the crowd. And the crowd was silent.

For an instant the crowd was still. It did not sway or make any sound. It turned its eyes from Jonas Price. Its countless staring eyes swung toward Maria, for she stood there and she had won her bet.

"If you can ride him, Jonas Price, then you're the man you claim to be. And if you can't . . . well, there's a trail to Texas, too."

It seemed to Maria that the words were on every man's lips—on every woman's, and on her own.

She watched the Texan rise to his knees and pause a moment—dazed and beaten. She watched him stand, swaying a little, and brush the dirt from his buckskin clothes. She did not move.

She waited while Jonas Price walked slowly across the square that was rimmed with watching people. He came toward her—his battered hat tight in his hand, blood staining his sun-tanned face. He looked neither to one side nor at the ground; he looked at Maria and she at him with steady eyes.

In a moment, he stood before her as tall as he had ever been, as clear-eyed and as proud, but the light of arrogance was gone from his face and there was, instead, the plain admission of defeat. He looked down upon her and offered her his hand and tried to smile, but the smile did not come.

"You won your bet, Maria Bent," he said. "You won it fair and I'll be on my way."

He said it softly and then he paused as if there were more to say—and there was. But it needed no saying, and together they knew that now. Suddenly, and strangely, they understood the thing that had brought them there, the thing that had made him ride—the thing that had made her step from the crowd when he had fallen.

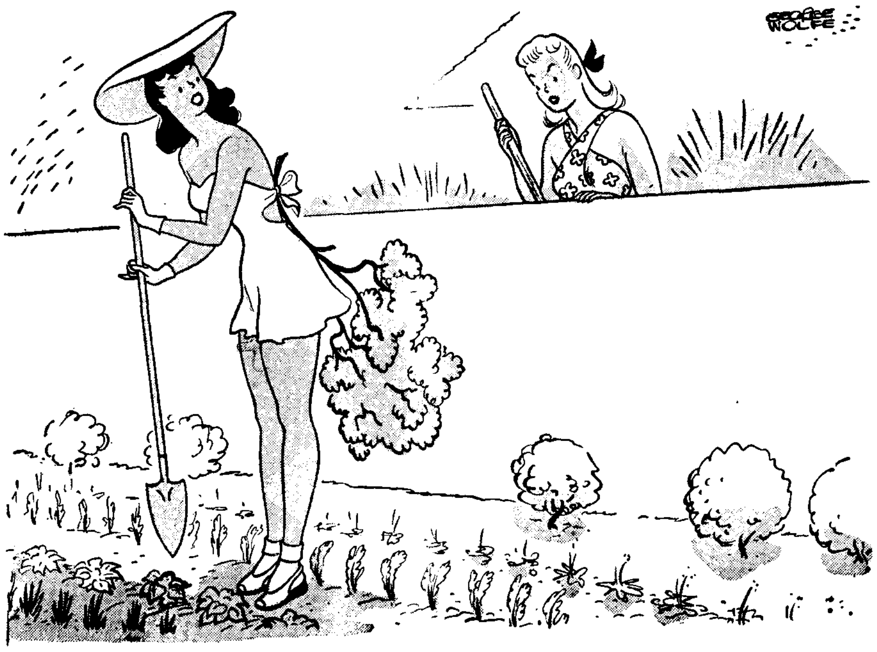
They knew it, and no words could alter it. It was bigger than the cracking of a whip, bigger than the battle of a man and a horse —bigger than the silence of the staring crowd.

MARIA did not look away. It was as if she saw in that crowded instant that the rest of her life was mirrored in the Texan's eyes and she did not look away. She put her hand on the arm of Jonas Price and it rested there with a kind of ease—for there it belonged, at last, and there it fitted.

She shook her head and smiled gently. "It was our bet," she said, "and no one else's, and you did not ride that horse alone."

The Texan bent toward her then, without speaking, and kissed her strong and full upon the mouth, while the crowd gaped and there were some who jeered, but neither Jonas Price nor the girl heard any of this. They were tall and straight and side by side, and so they moved, together, through the babble and the whispers and the rumble of the rolling wheels, without pausing and without ever looking back, for the barrier of pride that had been between them was leveled now, and they were equal to each other.

THE END



"John thought I needed a little camouflage for when I bend over!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Any Week

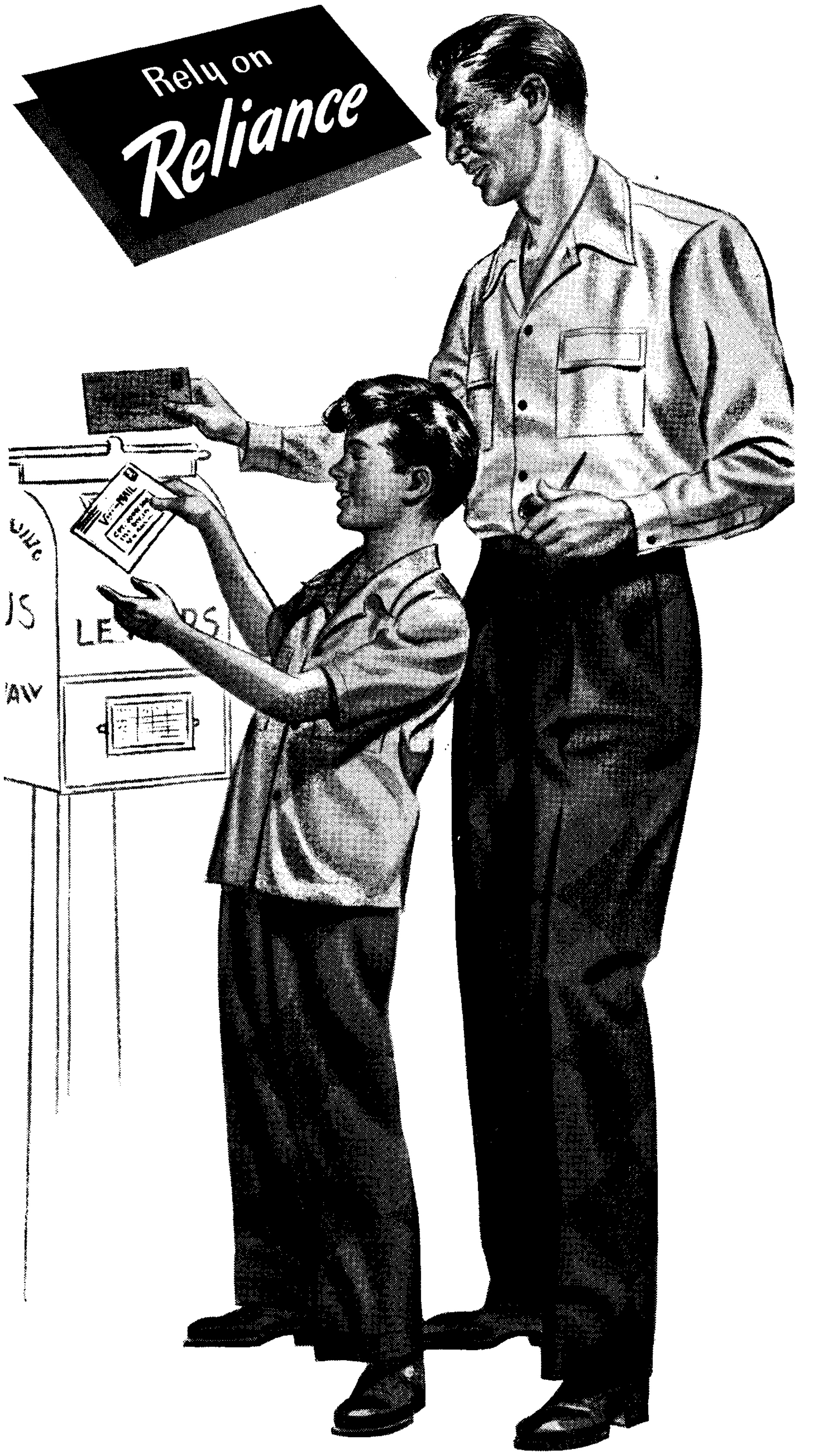
Continued from page 4

Mr. G. Goodeyhews of Los Angeles, California, reading: "To the President of the United States and Collier's Weekly. This is to inform you that I am still paying no attention."

AND by telephone we are informed by Mrs. Rosa Bell of Brooklyn, New York, that "yesterday in broad daylight I saw Ernest Hemingway, Quentin Reynolds and their agent Mark Hanna together. Mr. Reynolds was shouting at taxicabs, Mr. Hanna was racing back and forth in front of taxicabs, trying to make one stop, but Mr. Hemingway was just standing there running his fingers through his beard, out of which, apparently, came the desired taxicab because presently they all were off in one which magically appeared."

A FELLOW we know was having a couple of beers. He was also minding his own business until he tired of hearing the spokesman at the next table repeat for the fiftieth or sixtieth time "for the duration." Then this fellow we know leaned over and said, "What duration do you mean—the war or Roosevelt?"

OUR copy of the Meridian, Mississippi, News, has just arrived. It tells us that a lady in Oklahoma has written a letter to her son in the Army. She said: "Dear Son. Your Pa's got a new job, the first in 48 years. Pa gits $17.95 every Friday, so we thought we'd do a little fixen up. We sent to the mail-order house for one of them new bathrooms you've heard about in rich people's houses. We had to git a plummer. It had a big trough you kin wash all over in and a sink for light washin like your face and . . ." Well, that's about all we've got space for. Too bad, too. And we're awfully surprised by the Meridian News which never used to cut up like this. . . . W. D.



Rayon Fabric
BY VERNEY

More than just a name—THE VERNEY tradition is to produce the best in fine rayons by modern methods. A tradition to IMPROVE through research, for the years to come.

ENSENADA SUITS
—that's your answer

When you catch a little relaxation in these high tension days, enjoy it to the utmost in cool, comfortable Ensenadas of Rayon Fabrics by Verney. Superb tailoring—eye-catching styling—in these two-tone combinations for men and boys.

See these in-or-out style shirts and pleated slacks in new alluring summer colorings at better stores everywhere. Cost? Less than you'd expect for such quality.

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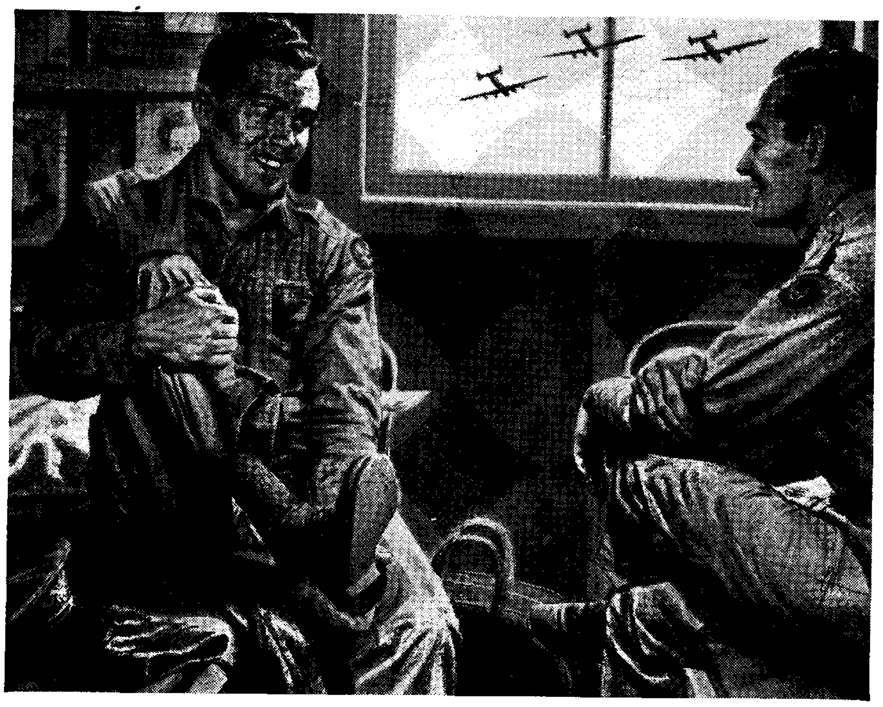
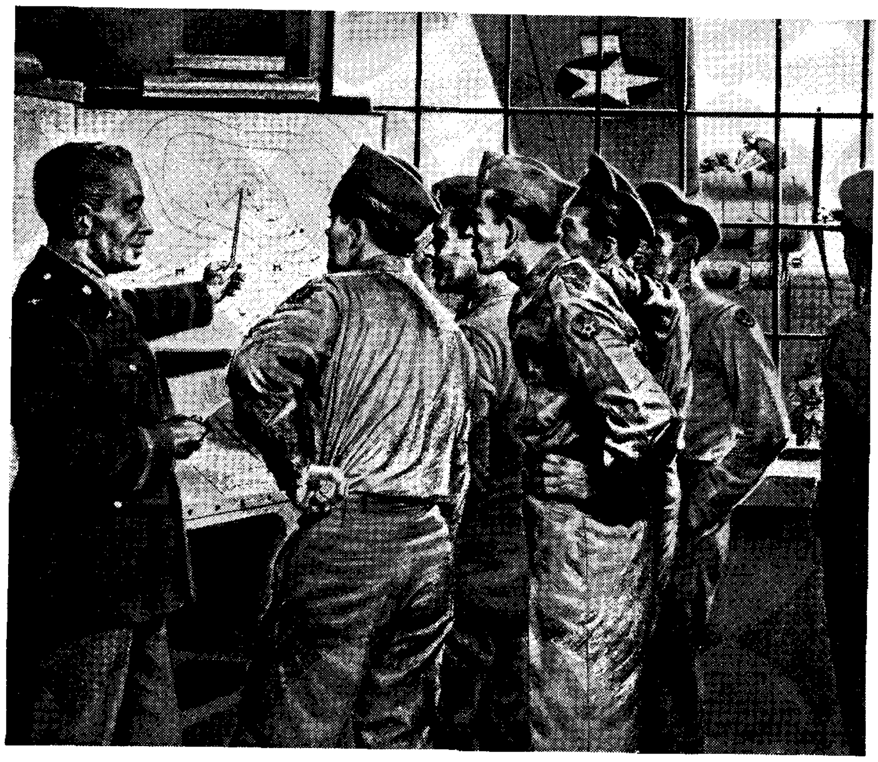
Reliance
ENSENADA

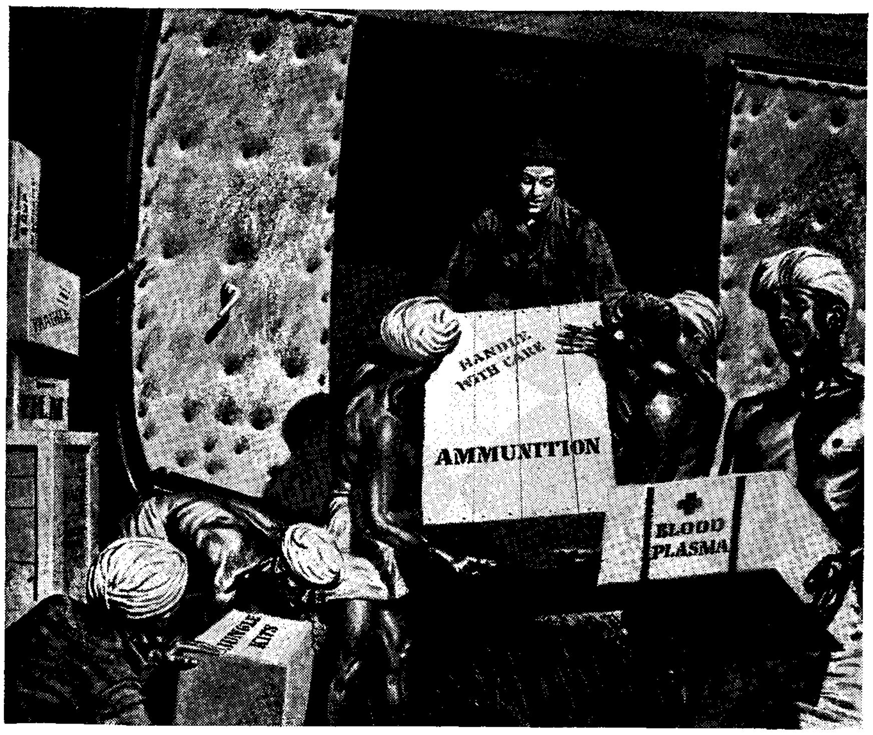
4 days out—4 days back—and the weather be damned!



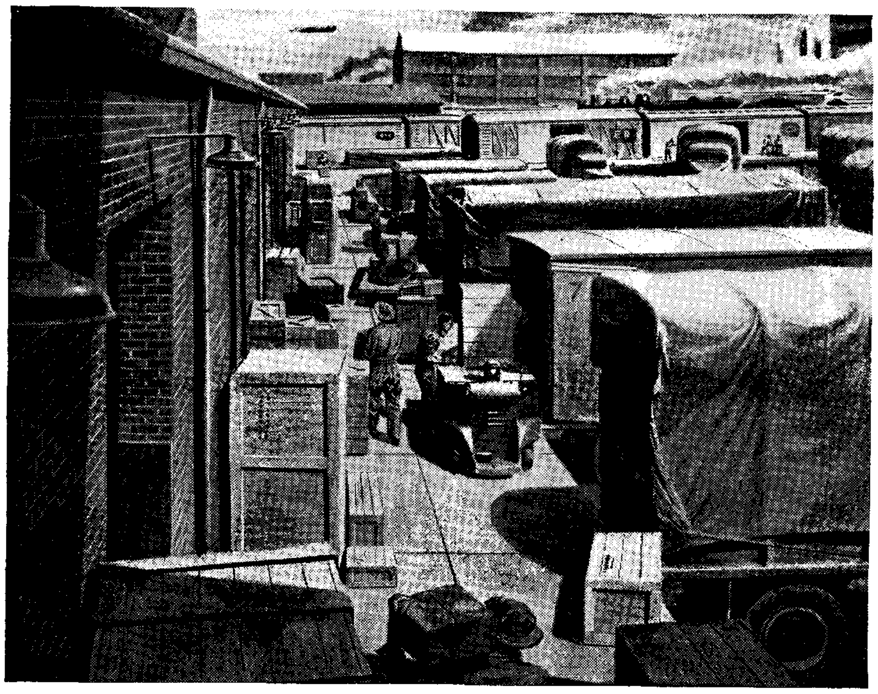
1. **"Tired? I'll say!** Mister, if you'd ever flown a 200-mile-per-hour cargo plane in from the Orient for the Air Service Command, even a corn-cob mattress would look as good to you as an eiderdown Beauty-rest!" He was only 22 years old, this Liberator Express pilot. He'd just brought his ship in—the end of a round-trip run on the longest air-freight haul in the world. From India, 14,000 miles away, to the Air Force Supply Headquarters at Patterson Field, outside Dayton, Ohio!



2. **Day in, day out,** the huge, long-range Liberator Express transports roar down this Ohio runway and streak southward to Brazil's hump, then across to Africa, and on to the very fringe of Jap-held Burma. The boys who fly this shuttle run in Liberators—in all kinds of weather—call it the 8-day "Pony Express,"—4 days out, 4 days back.

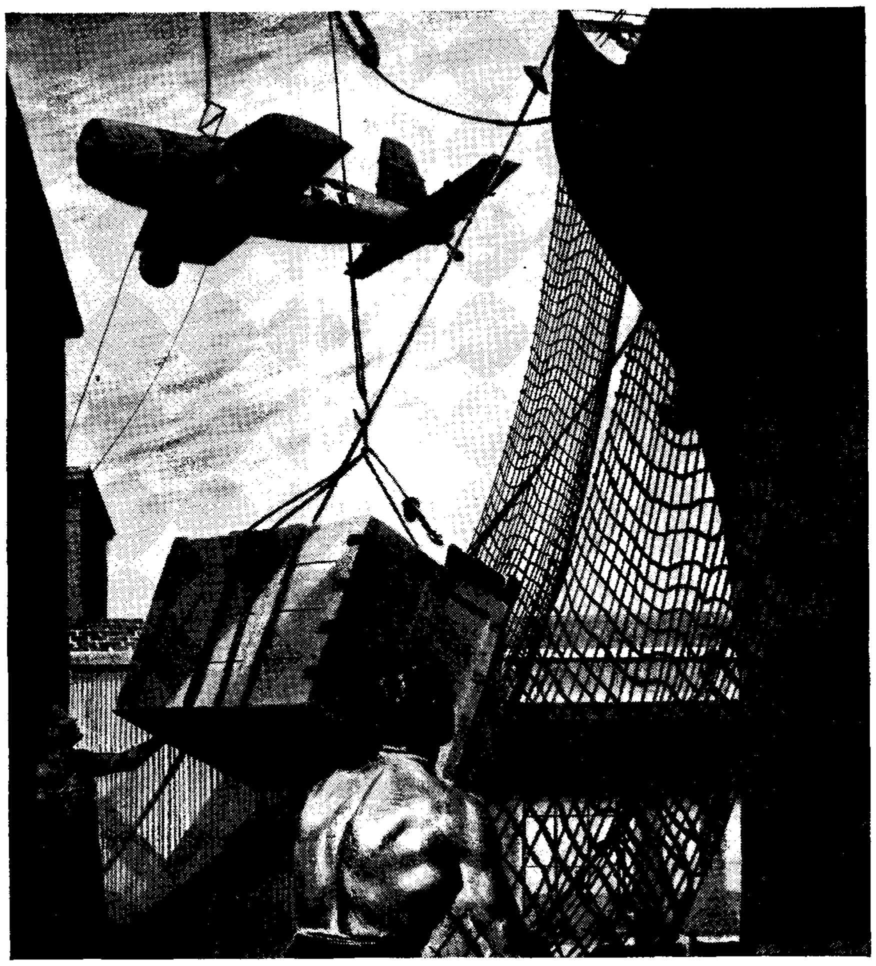


3. **Each Liberator Express** carries many tons of high-priority cargo—aircraft parts and supplies urgently needed by American airmen based halfway around the world. Magnetos, fuel pumps, jungle kits, propellers, starters, aircraft engines, radios, and other vital accessories. "It's a rugged run," *the pilots say.* "But our combat flyers are doing a terrific job out there—and how they need the stuff we take 'em!"

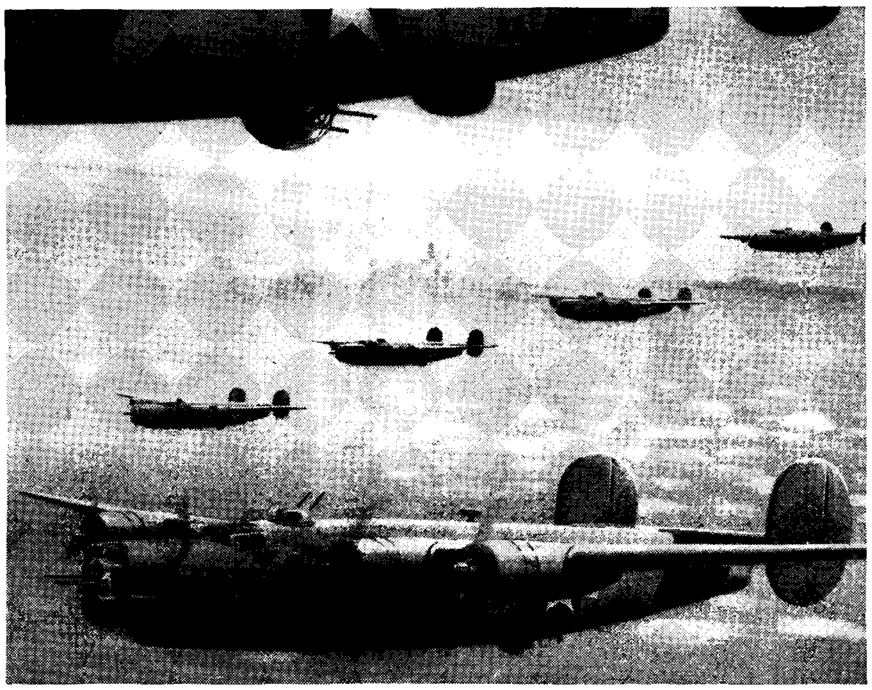


4. **Dramatic as the India run is,** it's only *one* of the ways in which we're solving the stupendous problem of supply for United States air bases the world over. Every day, thousands of tons of parts and supplies are loaded into freight cars and trucks at huge Air Service Command warehouses scattered over the U.S.A. The furious tempo of Allied aerial warfare calls for miracles of transportation, not only by air, but over highway, by rail, and on the sea, as well.

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



5. Boxes and crates, brought by truck and train, are lowered into the holds of waiting ships. Often, part of the cargo consists of fighter planes which have been flown from factory to dock. Partly dismantled, they are lashed down on girder-like false decks for delivery overseas. Our constant and gigantic torrent of transoceanic shipping is truly a bridge of supply which is taking us closer and closer to Victory.



6. The plane, the train, the truck, and the ship must team up together to help rebuild the peacetime world, just as they are working together to win the war. In fact, transportation will be a vital key to postwar peace and prosperity.

But the plane will also have a *second* role to fulfill. For the long reach and overwhelming might of American air power can well become this freedom-loving nation's most effective force for ensuring a lasting peace.

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

New role for the "Cat" — Although designed as a Navy patrol bomber, the Consolidated Vultee long-range Catalina flying boat is also being used as a transport, flying natural rubber out of South America.

• • •

Now your War Bonds buy more Bombers — In the 1943 fiscal year Consolidated Vultee has made savings of $251,000,000, which have been passed on to the government in voluntary cash refunds and price reductions and reserves for further refunds. This saving came about through new operating economies and efficient use of manpower, which enabled the company to turn out *more* planes for *less* money.

• • •

North Atlantic Shuttle — It is reported that flights across the North Atlantic, in both directions, are now running more than 1000 a week.

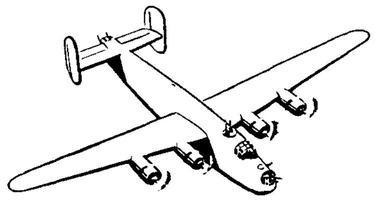
• • •

For Distinguished Service — Though operating with only about half their prewar equipment in '43, the airlines of America flew 37,639,000 ton-miles of mail (*a gain of* 78%) . . . 15,774,000 ton-miles of express (*a gain of* 34%) . . . 1,540,000,000 passenger miles (*a gain of* 10%).

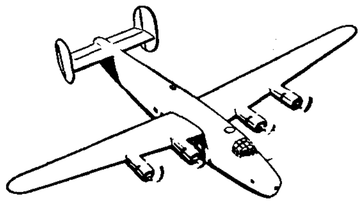
Consolidated Vultee is the largest builder of airplanes in the world.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

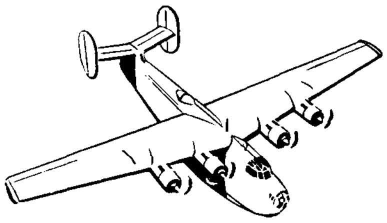
From "Flying Jeeps" to Leviathans of the air — *The planes shown below were all designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small, privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic cargo-and-passenger planes.*



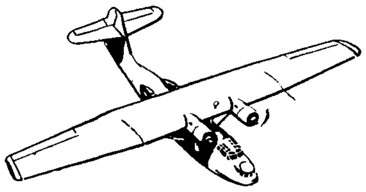
LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber



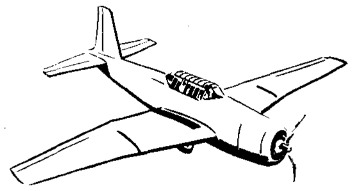
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport



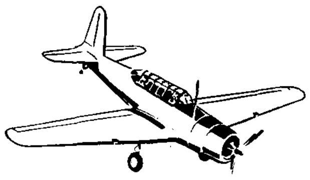
CORONADO . . . patrol bomber



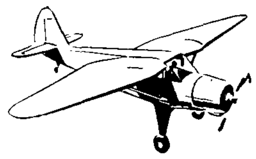
CATALINA . . . patrol bomber



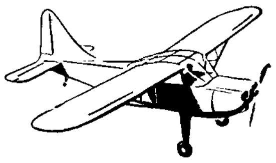
VENGEANCE . . . dive bomber



VALIANT . . . basic trainer



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.

Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.

Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.

Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

The end of the day finds Frances Howard and husband Sam planning tomorrow. Here they look over sketches for movie sets

Mrs. Sam

BY MONA GARDNER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ART WEISSMAN–PIX

Frances Howard was no great shakes as an actress, but when she married Sam Goldwyn, she started a new trend in pictures

THE chances are you've never heard of Frances Goldwyn. It's not a name you meet in neons, nor does it ever stare at you in darksome palaces during that breathless and intoxicating lapse known as screen credits. Even the wholehearted extroverts of Hollywood list her as housewife, call her Mrs. Sam to her face, agree behind her back she's a complete honey, and act as though they'd told you the whole story.

These assorted classifications are irrefutable simon-pure facts, as far as they go—which, like a couple of gallons of gas these days, won't get you nearly far enough. They are only a sort of hop, skip and very broad jump over the unique Frances Goldwyn track.

They do not, for instance, tell you that this forthright blonde—who has been married to Samuel Goldwyn for nineteen years and yet looks no more than an engaging twenty-five—has, for all those years, been exerting a galvanic influence upon the stock of emotions being canned by the motion-picture industry.

And none of your Joan-of-Arc-riding-on-a-white-horse impulses about it either. She has done what she has done about touching off this and that cinema trend, in a wholesome, housewifely way, just as she has sewed buttons on Sam's shirts and seen to it that Sammy, Jr., had enough socks to meet the strange fatalities which overtake male socks during a school year. She considers it all a part of being Sam's wife.

Frances is quick to deny any part of this trendmaking. If you persist on the theme, she'll strew quips about herself throughout the conversation to prove how unlikely the whole idea is. She can be quite convincing, too, in that springy, tense, blue-eyed way of hers. Yet once you start snooping around in her daily life, right away you sniff out any number of lively scents that wind down from her beautiful, meticulously run hilltop to the Goldwyn studios.

All trails lead directly to Sam, of course, because Sam is the Rome in her life. But that's far enough—for throughout the length and breadth of Hollywood land Sam is known as an inveterate pace setter. Let him dart off at a new angle, and the pack is soon beagling at his heels. More likely than not, though, Frances has suggested that new angle.

Take, for instance, the case for international understanding. Not this month, or last, but three years ago, Frances was doing a lot of reading on the subject and made her own decisions about its importance in the scheme of things to come. She talked it at the dinner table with Sam, on the daily two-mile walks the pair take together; even when they were stretched out in the sun by the swimming pool, there the subject was, creeping into the conversation again.

Sam answered her questions up to a point. Never a Hollywood provincial, he has, in the course of some forty trips to Europe, got to know its people. But when she asked why motion pictures shouldn't start explaining nations to one another without hokum and propaganda, Sam's inspired answer was, "Well, why not?"

Toward International Amity

The result was North Star—a homely, unvarnished story of Russian farmers on the border not so far from Sam's native Poland. Within two months of the initial filming on it, five other international pictures were scheduled by other studios, with Poland, Russia and China as the locales—all sympathetic treatments.

One picture about people across the ocean, however, didn't satisfy Mrs. Sam. She wondered and talked about the Italians, Hungarians, Czechs and Germans that Sammy, Jr., might meet now he has left college at 17 and enlisted in the Army. She went on talking about bringing the small nations of Europe closer to the average American home, about the hopes and wants of the Hindus of India, for instance, and of that vast mass of mixed races in southern Asia, until suddenly one day Sam gave orders to his research department to get material for him on such countries, so that he could start shooting on a series of foreign pictures the minute peace is declared. Word of this got around. At last count, thirty-five other foreign pictures were in the works at various other studios for the day after peace.

Frances has great respect for authors—*on the printed page, that is.* Being the kind of girl, who, from sixteen on, traveled with a set of Shakespeare and a French grammar in her wardrobe trunk, she asked Sam, innocently enough, one day shortly after they were married, why top-flight authors wouldn't turn out top-flight screen stories.

Instead of giving her a stock Hollywood answer, Sam began contracting for a carload of eminent authors. His first consignment of talent included Maurice Maeterlinck, Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton and Gouverneur Morris. Immediately, other studios countered with such imports as Somerset Maugham, Elinor Glyn, Sir Gilbert Parker and Arnold Bennett. And the contest was on—with the foremost fictioneers turning out plots Nos. 1 to 9.

Even with the array of crack novelists and playwrights subsequently assembled in Hollywood, it has taken Mrs. Sam's consistently warm support of unusual and unorthodox story material to bolster Sam's conviction that he should take a chance on the very literate stories which

Initiative -The Foundation of Democracy

When young "Red" Smith, eighth grader at Central School, sits with wrinkled brow, planning tricky plays for his football team, he is exercising his constitutional right to the "pursuit of happiness." His *happiness*, in this particular instance, is trying to beat the daylights out of rival teams. And that is the basis of our whole democratic competitive system. It's the reason that *no record*, in any branch of our economic life, is safe in this country. No *industrial* record. No *scientific* record. No *engineering* record. No *farm production* record. No *war* record.

Our kind of democracy gives us the privilege of initiative. In America we are free to go ahead and *do* things—free to compete for leadership in any walk of life.

We are taught to believe that nothing is so good that it can't be done or made better. And that same initiative—that competitive spirit of free men—that everlasting urge to make the best *better*, bred in the hearts of millions of Americans, has made the U. S. the greatest nation on the face of the earth, in peace and in WAR.

The youth of America learns initiative early on our fields of sports. Out there, where "the best man wins," they develop the *will-to-win*, the *never-say-die spirit*, that makes them fight till the last man is out—till the final gun of the last quarter—the last bell of the last round—the last shot of the last long set—the last stride of the last lap.

Our competitive sports burn this initiative into our boys. While they develop fine, strong bodies, and agilities and skills in the use of those bodies, they also develop priceless qualities of self-confidence and determination—and a deep-seated love for the ways of American democracy.

It is this love of independence—this freedom to compete on even terms for any prize worthwhile, developed in our youth by our competitive sports, that is the greatest safeguard of our democratic ways, in this age of sinister change.

Carried into manhood it will give us a mighty bulwark against any invasion of the sacred tenets of the American way of life—whether from without or from within.

Wilson Sporting Goods Co.
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Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

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SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Wilson Athletic Goods
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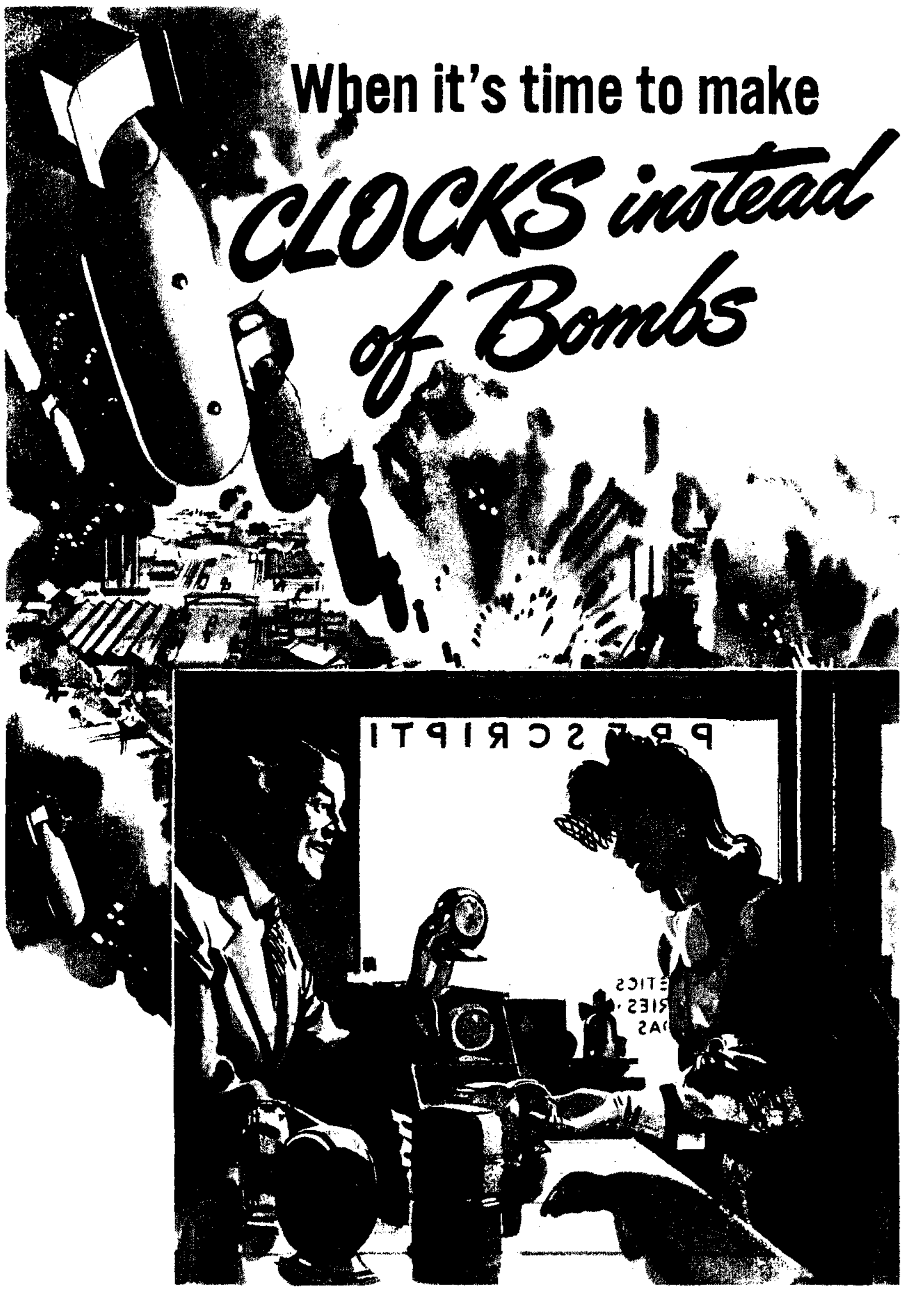

CLOCKS, cars, radios, bobby pins — America is working up the greatest appetite for goods the world has ever known. And when the war is over, industry will be faced with the job of feeding that appetite, *in the fastest possible time!*

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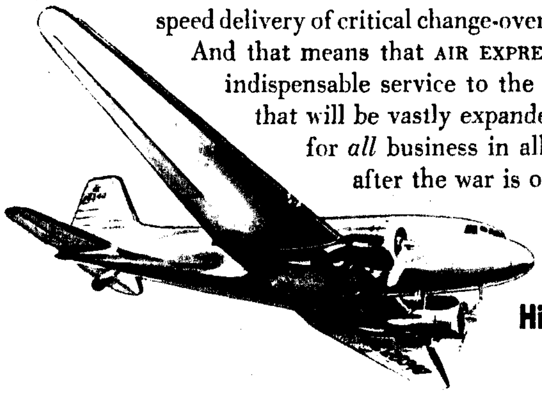


have appealed to him. She has done this, knowing that only Goldwyn money goes into those one- and two-million-dollar gambles. She has done it, also, knowing Goldwyn has consistently made few wrong guesses.

For instance, every studio turned down Wuthering Heights because it was too morbid. It turned out to be not only one of Sam's great money-makers, but was voted the best picture of 1940 by the New York film critics. Likewise, The Little Foxes was supposed to have too many disagreeable characters in it; Arrowsmith was too dull, being only about a doctor; Dodsworth wouldn't appeal because it was entirely about middle-aged people; Zola's Nana was just too hot to handle—that is, until Goldwyn made them. Forthwith they became trends.

Frances works full time at the job of being her husband's wife, quite willingly spending her vast amount of energy up to the limit on it. For instance, Sam bought a hilltop in Beverly Hills one day and announced he wanted a comfortable white house built on it. But when he tried to show the site to Frances, he couldn't find it. Alone next day, Frances set out with maps, located it, hunted up an architect, contractors, painters, decorators, and the rest, and built the comfortable white house for what must have been a very comfortable sum. Sam never saw it until it was finished and completely furnished.

Friends held their breath on the viewing day. This was the man who scrapped $411,000 of his own money when he decided that Nana was not an artistic success, and started the whole picture over again. However, Sam took one look at the house, beamed and was as happy about it as though he'd built it with his own hands.

Frances gets up when Sam does in the morning (and that, when actual shooting is going on, is in the gray hours), has breakfast with him downstairs and drives him to the studio. If Sam is sitting in on a story conference, she's over there on a sofa, out of direct plot range, but listening, taking in the idea being kicked around. If casting is going on, she's there handy for a look-see at available types. When make-up and costume tests are run for Sam, Frances is sure to be in one of the projection-room chairs, too.

If the talk or the decisions or the tests string out until noon, then she has lunch with Sam at the studio and departs afterward to run the invariable errands of an active housewife. By five-thirty, she's back at the studio again to pick Sam up and drive him home, along with the can of rushes for that day's shooting which she and Sam will look at after dinner in their projection room at home. And no fumididdles about bridge or gin rummy with the neighbors until afterward.

In between this full schedule, she reads all likely books and stories which are potential film material, and then sees to it that Sam knows what's what in the book market. Sometimes it means synopsizing right through dinner; sometimes it means following him into the bathroom when he's shaving and telling him then. Her object is to keep him well posted; he makes the ultimate selection.

Far from being the overt, aggressive helpmate throughout all this, Frances has acquired the background habit—an attractive, vivacious, friendly background if anyone speaks to her. If not, then a quiet, unobtrusive neutral, but still devilishly attractive background. She never attends a business conference, never puts her okay on any studio order or memo and, what's more, never makes anyone around the lot feel that she'd like to. Asked to name herself in all this, Frances says she's merely a sounding board.

Goldwyn has a considerable reputation as a star discoverer, having developed Will Rogers, Gary Cooper, Vilma Banky, Robert Montgomery, Merle Oberon, David Niven, Teresa Wright and, most recently, Danny Kaye. But his greatest star he did not discover—that is, not immediately. This was Mrs. Sam.

Broadway's First Flapper

At 21, Frances Howard was playing the first flapper on Broadway with Glenn Hunter, Alfred Lunt and Billie Burke in The Intimate Stranger. Next she did a superflapper in The Best People—with critics hailing her as a great beauty and a promising actress. But Sam Goldwyn didn't think so. He soundly berated the screen-testing department of his New York studio for wasting time and money on making a screen test of her. Whereupon, Paramount pounced with a five-year contract and starred her right off in The Swan.

Shortly after this, Miss Howard met Goldwyn for the first time. He wrinkled his nose in distaste and said, "You used to be fairly good-looking. Now that you've gone and bobbed your hair, you're terrible."

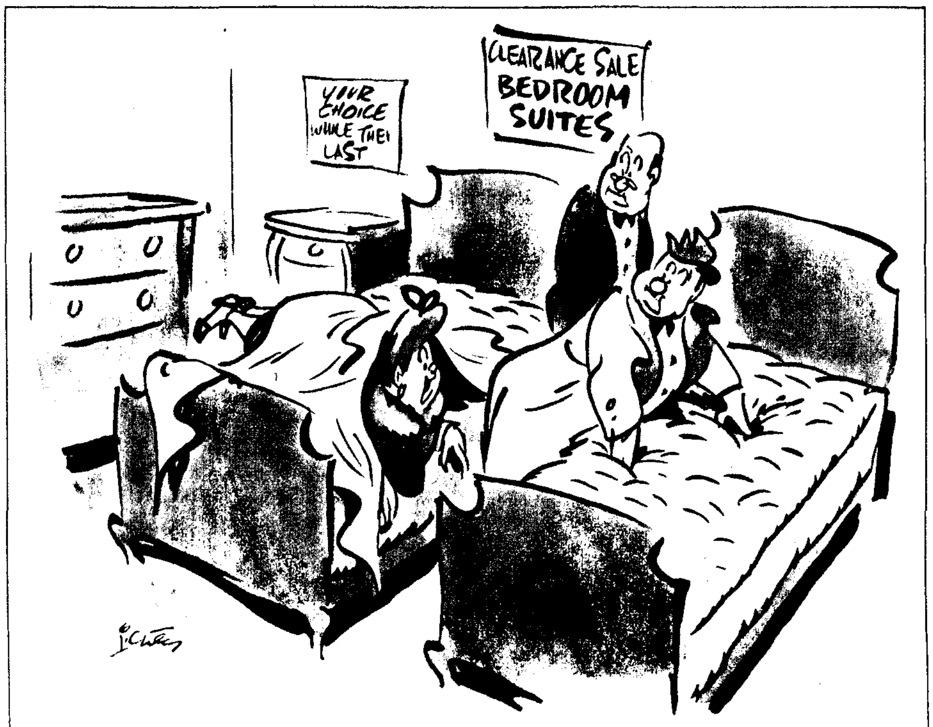
It must have been the right approach, for three weeks later, Frances walked into her sister's room at home, said, "I'm going to marry Sam Goldwyn," and fainted dead away.

Sure enough, in another week she'd canceled her Paramount contract and was married to Sam. From that day to this, she has remained Mrs. Sam—never once taking a fling on either stage or screen.

"Actually I stank," she explained unconcernedly now. "I was never the artiste. The stage was just a pleasant way of earning a living for me."

When Frances married Goldwyn, he was starting his third motion-picture venture, going it alone on rented studio space. Today the vast Goldwyn studios are a $15,000,000 plant. Then he was known as a mercurial genius whose monumental rages and ecstasies went up and down like an express elevator. Today he is generally conceded to be the established symbol of artistic integrity and great showmanship. But the greatest of his many achievements was in picking Mrs. Sam.

THE END



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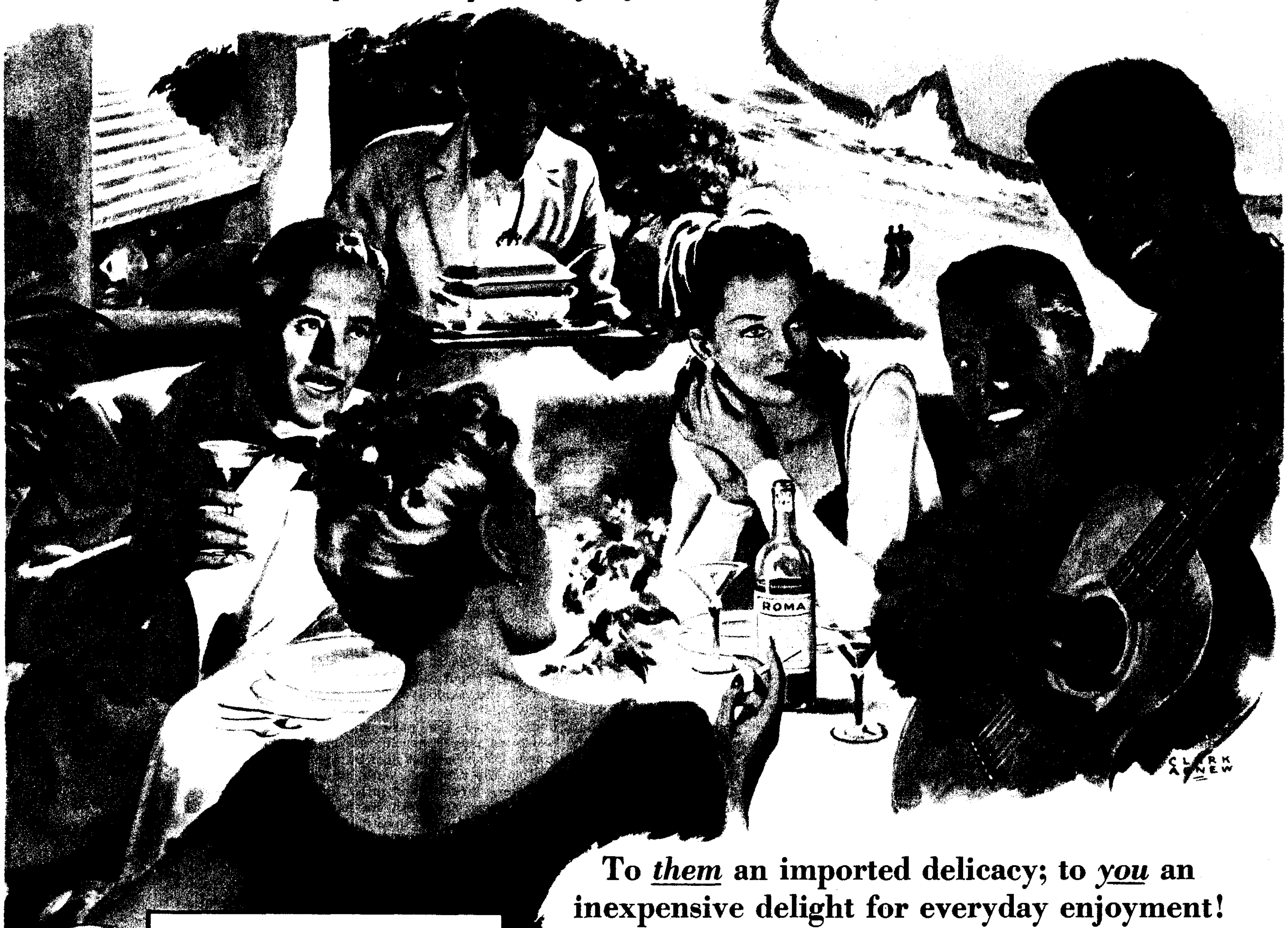

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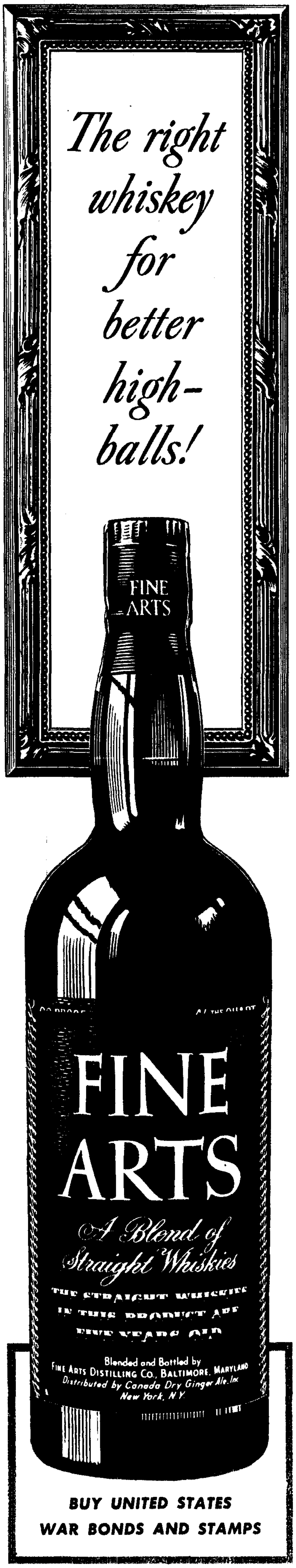
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In Joy and in Sorrow

Continued from page 15

hut had screamed. And the dying had screamed. The corpsmen who picked Ben up called it battle shock when he closed his lips and locked his teeth against the pain, but he knew by that time the screams of men came back at night in your dreams and you went through their agony with them again and it was always worse than your own.

Behind him someone said, "Move on, kaydet, hubba, hubba."

Ben shoved his way in, sweat starting on him, and he was glad to leave the bus, glad to look up and see blue sky and no jungle growth overhead, glad to be heading for one of Sally's dinners, even glad, in a curious and reluctant way, to be seeing her again.

SALLY opened the door of the basement apartment where she and Barbara lived. Saturday nights when Tuck had leave from the base she moved in with another friend of hers, uptown. "Readily adjustable," she called herself, or "freely combustible" when her quick temper flared; she loved words. She spilled them easily and graciously over people she liked. She was tall and rounded with Irish coloring; blue eyes and black hair and pink cheeks.

"Come in, come in," she said now, and her voice was gay. "We were expecting a couple of other guys an hour or so ago." She put a light hand on Ben's arm and peered up at him, her pretty forehead puckered. "Why, if it isn't old Ben!" she said. "And he's crying. Barby, he's crying, he's so ashamed. Shall we forgive them? After all, what are a few burned steaks and a fallen spoon bread to the Air Corps?"

She took his cap and Tuck's and stowed them quickly and neatly, and turned around again, hands on hips, to look at Ben, laughing. He found himself wondering, as he had wondered before, how it would feel to take anyone so vibrant, so alive, in his arms. Like holding a live wire, probably; too much voltage for him.

He turned away from her, disturbed by her teasing. He greeted Barbara. "Tuck says you're glad to be getting rid of him," he said.

She smiled at him, the steady, practiced smile from which sometimes, and mistakenly, Tuck took reassurance. She was small, so small that the burden she carried made her body almost grotesque. She wasn't pretty, but her large, dark eyes were beautiful and her olive skin was clear and translucent, giving her a look of fragile femininity. She was very young, scarcely eighteen, and Tuck had told him something of her background. Not much. She had been an only child and unwelcome.

"She's afraid of making a nuisance of herself, even to me," Tuck said and added with his usual ebullience, "Wonderful characteristic in a wife."

You and I, Ben thought, watching her, learned early to keep our troubles to ourselves. And he thought of his own upbringing, Spartan to the point of austerity, his father harshly critical of spoken complaint. It had been hard, sometimes, when he was a kid, but in the South Pacific Ben had been grateful for his training.

He wanted now to put his arm around Barbara, to tell her he'd be right here, helping. Instead he smiled at her, touched her thin hand gently and went out to the kitchen to give Tuck a moment alone with his wife. The moments were getting shorter; by midnight Tuck would be moving on in a troop convoy to his primary training base.

Sally had bought flowers for the kitchenette table, a gay assortment of summer blooms but their fragrance was lost in the gratifying odors of the meal she was preparing.

"Got an odd job for a strong-arm guy?" Ben said.

Her back was to him and she was stirring gravy and she did not look up. Through the crispness of the blouse she wore he saw the firm, delicate roundness of her shoulders.

"The steaks will be done in a minute," she said. "Will you pour the water, Ben, and put on a glass of milk for Barby?" She was a sensible person and good sense gave her a natural authority; Ben found it pleasant and easy to obey her directions.

Later, after the dishes were done, she said, looking at him, that she was going for a walk. Ben had wondered how, without awkwardness, they could get away to give Tuck and Barby their last minutes together.

Outside, he lifted his face to the breeze and the sky. Looking down he caught Sally's grave glance, watching him.

"Why do you always do that?" she asked. "Lift your face up like that as though some special lotion would be poured all over it in a minute?"

Ben laughed. She talked too much, but sometimes her quickness with words tickled him.

"I'm preserving my tan," he said. "What'll it be, a show?"

She thought about it. "Do you know what I'd really like?" she said, at last. "I'd like to go over and sit in the park, and have you hold my hand so I won't get scared while you tell me all about what happened to you in the South Pacific. Tuck said you'd been wounded."

The goon, he thought. Blabbing.

Aloud, he said, "Nothing spectacular. How about dancing?"

"But you got the Purple Heart," she insisted stubbornly.

"What about dancing?"

"No," Sally said. "When you've spent the whole day in a war plant, and you're a nurse's aid a couple of nights a week, and you're taking a home-nursing course besides, it's good to get out-of-doors. Why won't you talk to me, Ben? Is it me, or are you like this with everyone?"

He mistrusted the jerk her quiet words gave his heart. Her lovely, disturbed face, a glimmer in the dusk beside him, could have been the exact duplicate of faces he had seen in dreams out there.

"Look, Sally," he said gently, "there's a lot of ugliness and pain and horror where I've been. I'm through with it for the time being. I want to forget it. Sometimes it wakes me up at night, remembering, and I'm sweating and swearing and I'm nearly nuts. What's the good of letting you in for that kind of thing, too?"

"Maybe," Sally said, "you'd stop sweating and swearing and having these nightmares, if you told somebody about them. You're like a bottle, all filled with explosive material and accidentally sealed."

They had reached the park and she stopped beside an empty bench, her blue eyes concerned. Other benches near by were occupied and in the deepened dark, under the trees, soldiers kissed their girls. Ben wished, with savage loneliness, he had a girl to kiss, one who asked no questions. He wondered, if he kissed Sally, if that would shut her up.

He said, "So I'm filled with explosive material," and pulled her up deliberately, close and warm, against him. The night was flower-scented and her breath on his lips was sweet. "You talk too much," he said unsteadily, and kissed her. When he had kissed her he could think of nothing but kissing her again, for in that moment, in that blessed, prolonged moment, there had been nothing to remember. There had been no time but now.

She moved away from him and sat down. He would have put his arm around her, but she said, "I like to breathe between kisses." And presently, "Let's forget that interlude, shall we, Ben? It belonged, really, to two other people. It belonged to two people who had talked out their fears and their worries and their hopes and their plans." But her hands, he saw when she clasped them, were shaking.

LATER, going home in the bus with Tuck, he looked back on the episode with somber detachment. The voltage had been heavy, all right, but Sally was right, he didn't want to marry her. When the war was over he was going to look for a girl who would let him start his life from the day of the marriage. No questions asked, no explanations needed.

"You know something funny?" Tuck said.

"What?"

"Barb didn't cry. She didn't even get up and come to the door with me, there at the last. She just sat on the sofa and wiggled her fingers at me and smiled. Now how do you figure that? Makes me feel kind of funny, as if she didn't care whether I go or stay."

"For heaven's sake," Ben said harshly, "quit babbling."

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Sally had been crying when he left her. He had felt the warm splash of a tear on his hand. . . .

The dreams came back that night. He awoke to the sound of a man's scream, agonized and prolonged in the night, and at first he thought he himself had screamed. It was the boy in the bunk above him, overtired and having a nightmare. Ben started to sit up and remembered he had bumped his head before on the upper bunk. He stayed, half-crouched, cowering in the blackness, trying to beat back his revulsion at that sound, but it came again. Coupled with his own nightmare it ripped at his nerves and he struggled out of bed and reached with groping fingers into the bunk above him to get his hands on the guy's neck, to stop him somehow, anyhow, from repeating that obscene noise.

He lost awareness in his fury, and when he could think and hear and feel again he found bunkmates on either side of him, holding him with unfriendly hands.

"A guy's got a right to yell if he feels like it," someone said. "You aren't fighting Japs here, kaydet. Grope around a little and pick up some civilization."

Ben didn't answer. He lay awake the rest of the night, shivering in the bunk his sweat had dampened. Toward morning, in a sudden lucid moment, he remembered Sally's kiss, and he lay there deliberately recalling it until it washed away the horror in his heart.

WHEN he came in from retreat that night, there was a summons for him from the hospital. Major Grove wanted to see him. He thought he was in for another tropical disease test, but the sign above Major Grove's door said, "Psychiatric Department."

The major was a tall man, heavy-set and carefully shaved. He had drawn the shades in his office and the room was comparatively cool. The evening sun still seared the world outside.

"Mundy?" the major said. He indicated a seat for Ben and leaned back in his own chair, tilting it comfortably against the wall. "We're sending a couple of men out to the South Pacific," he said. "You're just back from there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Maybe you can give me a few practical hints to pass on to these fellows? Anything special to take along, maybe?"

Ben relaxed. He took the cigarette Grove offered.

"It won't make much difference after they get into action, sir," he said. "You get down to one pair of pants pretty fast, and they get moldy, and there's nothing you can do about that."

"How long were you out there, Mister?"

"Fourteen months, sir," Ben said.

"Plenty of action?"

"Yes, sir."

Major Grove leaned forward.

"The classification department," he said, "arranges lectures for the boys in the hospital, talks to keep them in touch with action in various areas. I'd like to send your name in, Mister. Think you could get a one-hour talk out of fourteen months' action?"

The approach had been adroit and Ben wasn't sure, even now, that the major was trying to get around him.

"I'd do a stretch in the guardhouse in preference, sir," he said coldly.

The major sat studying Ben, his hands clasped on the desk before him.

"This business last night," he said, at last, "in your barracks." His glance sharpened as Ben stiffened defensively. "It could be extended battle shock, and that's natural enough. You'll get over that here. If it goes deeper, Mister, you need help. Have you talked with anybody about what happened to you out there?"

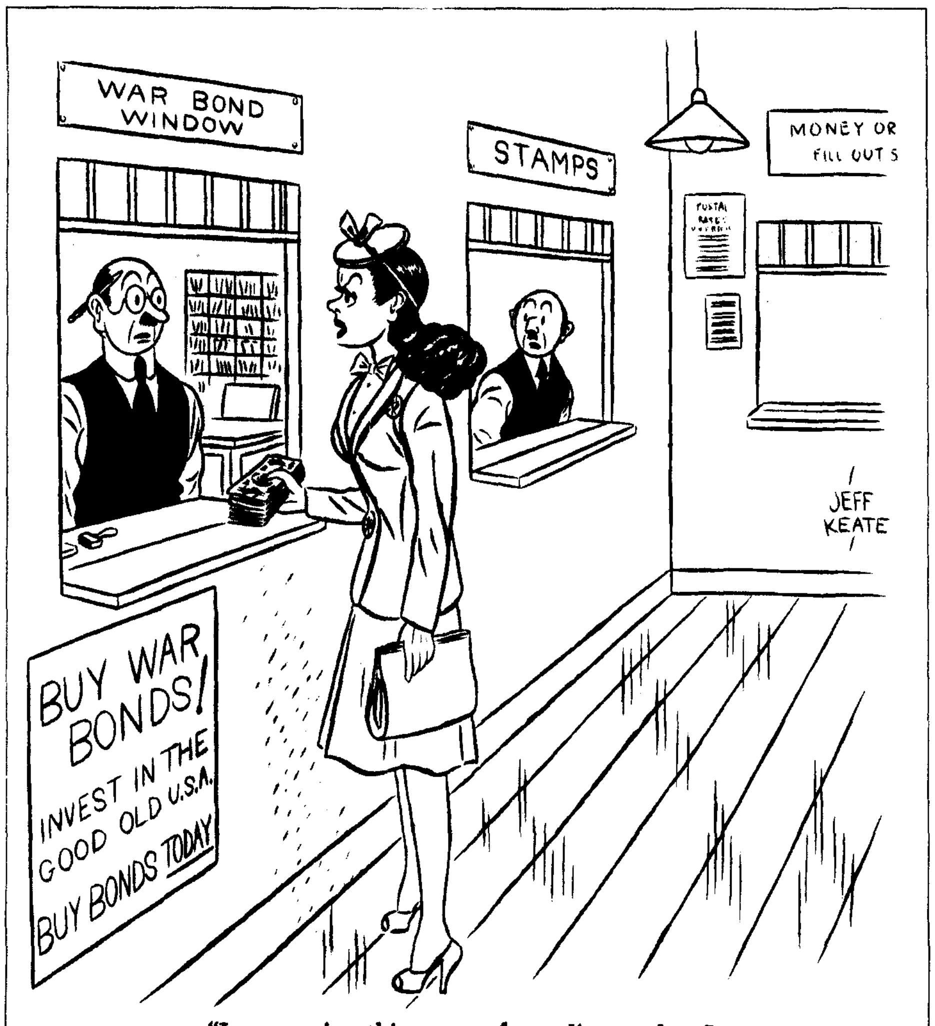
"No, sir," Ben said. He was vehement.

"Men who come back from the battle areas," Major Grove's voice, still patient, took firmness, "have many adjustments to make, some more than others. We find, in most cases, it helps to remember that your experiences are not individual. Pain, fear, horror, disgust, they're as old as man. Even here at home, every day, things happen to awake those emotions in someone. Adjusting to them is part of becoming an adult. In most cases among you boys who come back we find the earlier background, the childhood conditioning, a big factor."

He gave Ben a chance to reply.

"If this thing should happen again," he said, at last, "I'll want to have a longer talk with you." He stood up. "That's all, Mister."

Ben would have given something to discover who among his barracks mates had turned in his name at the hospital, but he had no way of finding out. He remained reserved with all of them. Sometimes, in the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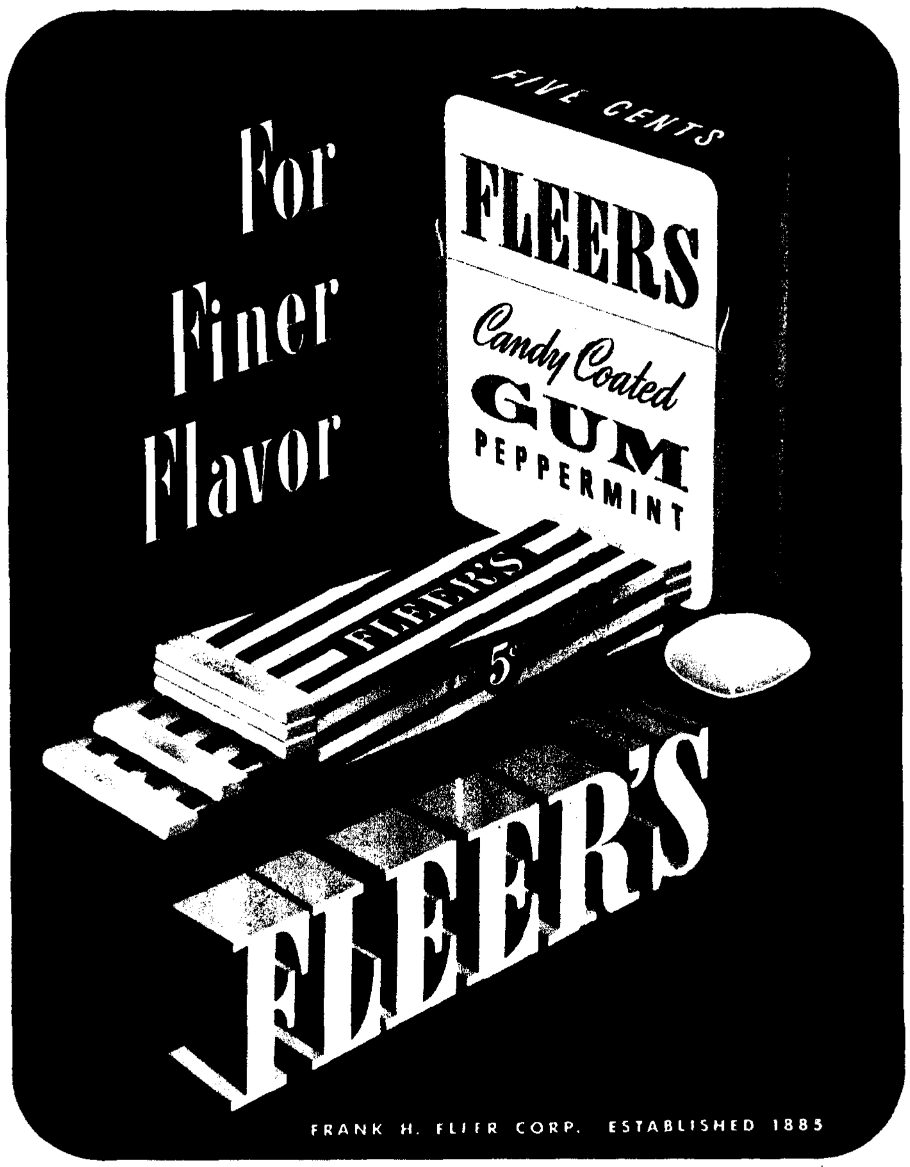

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midst of the nonsense the others threw back and forth, he felt that savage loneliness again but having rejected now, too, the soporific of Sally's remembered kiss, there was no assuagement. At such times he thought of Barbara, courageous enough to hide her own alarms that Tuck might remain the gay and unharassed person he was. He took strength from the thought of Barbara.

When Saturday came and he had an evening free he went again to see her. Sally met him at the door and told him Barbara had gone to the movies with the people who lived in the apartment above.

"But come in," she said. "She'll be back soon. Besides, I want to talk to you." Retreat was impossible. He sat down tentatively in the chair she indicated and kept his cap in his hands. Sally went back to sit again on the sofa and to take up the knitting he had interrupted. She seemed subdued tonight, and in the lamplight he thought her cheeks were pale.

"I talked with Barby's doctor yesterday," she said abruptly. "Her physical condition is all right, but she's terribly tied up nervously and that's bound to make trouble. She's going to have a hard time, Ben. The doctor has discussed the whole thing with her because the hospital here is so crowded and the doctors themselves are so rushed no one can guarantee what accommodations can be made for her at the last moment. With her time so near he's told her to be sure there is someone handy, always, for her to call in." Sally put down her knitting and folded her hands on it swiftly. "Ben, she hadn't told me that. I had to go to the doctor myself, and she doesn't know I went, but she's been crying at night ever since Tuck left. I had to find out what was wrong."

"She didn't want to worry you," Ben said. He looked down at his cap. "Maybe she's afraid you'll keep harping on it if she tells you," he said mildly.

HER reaction astonished him. She drew back as though he had hit her, looking at him with stricken eyes. "What a cruel thing to say," she said, scarcely above a whisper.

He went across to sit down beside her, but she drew her hands away when he would have reached out for them, and continued to stare at him with that stricken look in her eyes. Ben was ashamed.

"I'm sorry, Sally," he said. "I was trying to be funny. You're right. You're taking care of her and you should have been told. She was afraid the word would somehow get to Tuck."

"It should get to Tuck. He should be told."

"No," Ben said firmly. He got to his feet and walked the length of the room. "He can't share her pain. He can't do anything about it. It's a queer love that would make two people suffer when only one needs to. Did you ever stop to think how much better this world would be if people in it shared only their happiness, and bore the bad times silently?"

"It would be a stupid, cruel, and furtive world," Sally said hotly, "with all of us so hard at work covering up our hurts we wouldn't recognize happiness.

"Ben, I love Barbara. I want to help her. She isn't strong enough to carry this whole burden by herself. Just telling Tuck would help. As it is he doesn't know his wife at all, and, if she can help it, he never will. I wouldn't want to be married to a person I didn't know, Ben. In time I'd hate him. Every day he'd be saying to me, 'Look, kid, I can take it, but you can't.' Martyr stuff that's what it is, Ben, and let me tell you something. While you and Barbara strut around telling yourselves how strong and brave you are, you're breaking the hearts of people who know damn' well you aren't that brave and you aren't that strong: nobody is. And then someday you're going to crack up, you and Barby. And what do you think that will do to Tuck? And me?"

Her eyes were full of tears and he could not bear that. He went to her and picked her up and held her in his lap and kissed her.

"Don't cry, baby," he said. "I can't stand it when you cry."

She turned in his arms and put her wet face against his cheek.

"Ben," she said, "trust me, trust me. Don't push me out again."

With Sally in his arms, her cheek sweet against his own, he could feel the wish growing in him to wipe away all misunderstanding between them. He had only to open his mouth. He had only to begin; the words would pour out.

The words would pour out, and then what? Tomorrow he would kick himself. Tomorrow he would say, So you had to blurt it out, did you? You finally had to blurt it out, to a girl. Why? Because, after all you've been through, you couldn't stand her tears.

"We can start from where we are," he said, pleading. "We can start from right here, Sally. I love you."

She sat up slowly. Her hair was mussed. Her eyes were smudged. He thought he had never in his life seen anyone so beautiful.

"Barby will be home in a minute," she said, dully, and before he could stop her, she stood up.

Almost at the same moment Barby pushed the door open and came in.

"It was a marvelous picture," she said, dwelling on the first syllable. If she saw Sally's stifled emotion and Ben's despair she mentioned neither. She was, Ben saw abruptly, absorbed in playing the part of a joyously expectant mother, and it seemed to him she overdid it. He left as soon as he could. And that night in his bunk he let his thoughts go back again to Sally. He let them stay with Sally, and he slept. . . .

Tuck's first letter came that week, the first Ben had had since Tuck's departure. "Isn't Barb wonderful?" he wrote. "Not a worry in her head, and the baby practically delivered. I've sounded out hereabouts on chances to get back for the birthing and they aren't too good. It seems cadets' wives are having babies all over these United States, and only emergency cases warrant papa's presence. So keep an eye on her for me, will you, boy?"

Ben got an afternoon off and talked to Barbara's doctor, a weary forthright man.

"With facilities what they are these days we can't do much more than take care of these mothers prenatally," he said, "try to keep them easy in their minds, and hope to be on time for the delivery. It may be difficult, but Mrs. Stewart is lucky. A nurse's aide lives with her, a capable girl by the look of her. She'll know what to do in an emergency. I have told Mrs. Stewart to be very frank with her, and we'll be called immediately, I'm sure."

Ben wasn't so sure, so he spent the rest of the afternoon going out to see Barbara. He found her alone.

"I thought you weren't supposed to be alone," he said bluntly.

"Why, whoever told you that?" she asked.

"I just talked with your doctor, Barbara."

Her lovely eyes remained expressionless. She waited for him to go on.

"You've got to let Sally know what the doctor tells you," he went on doggedly. "This is Tuck's baby, too, you know."

"Why, Benny," Barbara said, "you're all worked up. I'm fine. Really, I am, and I do tell Sally everything. Whatever makes you think I don't?"

He refused to be trapped.

"I'm defending Tuck's interest since he can't be here," he said, lightly. "We're all having this baby."

She laughed and the strained look about her mouth went away. "It's going to be a wonderful baby," she said.

She drew in her breath sharply and looked away from him. "I'm not even going to yell," she said, "not once."

He stayed as long as he could, hoping Sally would come before he had to leave but she didn't. He got up at last and took Barbara's thin hand in both of his.

"You're a brave little gal," he said.

He met Sally at the corner where he waited for his bus. She would have brushed past him in the crowd, her head lowered, her arms full of grocery bundles. He took her arm.

"Whoa up a minute," Ben said.

She scarcely knew him in the first startled second. After that she was the busy housewife, quick and casual, anxious to shake him off to get home to her duties.

"But lookit, Sally," Ben said. "Look at the sun shining. Don't you know it's a beautiful day?"

"How can the sun shine every day?" she demanded.

Ben said, not admitting the rebuff, "Come off it, Sally. I love you, even in the sunshine."

She looked at him honestly then.

"You mean, only in the sunshine, don't you, Ben?" She pushed past him and hurried on. . . .

He forgot, climbing into the bus, to remember that once, in Buna, a hut had been overcrowded. He forgot, getting out, to look up at the blessed sun. That night the horrors took him again. They caught him at once when he fell asleep and he awoke with his hands at his own throat. One of his barracks' mates down the line wakened: "Trouble, Mister?"

"I wet my bed," Ben said briefly.

He called Sally on Friday to ask how Barbara was.

"She's scared," Sally said angrily, "and she hasn't been sleeping, and she says I'm a fishwife, always nagging at her. I hope," said Sally fiercely, "this is the last brave mother I ever know." She went on in the same breath: "Don't come in on Saturday, Ben. She says she doesn't want to see you again until the baby's here."

"What about you?" Ben said.

"It's no go, Ben," Sally said quietly. "I don't want to see you either." She hung up.

HE WENT in, nevertheless, on Saturday. Women, he thought bitterly, and he wondered why in heaven's name they had been visited on man. Sally answered the door.

"I thought this was your afternoon at the hospital," he began. She took his arm and pulled him inside and closed the door gently.

"Barbara's pains have started," she said. "We're waiting for the doctor."

He looked across her shoulder then, to Barbara. The girl's face was shapeless with pain and she lay as one stunned, and as though the vigor of her pain had passed but the effect of it had not yet receded.

"One of the Army doctors will be here as soon as he can make it. The city ambulance and the base ambulances are out on call. There have been six deliveries of Army wives today." She looked at him in indecision. "Could you lift Barbara a moment? I could open the day bed and get her in between the sheets."

He stripped off his blouse and threw it on a chair. The small room was hot but Barbara's hand when he touched it was clammy and cold. Sally bent over her, explaining, but she seemed not to hear and even when Ben stooped, tucking the afghan around her, and lifted her gently she lay a dead weight in his arms. Fear mounted in him.

"She's been having pains," Sally said, "since one o'clock." She looked at Ben and there was despair and anger in her eyes.

"And she hasn't moaned," she said. "She hasn't even whimpered. Not once. Ben, I'm going to call Tuck."

"Barby wouldn't want that," he said.

"There's a heat pad in the kitchen in one of the bottom drawers," Sally said, turning away from him helplessly. "Please get it, Ben. And turn on the water heater. We'll need hot water. I've scrubbed out the dishpan. It's time to fill it and set it on to boil."

"She can't have her baby here," Ben said.

Sally looked at him, amazed.

"We can't stop her," she said.

When he came back to the living room he

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Slacks are comfy;
Slacks are warm,
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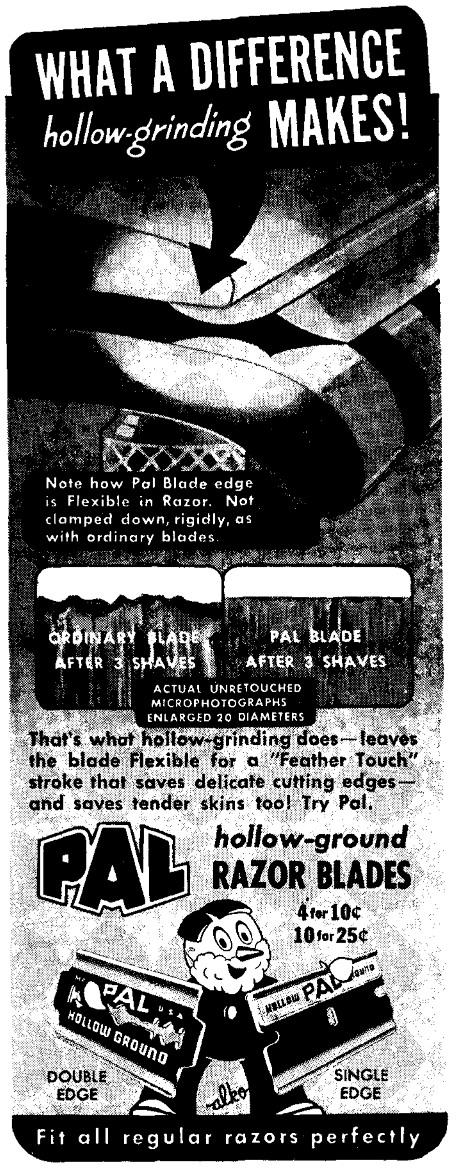
Slacks are sensible;
They'd be swell—
If slacks, like daisies,
Didn't tell!

But, lordy, how
They emphasize
The sedentary
Lady's size,
And make her wish—
Oh, golly gee!—
She had better-rationed
Anatomy.

—Ethel Jacobson



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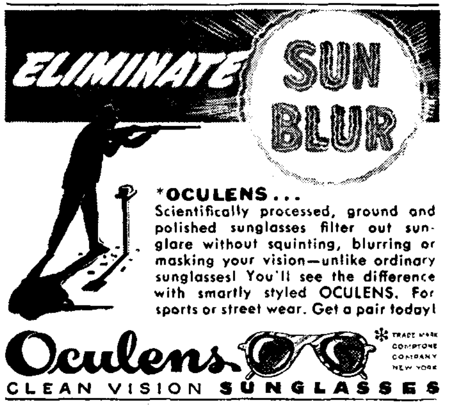

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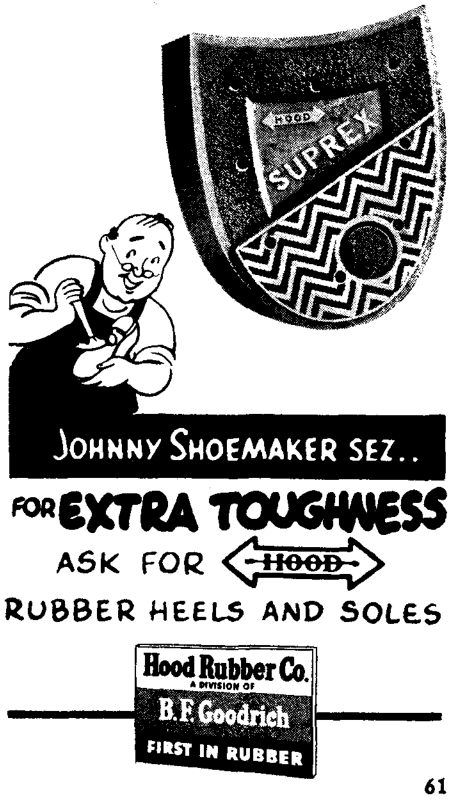

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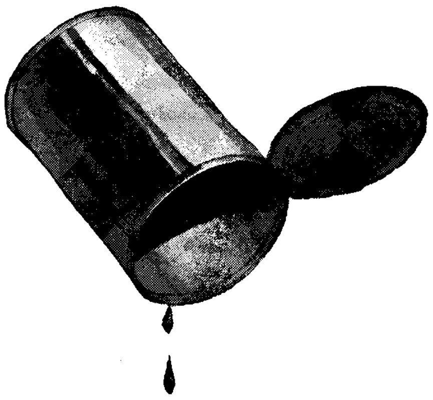
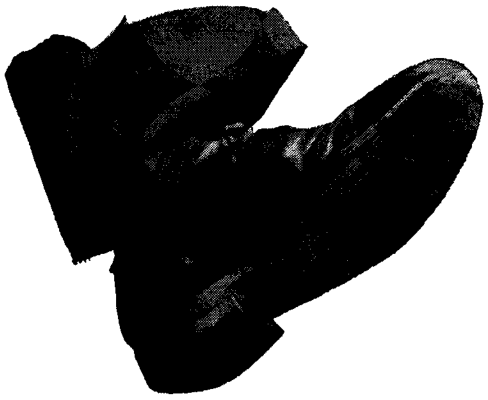


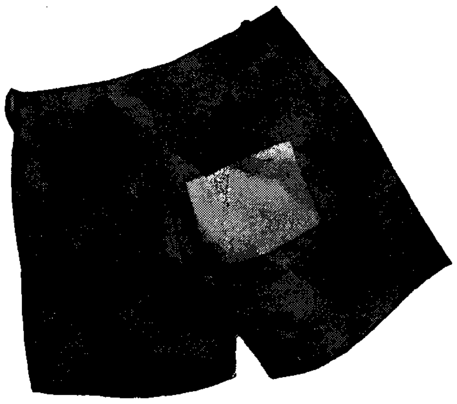
That's the thing to do in wartime. Eat every bite of food, save every scrap of soap, make a patriotic habit of stretching all the supplies in the house so they go further, last longer.

Wear it out...



This year old coats, old shoes, are a badge of honor. They show you're sensible enough to know that one way to help win the war, to keep prices down, is to wear your old things out!

Make it do...



Before you spend a penny in wartime, ask yourself, "Do I really need this? Or do I have something now that will do?" As you patch and darn and turn and make over, you're keeping prices down.

or do without!

When you save and don't spend, when you put your money in War Bonds, in savings, in taxes, in insurance —you're putting your money to work fighting the war and building a sound, stable nation for the peace to come.

It's your money you're saving when you help keep prices down. For it's buying too much when there's too little to buy that sends prices up. And when prices go up—and keep going up—your savings, your future, are in danger.

How can you help keep prices down?

By never spending a thin dime you could turn into a War Stamp. By thinking twice—and thinking "No"—at every urge to open your purse.

By wearing old things out, making makeshifts do. Remember, it's the things you *don't* buy that keep prices down!

See that prices go no higher... Be a Saver—not a Buyer!

HELP US KEEP PRICES DOWN

A United States War Message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

found that she had rearranged the lights. They were grouped now at the foot of the bed and Sally had hung a blanket from the ceiling to shield the girl's eyes.

Ben went around the suspended blanket and took one of Barbara's hands in both of his and rubbed it gently. He could hear Sally moving from time to time beyond the blanket but all that was real to him was the pale, wet face on the pillow and the scrawny little hands he rubbed. He felt them tighten suddenly, spasmodically.

"It's almost time," Sally said. Her voice, thick in his ears, was lucid and slow. "Take her wrists and let her take yours. She'll want something to pull on."

Ben laid his big fingers gently around Barbara's wrists, and her hands clamped on them fiercely. It seemed to him his fingers must be biting to her bone, but apparently she did not even feel it as she began pulling against him, with all her strength. She made no sound.

"She can't go on like this," Ben said, his voice strangely loud in his own ears.

The door opened again, and a man's voice spoke. The doctor came around the blanket a moment later, to Ben.

"We'll let her rest a minute," he said. In the dimness Ben saw his hand adjusting the ether cone. "She been having a pretty hard time?" His voice seemed too loud, too hearty in the small room.

"She hasn't made a sound," Ben said.

The doctor looked up at him, a quick, questioning glance.

"You the father?"

"No," Ben said.

"Women are supposed to yell in childbirth," he said flatly. "Does 'em good. Relaxes 'em."

He called Sally to him and told her concisely how to administer the ether. "But not too much," he said. "We don't want her all the way out."

Barbara's hand fluttered.

"All right," the doctor said, "let her take hold of your arms again."

He came around the blanket and looked down at her and in an ether-rest he took her pulse. He shook his head. "What about her husband?" he said. "Where is he?"

Ben told him.

"Only a hundred miles?" the doctor said anxiously. "They could fly him here in an hour. Where's the phone?"

Now the hands on Ben's wrists locked tighter again. Barbara's lips were locked, too, and suddenly it made him mad. Suddenly, seeing her determination to keep silent, it seemed to him that she was stubbornly risking the life of her child to prove how brave she could be.

He leaned over her.

"Yell," he said harshly. "Yell. *Yell!*"

Barbara screamed. The sound came out of her in a long, full gasp, and for a second the fingers on his wrists relaxed. They tightened again but with each moan she took an instant's rest. . . .

Ben did not see Tuck until the boy was on his knees beside the bed.

"Barby," Tuck said. "Barby." He looked up at Ben, his face white, old with terror. "She was all right," he said. "She wrote me she was all right. What happened to her, Ben? What's gone wrong, Ben?"

The labor began again and Tuck, trembling, knelt beside the bed, but he kept his voice steady and tender, talking to Barby, and her strength seemed to be renewed.

Beyond the curtain, the doctor said, "You have a boy, Mister."

With a long, sobbing sigh, Barbara accepted the ether cone Sally adjusted on her face.

Tuck stayed there beside her. He looked up at Ben.

"You should have let me know," he said harshly. "You said you would take care of her."

Ben wiped his shaking arms on a towel. Yes, he thought, you should have been told. Barby should have told you. He rolled down his sleeves, but he could not button his cuffs; his fingers wouldn't work.

"Let me button them, Ben," Sally said.

He turned to her, and suddenly the strength went out of him. He put his face on her shoulder. He felt her arms go around him.

"Help me get him to a chair," she said to Tuck.

But he could walk.

"Let's get some fresh air," he said. "It must be morning."

OUTSIDE, she took his arm. Overhead the sky was growing blue again. There was no jungle blotting out the sun. There was no muck underfoot to struggle through. Behind them they could hear Tuck's baby, crying. Ben heard it and he thought, surprised, man begins life screaming; it's his first duty, to protest, it is his weapon against injustice and his release from despair and from pain. He thought they should have let me protest, too, when I was young.

He put his hand on Sally's, tucked inside his arm. His fingers tightened until he heard her gasp.

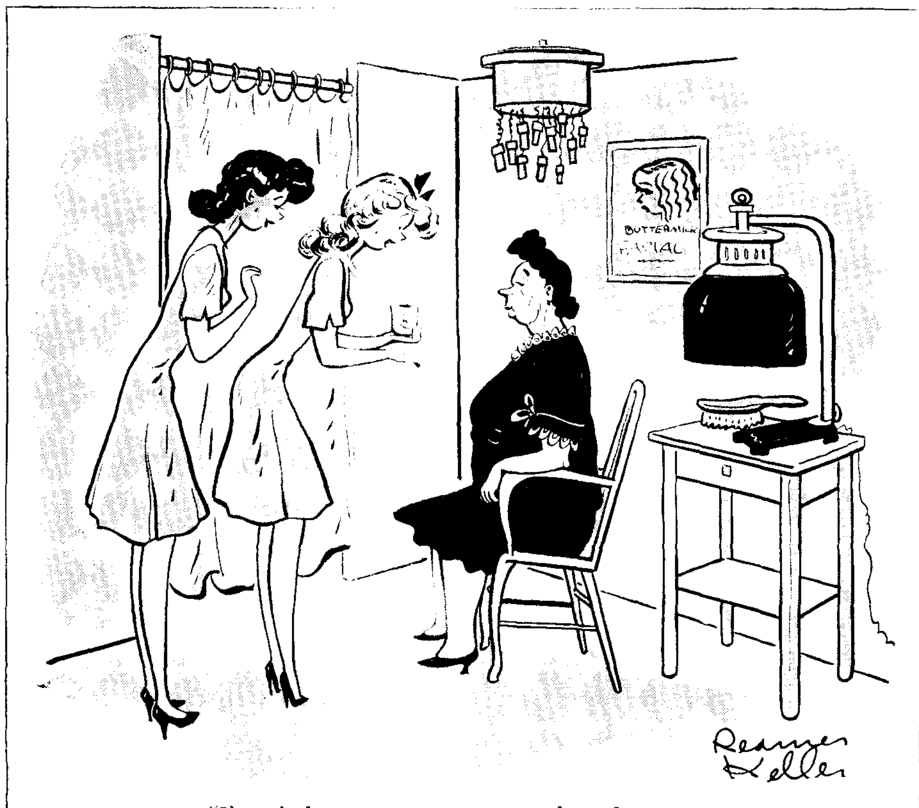
"Sally," he said. He stopped her in the middle of the sidewalk and put his arms around her and held her fiercely close to him. "I want to tell you something. It's a long, long story. It's about me."

"Yes, Ben," she said.

"And, after we're married, if I have nightmares, wake me up and slap me hard and make me yell. Promise me," Ben said urgently. "Promise to make me yell."

"Yes, dear," Sally said. She put her hand over his lips. "But not here, Ben. Not now."

THE END



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Stretching Our Rubber

Continued from page 16 .

probably be forthcoming under the present setup. In short, now, and only now, after a year and a half, the prospects for increasing supplies look promising.

No matter who was or is now responsible for getting the product out of the jungle, the difficulties encountered have been tremendous. It has been necessary to induce new workers to migrate into the region. And it's a vast area, more than a million and a half square miles. There are few towns, few sources of food supplies.

Except by airplane, the only transportation is by river boat or canoe. Distances are tremendous. The best rubber regions are not even on the Amazon itself, but far up the tributaries. The best region is 2,000 miles from the Amazon and 3,500 miles from the Atlantic Ocean.

More boats and air transportation had to be provided to get workers and supplies into the area. Most important of all, laborers had to be recruited from other parts of the country, from populous centers farther south. When Brazil lost her markets, and the industry languished, most of the working population migrated, leaving only a few thousand scrawny *seringueiros,* or tappers. Elaborate public health measures and sanitation had to be provided to protect the new workers.

The office of Nelson Rockefeller, Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, took charge of the sanitation and public health projects.

Financed by the co-ordinator, Doctor Otto Causey, from South Carolina, one of the greatest living authorities on malaria and other tropical fevers, has set up a laboratory in Belem, Para, where he is studying and directing ways of reducing or at least controlling the ravages of this scourge. Several famed doctors and public-health experts are directing the distribution of quinine and atabrine. Some of them have set up dispensaries as much as 4,000 miles in the interior.

Whether we shall need large amounts of natural rubber in the future, or whether the synthetic product will be perfected to the extent that it will answer for all purposes, is not yet certain. President Roosevelt insists that when the war is over, there will be plenty of vegetable rubber available and it will be cheaper than the artificial rubber.

The President is assuming that the Far Eastern rubber regions will not only be recaptured but also that the great rubber plantations will be returned intact—a dangerous conjecture. Knowing the Japanese, it seems logical to assume that they will destroy everything.

Some new areas are being planted in Africa, a few in Central America and elsewhere. But it requires seven years for a rubber tree to mature. Even if the war is not over for three or four years yet, the new plantings would still not be in production for some time after peace. Rubber-bearing plants, which mature and yield latex in much less time than the trees, are proving successful in certain areas.

Guayule, a shrub which matures in one or two seasons, is one of the most immediately important to us, because it has been planted in the Western states, principally in California, and also in northern Mexico. There is a rubber-producing vine called cryptostegia which has been planted in Haiti and other West Indian islands. Mr. Roosevelt has said that Haiti alone will have a yield of 10,000 tons this year.

But all these sources combined will not supply world requirements when this war is over. Since we alone consume more than all other nations put together, it is vital that we look out for our future needs.

The question arises whether it is wise to go on using up the enormous quantities o petroleum required to manufacture synthetic rubber. Our petroleum resources are not as plentiful as we think. We possess approximately 10 to 12 per cent of visible resources, but today we are producing and refining more than 50 per cent of the world's supply.

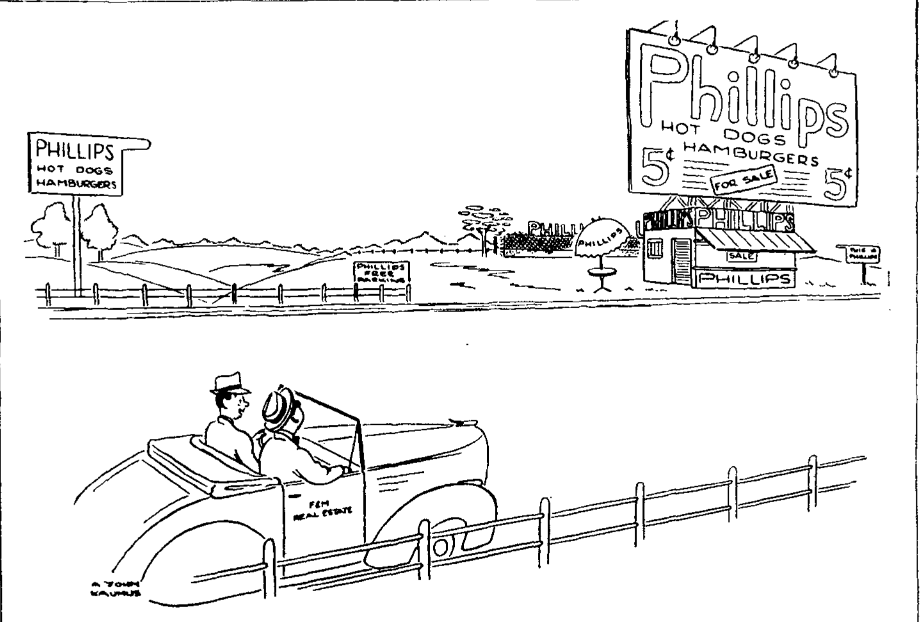
The use of alcohol from vegetable products will become a precarious matter, if we are to help feed a famine-ridden humanity in the postwar years. The prospects for getting any substantial amount of wild rubber over what we are getting now from the South and Central American tropics are not promising. The only alternative is the development of plantation rubber.

Trees Succumb to Domestication

Until now, even this possibility has seemed almost out of the question. The wild trees of the Amazon tropics are immune from most diseases, especially the South American leaf disease, the most prevalent of all the enemies. But the moment any attempt is made to domesticate the plants, they succumb to its ravages. What is more, the wild trees are not high yielders, nor are the seedlings from them, even after domestication. Therefore, the cost would still be too great to compete with Far Eastern producers if their plantations should be left intact.

Henry Ford has spent more than $12,000,000 and years of effort on his Brazilian plantations at Fordlandia and Belterra trying to develop plants which will resist disease and at the same time yield large amounts. Other experiments have gone on at the Instituto Agronomico at Belem. In fact, Ford and the Brazilians have worked in harmony to vanquish the leaf disease and to develop higher-yielding trees. Both problems have been solved by bud grafting. Clones, or stumps, of the Far Eastern domesticated trees were brought over and set out at Belterra. Buds from them were grafted onto the native seedlings. The yield of these new plants was definitely increased. For a time, it seemed that they also resisted the leaf disease. But after a year or two, they succumbed again.

The experimenters did not give up. They tried grafting the new plants with other species of Amazonian rubber trees. This proved more effective against disease. There are several species of rubber trees native to the Amazon and the Americas, twenty-three in Brazil alone. However, only two or three yield latex in any quantities. One is *Hevea*



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Brasiliensis, mother of all the present trees of commerce. Another is *Sapium Biglandulosum.* Buds from *Sapium* were finally grafted onto the already grafted plants. This brought new life and energy to the plants.

The grafting cycle runs like this: First the native Amazonian seedling. The second year it is bud-grafted with hybrids from Far Eastern clones. This insures a higher yield and produces resistance for another year or so. The third year this plant is grafted with buds from resistant native trees of the Amazon. The result is a tree of high production and almost complete resistance.

Doctor Camargo warns that it would not be wise to attempt domestic production of rubber on a large scale now, particularly in the Amazon basin.

"Enormous plantations," he says, "such as exist in the Far East, could not be maintained. There is not and will not be enough cheap labor, such as there is in Malaya and the East Indies. Labor costs will always be higher in the Americas than in the Far East. Nor do we want slave labor here. Then, too, there may not be the need for such enormous quantities of vegetable rubber, although there will always be, I am sure, need for substantial amounts."

The doctor advocates, and most of our experts agree, that small, self-sustaining farms, operated by single families, is the best answer to the problem. Brazilians seem to be agreed on a plan by which the government will help establish families on twenty-acre tracts, only half of which should be planted in rubber trees. Ten acres will support one thousand trees, and one thousand trees are practically all that one family can handle. The remaining ten acres, according to the Brazilians, should be devoted to food production and the maintenance of animals.

"Do this," says the doctor, "and you won't be constantly grappling with labor problems and high costs. We have developed what is a superior tree to anything in the Far East. The average annual yield an acre of trees in the East Indies and Malaya is 430 pounds of dry rubber. Ford has developed plants which make possible an average yield of 800 pounds an acre. The newest crossings, almost completely resistant to leaf disease, make possible a production of 1,700 pounds to the acre, or four times as much as the plants of the Far East."

Other discoveries have come to light. One has to do with soil, climate and rainfall most suitable to profitable production.

"If we are to outdo the Far East," Doctor Camargo told me, "and at the least cost, we must be able to tap trees the year round. This has never been possible with most of the wild trees of the Amazon Valley. In most places, the native *caboclos* even refuse to tap during June, July and August. It is wrong, they tell us, to disturb the trees at that time. Even if you tap them, they yield little latex. During those months, trees in most of the Amazon Valley are in full bloom. According to the *caboclos*, the plants are in love.

"It is too bad that science has to destroy such a romantic illusion. But the real reason is that June, July and August are dry in many parts of the Amazon basin, and the latex is all utilized in maintaining the trees until the rainy season."

The experts have discovered that the largest yields in the Far East are found in certain regions where the rainfall is approximately the same the year round, and where the trees are tapped every month. In northeastern Sumatra, and adjoining land areas, the rainfall is fairly regular. There are certain areas in the Amazon Valley where the rainfall is approximately the same throughout the year. The highest-yielding wild trees are found in these areas. The present Ford plantation does not possess this advantage, however.

"But," the doctor points out, "along with the proper rainfall, you must also have the proper soil and certain other conditions." His associates are now searching for regions where future plantations may be located.

"Our conquests," says Doctor Camargo, "have already paved the way for a return of the rubber industry to its original home, the Amazon and American tropics. We in the Western Hemisphere can, if we have the will to do so, become self-sufficient in the production of one of our most vital necessities—which is another step toward the economic independence of the Americas."

THE END

Kentucky Code

Continued from page 11

"I've brought a friend home, Nan," he said to my mother. Then he reopened the door and said, "Come in here, Naylor."

Naylor was standing there. He was, in that instant, the most beautiful living thing I've ever seen. Pure white, with that underglow of pink that pit bulls have, the immense and corded neck, the glittering black eyes, all of him bred fine for murder in a cold, impersonal way. He stood there looking from my father to my mother, his head tilted in a curious prognosticating manner, sizing us up, and then quite suddenly his tail began to flip the way a compass needle sometimes does and he went straight to my mother.

My mother did not move.

Naylor thrust his muzzle in her lap and rolled up his eyes with the shrewd but everlastingly devoted expression that a good dog, a pit bull, has for its chosen master. My mother put her hand upon the wide space between his eyes and rubbed and then she said, "Naylor."

NAYLOR went wild. He streaked out for the kitchen, circled the coal-oil can beside the stove, dashed down the hall, upset a hammered-brass jar full of peacock feathers, crouched and jumped at me and then ran back and shoved his muzzle in my mother's lap again and whined.

"I guess he's your dog, Nan," my father said, sort of brusquely.

My brother Henry broke out of old Drunken Mary's arms, then all three of us knowing the lid was off, jigged madly in our cotton pajamas, shouting, "Hi, Naylor, hi!" He went ripping off, leaping onto the davenport, then completely across our parlor rug, under the fumed-oak table, through the dining room and into my brother John's bedroom and then back, while we three boys tumbled upon the floor, crouching in imitation of Naylor's hilarious antics while he yipped at us and we yipped back at him.

I don't know what possessed my father to do what he did next. Maybe he felt a little hurt. After all, he was the only born Kentuckian in our family, and dogs are supposed to love Kentuckians best. Or maybe it was just his legal mind, always wanting to know exactly what was what, when all of us collapsed—boys and Naylor—my father put his foot on Naylor's side, then pressed it gently. Naylor rolled his eyes, his tail thumping a time or two on the rug.

"He doesn't like it, John," my mother warned.

"What makes you think that?" my father asked.

"The way he wags his tail—he's only being polite."

My father smiled benignly. "I think he ought to know who's really boss around this place. I'm showing my authority."

He pressed a little harder then. Naylor's eyes rolled, his tail thumped once or twice. My father wore a smile of confidence, but Mother was worried. And Naylor now was watching her.

"You see," my father said. "He's catching on. He understands that you won't stop me. It's best, with dogs, to be firm from the start." And then: "Wonder how much he'll take?"

"I wouldn't do that, John."

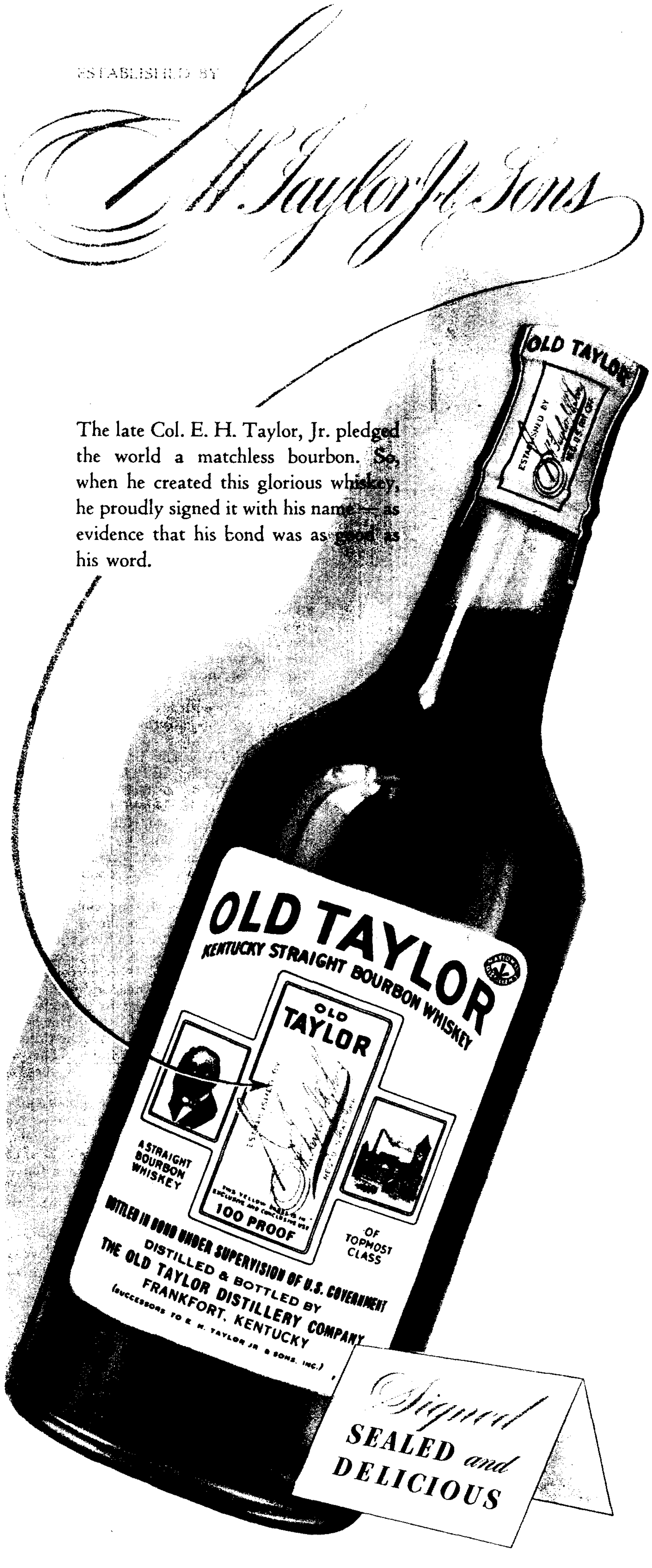
"You don't understand about dogs," my father said, and his foot pushed down. It didn't hurt—my father was not a cruel man—but all of us sensed that Naylor didn't like it. There came a tension in the room. It was, in a way, like two men betting poker hands, both bluffing, watching to see who'd lose nerve first.

"John, please!"

It was then that Naylor got up. He didn't scramble, he just got up. He looked straight at my father. He growled, low-timbred and intense, and then, almost imperceptibly, he crouched.

"Naylor!" my mother cried.

That stopped him. Her voice was like a leash around his neck. Yet he stood there, trembling, his black eyes glittering with that killer's look, a hatred that was stamped into



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his soul. My mother took him by the collar and led him out to the back yard. When she returned, my father was pouring himself a glass of whisky. Neat.

"Now why the devil did I do that?" my father demanded. "That dog was ready to tear my throat out. I ought to know—I remember a dog back in Hopkinsville—"

"If you'd forget what you used to know back in Hopkinsville, you'd get along better," my mother said. "That's the trouble with you Kentucky people, you remember."

My father downed his whisky. He looked at my mother the way he did when he was arguing at a jury. "In Kentucky," he said, "there's a pattern for everything. There's a code. It's exact. When we do something, we know what to expect. I expected that dog wouldn't like that if he was any good. But I had to find out. I had to test him."

It never would have done for my mother to be on my father's juries. She turned impatiently. "You boys," she said, "go along to bed. Mary, take them upstairs."

So we didn't hear all the fine philosophical points behind my father's experiment, nor learn my mother's full reaction to them. But we did get Naylor's viewpoint on it that next afternoon. We were hanging onto our picket fence out front, watching the coal miners coming back from the pits, their faces black with dust, those fascinating wick lamps on their caps. Most of them owned small farms in the neighborhood and when they washed their faces and took off their dirty jeans they seemed, really, just ordinary men, but not when they were coming home from work. Then, to me and my brothers who'd been stuffed with Andersen and Grimm, they seemed incomprehensibly terrible, of the earth's bowels, black and plodding men outside the stout white pickets of our fence. But Naylor didn't mind them. As long as they stayed on their side of the fence, they were all right with him. It was when my father opened the gate that the trouble began.

MY FATHER got inside the gate and turned to latch it. Then, being a pretty good lawyer with a feeling for homicidal things, he sort of sensed that Naylor was creeping up on him. Naylor didn't bark. He didn't even growl. And he didn't plunge at my father. He just started creeping, but fast. My father's hand was still on the gate latch when he turned.

A six-foot-three-inch man can cover a lot of ground when he's in a hurry. My father started covering it. Why he didn't jump back outside the fence I don't know, except that maybe he thought that Naylor could jump fences, too. Anyway, he headed for the house, and he didn't say a word to us boys as he passed us. He didn't yell, either. But he was spreading out by the time he reached the elephant ears around the hydrant. That was where Naylor got in front of him, between him and the house.

All this was reasonably dignified, just a long-legged man in a hurry. But when Naylor cut him off like that, my father went to pieces. He jumped through the elephant ears and whirled back toward the garden fence—that plot of ground where some day maybe he was going to do some gardening—and then Naylor nabbed him.

It was just a test nab, like an artillerist's test shot, to correct for range. Naylor wanted to see what my father would do in a case like that. But it caught my father's hip pocket and ripped a swatch of cloth from his pants, clean down to his knees. That was when my father screamed.

"Nan! Nan—for the Almighty's sake—"

Then he sailed through the garden gate and slammed it hard in Naylor's face. Through the slats in the gate we saw my father plunge on another ten strides, and then stop as if somebody had seized him from behind. His feet popped off the ground, rose up in front of him and passed completely over the top of his head. It was a darned good backward flip from a standing position, except that he landed sitting, his hand clutching at his Adam's apple.

"Oh, Lord," he groaned.

My mother came out on the front porch then, and collared Naylor and led him into the back yard. Then she went around to the garden plot and helped my father get up. She looked at the red welt on his neck.

"You should have known that clothesline was there," she said. "You hung it yourself."

"Not with that fiend incarnate after me, I shouldn't have known," my father said. "When a man is facing sudden death, he doesn't stop to remember where he hung his wife's clothesline. And another thing, you take that dog—"

"You brought him here," my mother said.

My father felt his neck. I could see he was thinking, and watching my mother, too. "That's so," he said. "I brought the dog to this house. I wronged him. I imposed upon his good nature. He was within his rights."

My mother's voice seemed bottled. "John, if you've got a grain of common sense, you'll take that dog back to that gambler."

"No," my father answered firmly. "He was within his rights. In Kentucky, when we've wronged a man, we recognize his privilege to resent it. I don't mean to sound pompous—"

"Well, you do," my mother said. "You sound just like a fool. You can't expect to reach the gate next time."

"There won't be a next time," my father decided. "Every afternoon you can lock Naylor up before I get here. That way, you'll have a splendid watchdog while I'm gone. And you need one, Nan. We're close to the state prison farm, and then all these coal miners, especially that fellow with the whip—"

That last was a winning argument. One thing touched my mother deeply, and that was the welfare of her chickens. Of course her children were important to her, and so was my father, but those chickens, Dominiques and Leghorns mostly, meant something particular to her. Something she did by herself, and did well. The trouble was, she'd lost a few of them. My father said that maybe a fox was getting them, or their wings weren't clipped, but mother never went for simple, natural explanations like that. She had too much imagination. She said it was the man with the whip.

We boys had seen him on the other side of our fence. He was a stocky, sallow man who owned a farm in the pine woods back of us. By day he was a coal miner, and he always hurried home and then came back with his whip, to drive his cows from pasture. He did look ominous, ink-black and heavy-set, never saying a word but driving his cows in front of him by cracking that long, thick whip. Old Drunken Mary swore she'd seen him send that snaky rawhide curling around a chicken's neck—not our chicken, but it could have been. That was what my father was getting at.

"Naylor," he said, "will keep that fellow off the place. But lock him up every evening before I get home."

My father was right. Naylor did turn out to be a splendid watchdog, but after the first few weeks it wasn't necessary for him to do much watching. Every afternoon, when my father got home, he'd stand outside the picket fence and yell at the top of his voice.

"Oh, Nan! Is that dog locked up?"

A thing like that gets around. Everybody knew what kind of dog we had, and it didn't make them feel safer to see Naylor romping in the front yard with us boys. It was enough that my father was afraid of him. Well, maybe not afraid—just cautious.

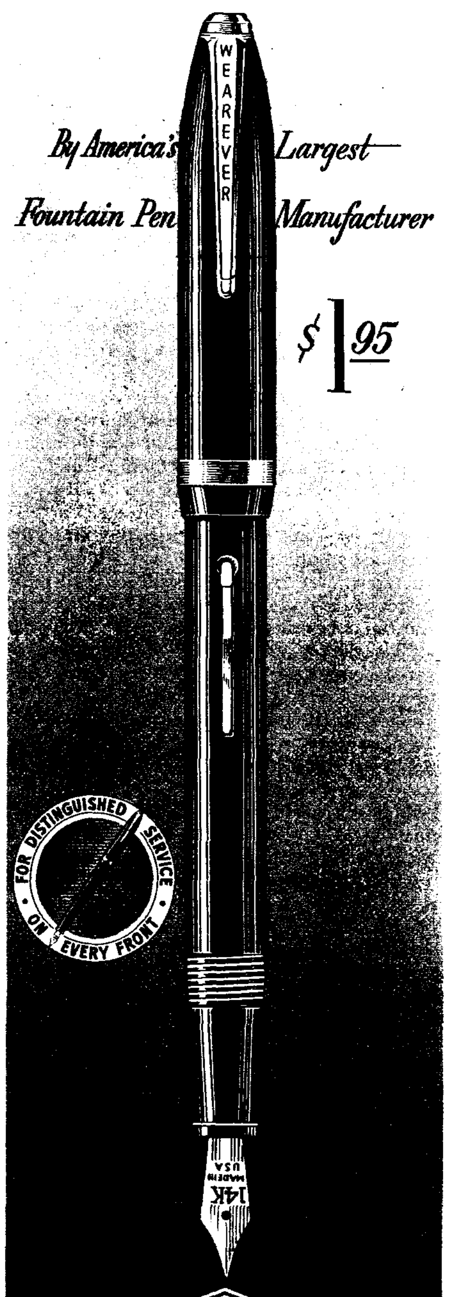
"He's Nan's dog," my father explained. "She's crazy about him, and since he's sort of nervous about men in general, I don't like to excite him."

BUT aside from all this fine protection we were getting, Naylor was a lot of trouble to my mother. She had to be sure, every evening, that he was locked in the back yard before my father got home, and we didn't make that any easier for her. We'd take Naylor hunting, and time passes fast for three boys and a dog in the pine woods, so that sometimes we arrived home about the same moment that my father did. It was like a railroad switchyard then, with mother shunting us one way, Naylor the other, and my father a third, with a good deal of excitement all around. My father couldn't understand what was so difficult about it.

"You're an intelligent woman," he told my mother, "and this is a simple problem. All you have to do is get that dog in the back yard while I come in the front. The trouble is, you dramatize it. You try to imagine that every time you do it you're saving my life."

"It wasn't my imagination that tore your pants off," my mother reminded him.

My father said, "That's beside the point. You let yourself get rattled. Now my own mother raised thirteen children and two hundred acres of tobacco on the side. Of course, she was born in Kentucky, and they do things different there. There's a pattern for things, a code—"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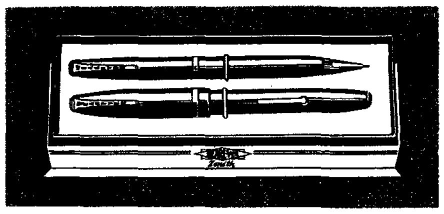


When he started on that, my mother gave up. She simply couldn't cope with it. It was much easier, really, to shuttle Naylor back and forth, into the back yard when it was time for my father to come home, and onto the back porch when it was time for bed.

"And don't," she warned, "come in the wrong way."

"When things are done right, they never bother me," my father said.

He might have gotten by with that attitude indefinitely, except for my mother's chickens. It happened on a Saturday, when my father was home early and old Drunken Mary had rushed through supper for us and was getting dressed to go to Birmingham. We were still sitting at the table, finishing a tapioca pudding when my mother put down her spoon. She turned her head, listening.

"Did you hear that, John?" she whispered.

We could catch tension in a voice immediately, and mother's whisper was tense.

"Hear what?" my father demanded.

"That squawk—one of my hens."

My father went on eating his tapioca, but frowning at my mother for alarming us. "Now, Nan," he said, "everybody knows that hens squawk."

My mother sat upright. "Hear that? John, something's after them."

"It might be a weasel," my father said, going right on with his tapioca.

"It might be a weasel or it might be that fellow with the whip," my mother snapped. "And you're going to find out. Right now!"

WE WERE sitting on the edges of our chairs by then. Either a weasel or the man with the whip, it didn't matter which, was exciting. My father stopped eating his tapioca and put his spoon down, all very calmly, and then he grinned at us boys.

"Well, sons," he said, "I guess we'll have to do that for your mother." He meant it to sound reassuring, and it was. We were going to do it! We! It made us feel pretty big. My father folded his napkin and got up and said, "Nan, look in my dresser drawer and get my pistol, will you?"

While she was getting the pistol my father lit a cigarette and winked at us.

"We'll just go out in the back yard and fire a shot in the air," he explained to us. "If it's the man with the whip, it'll scare him to death. Of course, if it's a weasel, Henry will have to chase him out. Can you do that, Hank?"

My brother Henry was saying that he could chase a weasel when my mother came back with the pistol. That sobered us. It was a tremendous-looking weapon. Just the anticipation of its noise was frightening. We were hoping that my father would change his mind about letting us go, but he didn't, and so we followed him, strung out a little, walking on the nerve-ends in our toes, out the side door. My father looked extremely bold and nonchalant in front of us, more than six feet of shadow between us and the moon. And then, too clearly, we heard those chickens squawk again.

"Easy, now," my father whispered, and the little hair stood stiff upon my neck. Henry crowded close to me, and John was close behind. We went through the garden gate, the four of us in Indian file, then around the corner of the house and into the back yard. We could see the chicken house a hundred feet away, beyond old Drunken Mary's shack.

"Is that you, John?"

My father must have jumped a foot, straight up. My mother was standing at the back porch door, peering through the screen at us.

"Damn it, Nan, don't yell!" my father cried. "You'll terrify the children."

Then he turned to us, and aimed the pistol straight toward the moon. "Come on, sons," he said, leading the way again. "We'll go a little closer—"

By then, we'd shot our bolt. We just couldn't go any closer. But it was too far back to the porch, where my mother and Naylor were, and so we huddled after him, about ten feet back, praying he'd pull that trigger and get it over with. It was the noise that we dreaded, not the man with the whip, or the weasel. It was going to be terrific. It was going to scare us bad, and we knew it.

Finally my father motioned us to stop. He moved the rest of the way to the henhouse, took a stance beside it with his feet spread wide apart, and fired.

The blast of it was deafening, and we stood breathless, chills chasing chills along our backbones. But that was nothing. For suddenly a piercing wail rose from old Drunken Mary's shack, and she burst out the door, screaming, "Oh, Mr. John! Oh, Mr. John!" Half-dressed, barefoot, she started running for the house.

"It's all right, Mary," my mother called. "It's just Mr. John." But Mary kept on screaming as she ran, and we were feeling a little hysterical about it when we heard my father grunt.

It was a quick grunt, startled. And for a moment I did not see the moving shadow bunched behind his back. My father's arms went slowly up toward the moon. Then I heard a voice.

"I want that pistol," it said. It was a deep voice and it sounded tough. My father must have thought so, too.

"Take it," he said, "but go easy with that knife."

By then I could see. Behind my father was a man in a convict's uniform, the black and white stripes crosswise around his legs and arms. I'd seen those stripes moving behind the barbed wire on the state prison farm. He had one of my mother's chickens under one arm, and a knife in the other hand. In a moment, too, he had my father's pistol.

"Now—move!" he said, and shoved the pistol at my father's spine.

I was proud of my father. He was scared stiff, yet he managed to move along with all the dignity he knew, as if this was an ordinary thing. It wasn't ordinary, though—neither to us or him. It was unreal, like something from a movie, that convict with the gun pushing against my father's spine, old Drunken Mary screeching as she scrambled for the porch, and the bright moonlight with the three of us boys in it, petrified. It was the Clutching Hand in actuality. I don't think any of us breathed. And then, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Naylor suddenly come streaking through the night.

My father didn't see him. The first he knew of it was when the convict's body jerked, half dropped, then staggered up. The pistol whirled away from him and plunked into the dirt. The chicken squawked and flapped out of his arm, and from somewhere behind us came old Drunken Mary's voice, screeching again.

"Mr. John, Mr. John, dat dawg slipped out—"

But already my father knew that. He was yelling, "Get him, Naylor, get him!" And the convict was going very fast toward the fence. He got one leg up and across, but Naylor got the other leg, just below the ankle.

I'VE heard men scream. But no man ever screamed more pitifully than that fugitive. For a second, they teetered there, the convict trying to fall on the other side, and Naylor crunching on that foot. Then the convict disappeared.

"Great Scott!" my father yelled. "His shoe came off! Here, Naylor—come here, boy! Come here, old boy!"

We heard old Drunken Mary scrambling near us in the night, but it seemed unimportant beside this miracle of man and dog, Kentuckians both at soul, united now against a common enemy. My father's voice was jubilant. He had his hand outthrust, a welcoming hand. The hand of peace. And then—

Well, Naylor crouched.

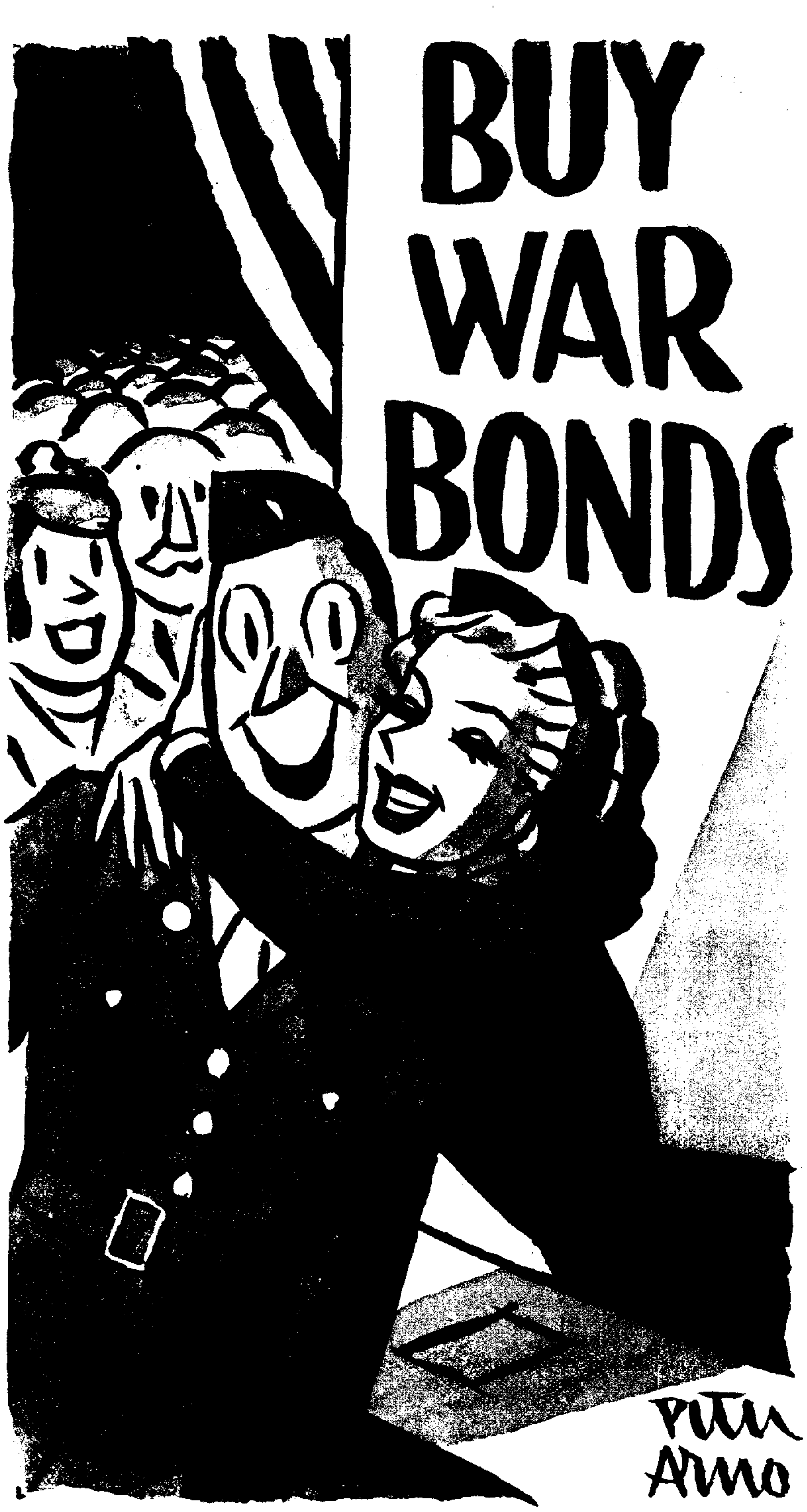
My father was an adaptable man. He could adjust himself to circumstances instantly. He whirled, much quicker than he'd straightened when he'd felt the convict's knife against his spine, and started racing for the nearest shelter, the henhouse.

He hit it just two strides in front of Naylor's jaws, leaped in, and slammed the door. We heard something banging hard and then the mass of chickens perching on the roosts came flapping down, squawking at this new agony. My father's voice roared, muffled, out of there.

"Nan! Nan—for the Almighty's sake—"

Old Drunken Mary stopped right where she was and added her screeching to his roar. "Miss Nan, Miss Nan, Naylor's done corndered Mr. John amongst yo' hens. You better git out here."

Of course, it was the wrong time to laugh, but my mother couldn't help it. She started giggling before she left the back porch, and when she passed us boys she was laughing out loud. By the time she reached the henhouse she had to lean against the door and let it come, while Naylor crouched there at



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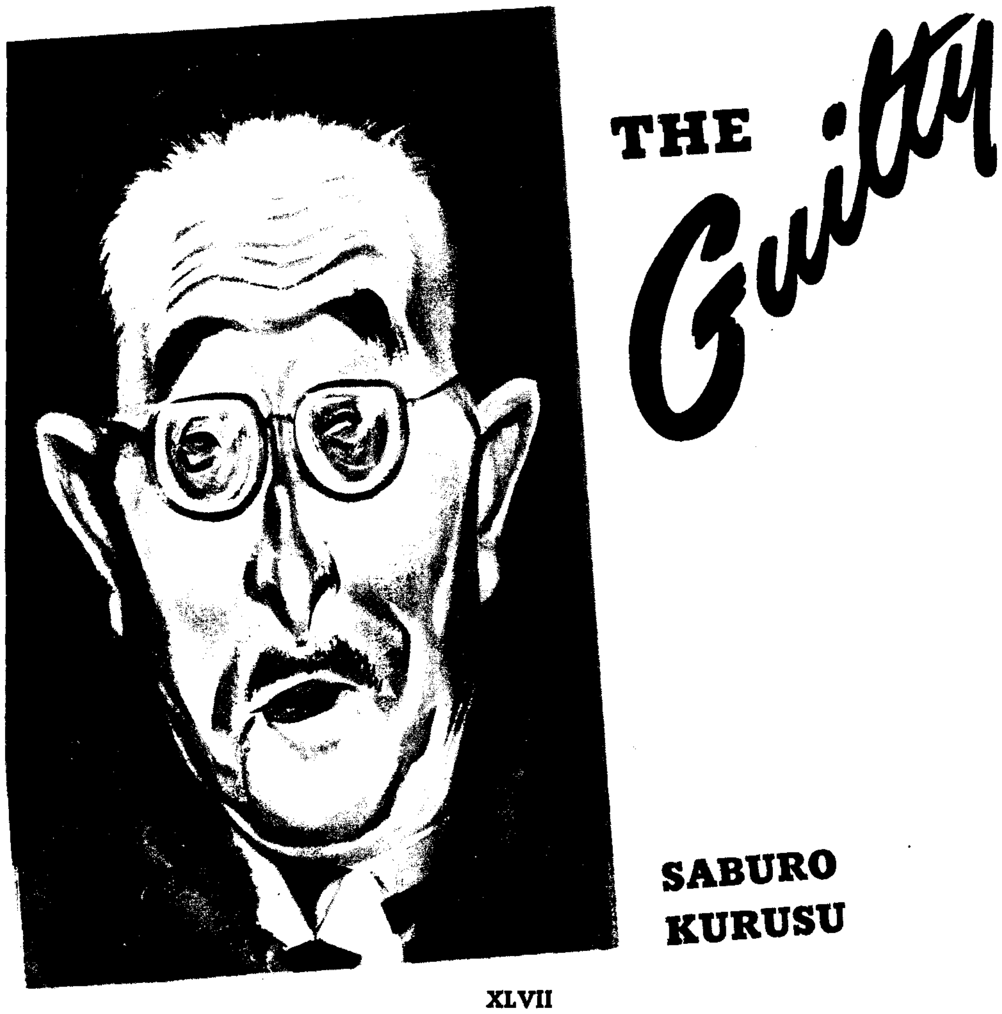


THE Guilty

SABURO KURUSU

XLVII

MANY Americans, with high ideals of justice, protest the indictment of a whole people as unfair. A line, they insist, should be drawn between good Japanese and bad Japanese. Unfortunately, there is no fixed formula for making this distinction, and recent history proves that the attempt is rich in risk. For example, take the case of Saburo Kurusu, that eminent statesman sent by Tokyo to engage Secretary Hull in lying peace talks while his country rounded out preparations for the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Here, by every test, was a good Japanese—a flower of the race. As a consul in Chicago from 1913 to 1919, he won friends and esteem as a man of character as well as ability. Marrying an American girl, he expressed delight when two children were born under the Stars and Stripes. Dapper and attractive, he joined clubs, played a part in the city's public life, and lost no opportunity to praise American institutions. A son of plain parents, he had no connection with the military caste and was outspoken in his criticism of Japan's militaristic policies.

From Chicago, Kurusu went to Manila, and there again he identified himself with Americans and American interests, preaching the necessity of deathless friendship between his country and the United States. After some years in Chile, Italy, Hamburg and Peru, he rose to be director of the Bureau of Commerce in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and in this position gained many favors from Washington by reason of his enthusiastic pro-Americanism.

Promoted to the diplomatic service in 1937, Kurusu went first to Belgium as minister, and two years later was transferred to Germany in a similar capacity. In 1940, on behalf of Japan, he signed the Axis pact with Germany and Italy, but followed quickly with assurances that it was a move designed to further peace and international accord. Back in Tokyo, he was rewarded with an important government post and sank out of sight for a while.

Prince Konoye, then premier, was supposed to be a pacifist, but only in one thing did his Peace Party differ from the War Party. He held that the conquest of China should be brought to a successful conclusion before taking on any new venture, while Tojo and the militarists were insistent that Japan wait no longer for the launching of her Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere. Great Britain had her back against the wall, Holland could not protect the East Indies, and from the United States came reports of utter unpreparedness.

On October 17, 1941, Konoye and his cabinet were swept out of office, and Tojo took over, backed by the army and the navy. It is now known that plans for the attack on Pearl Harbor began to be laid at once, but both time and secrecy were needed for complete success. In November, therefore, it was announced that a special envoy would be sent to the United States for the purpose of ironing out every difference and promoting the restoration of ancient friendship and good relations. By way of proving Japan's faith, Saburo Kurusu, the pro-American and true lover of peace, would be that envoy.

Kurusu landed in Washington with a golden smile that lighted up the landscape for miles around. In fluent English, interlarded with American slang, he told of his happiness to be once more in a country that he loved, and on an errand that held such hope for both Japan and the United States. The very first interview, however, proved that he came with empty hands, and shrewd Cordell Hull reported to the President that Kurusu's mission, in his opinion, was no more than a ruse to gain time. After a week, in fact, he stated flatly that further conversations were a waste of time. "Japan," he warned, "may strike at any moment."

Urged to further effort, however, the Secretary framed a note that laid down the principles of a just and lasting peace between the two countries. This note was handed to Kurusu and Admiral Nomura on November 26th. As Japan was not yet ready, the precious pair stalled until Sunday, December 7th, when they presented themselves at the State Department with their answer.

Mr. Hull read it with mounting indignation, and then delivered this excoriation: "In all my fifty years of public service, I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions; infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any government on this planet was capable of uttering them."

But what did Saburo Kurusu care? He had done his job, for even as he sat with the Secretary, Japanese guns roared at Pearl Harbor. Nor did his work end on that choice piece of treachery. Back in Japan after his exchange, he preached hate against Americans as a perjured people whose greeds and plots had forced Japan into a war of self-defense.

There may be good Japanese, but until some accurate method is devised for telling them from the bad, what could be more intelligent than to keep a curb on sentimentality? . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

her side, an unforgiving feudist with murder in his heart.

My father, inside, was cursing just above the squawking of the hens.

Well, that was all. My mother collared Naylor and took him to the back porch and locked him up. My father came out of the henhouse, covered with dirt and feathers, and rubbing a huge knot on his forehead where he'd slammed into the roost. He didn't say anything to my mother, and she didn't say anything to him. My father hunted until he found his pistol, then all six of us—for old Drunken Mary was too wrung out for her bout in Birmingham—marched quietly back to the side door and re-entered the house.

"You boys," my mother said, "go along to bed. Mary, take them along."

My father poured himself a glass of whisky. Neat.

"Well, now," my mother said at last, "you see how it is. You can't make friends with that dog. He hates you, John. You'll have to get rid of him."

My father slowly drained his glass, then he put it down, then put down the pistol, and turned, his face somber.

"Nan, you just don't grasp these things," he told my mother. "What Naylor did—well, that's the way Kentuckians act. No matter how we feel about each other, we'll always join to fight outsiders—until we're free to fight each other in peace again. No, Nan, I'll keep that dog. He's got a justifiable cause to hate me, and I doubt he'd ever understand . . ."

My mother turned and said, "Mary, you take these little Alabamans somewhere safe. And me, I'm coming, too."

THE END

Languages Are War Weapons

Continued from page 24

of instruction. The only thing that is difficult is the Japanese system of writing.

During the early days of the Guadalcanal unpleasantness, Jap soldiers effectively used their knowledge of English as a war weapon. Times without number, Marines gunning for snipers would hear someone call: "Hey, Joe! Lay off! You want to shoot your own guys?"

And when the Yank would telegraph his whereabouts by calling back, "Okay, Buddy," the answer would come in the shape of a hand grenade. Period.

For months after Pearl Harbor, the crews of Jap planes talked freely in their own tongue on their radio intercommunication system, secure in the knowledge that virtually none of the Yank fliers could understand them. Since the language quickie courses became available to our plane crews, those days are gone forever. Now the Zero crews converse in code.

Our soldiers are learning one pointed question in Japanese: *"TO o-K YO o E yu-KU! ni-wa DO! no-mi-chi DES-ka?"*—"Which is the road to Tokyo?"

United States troops are on duty in the far corners of the earth. The Army Service Forces believes every man in uniform can be made a good-will ambassador by teaching him quickly and easily how to converse in strange tongues.

Fighting a global war is easier if the soldier is taught at least a minimum of the language of the people with whom he comes in contact. It's human nature for a soldier to conclude that a native who can't understand him is dumb, stubborn or ignorant. The native feels the same way about the soldier.

Soldiers may elect to take language courses before they go overseas. Once they embark, however, quickie instruction is compulsory, at the discretion of the commanding officer.

In at least one instance, during many of the sixteen days an Africa-bound convoy was zigzagging through the Atlantic, the language records were played daily on the loudspeaker system of a transport. Thousands of soldier passengers seated on their bunks would shout out in unison such expressions as: *"Je suis votre ami."* This expression, "I am your friend," in their guide manuals is spelled phonetically, *"juh swee-vawtr ah-MEE."*

Our soldiers in North Africa were surprised to find that many Europeans and even a few Arabs possessed a fair knowledge of English.

Even more surprising was the discovery that many of the enemy not only knew passable English, but that some could spot the home area of our troops by their accent.

Pfc. George "Scotty" Ferriter of Vermont, fighting in the Osleta Valley alongside a regiment made up largely of Brooklyn boys, tells this one:

"We were so close to the Eyties that the boys were yelling out to 'em, offering 'em some good American chow as an inducement to surrender. Up pops an Eytie colonel, his hands over his head, and leads his men into our lines yelling, 'Damned if I'll fight against boys from Brooklyn! I used to live on Flatbush Avenue.' "

When Scott Ferriter's field artillery unit landed in North Africa, their recently acquired knowledge of French proved invaluable.

"As we rolled into the streets of Oran that first morning before daylight, we kept yelling to the natives in French, 'Where are the soldiers? How many are there? Which way did they go?' It was a swell chance to try out the French we'd been learning on the transport just a few days earlier.

"Funny thing about it was that we could understand what the natives would yell back at us—not everything, of course, but enough to get us where we wanted to go. Saved us a good many hours, and maybe some lives."

In at least one instance, a doughboy's command of hash-house French proved literally unbelievable to the staff of a restaurant in Oran.

"Bring me," directed the dusty Yank, "a tangerine and thirty-six fried eggs."

"Thirty-six fried eggs?" repeated the dumbfounded waiter. "But no! It is fantastic. Doubtless Monsieur does not comprehend the French. Doubtless he means three eggs—*trois. . . . No?*"

"No," insisted the soldier, referring to his quickie manual. "I want thirty-six fried eggs."

The waiter called the restaurateur, and the restaurateur called the cook. Monsieur must be unfamiliar with the language. Monsieur meant, perhaps, six fried eggs?

A Hunger for Real Eggs

Monsieur stood pat on thirty-six fried eggs. The waiter shrugged helplessly. The restaurateur flailed the air with his arms. The cook tore his hair.

"Listen, pals," explained the soldier wearily. "For one full year I been training in England, where they don't grow eggs in the shell. For one full year I been eating dehydrated eggs. This is the first place I been where they grow eggs the way they do back in Des Moines. Now I want eggs. Fresh eggs and plenty of 'em. See?"

He got them.

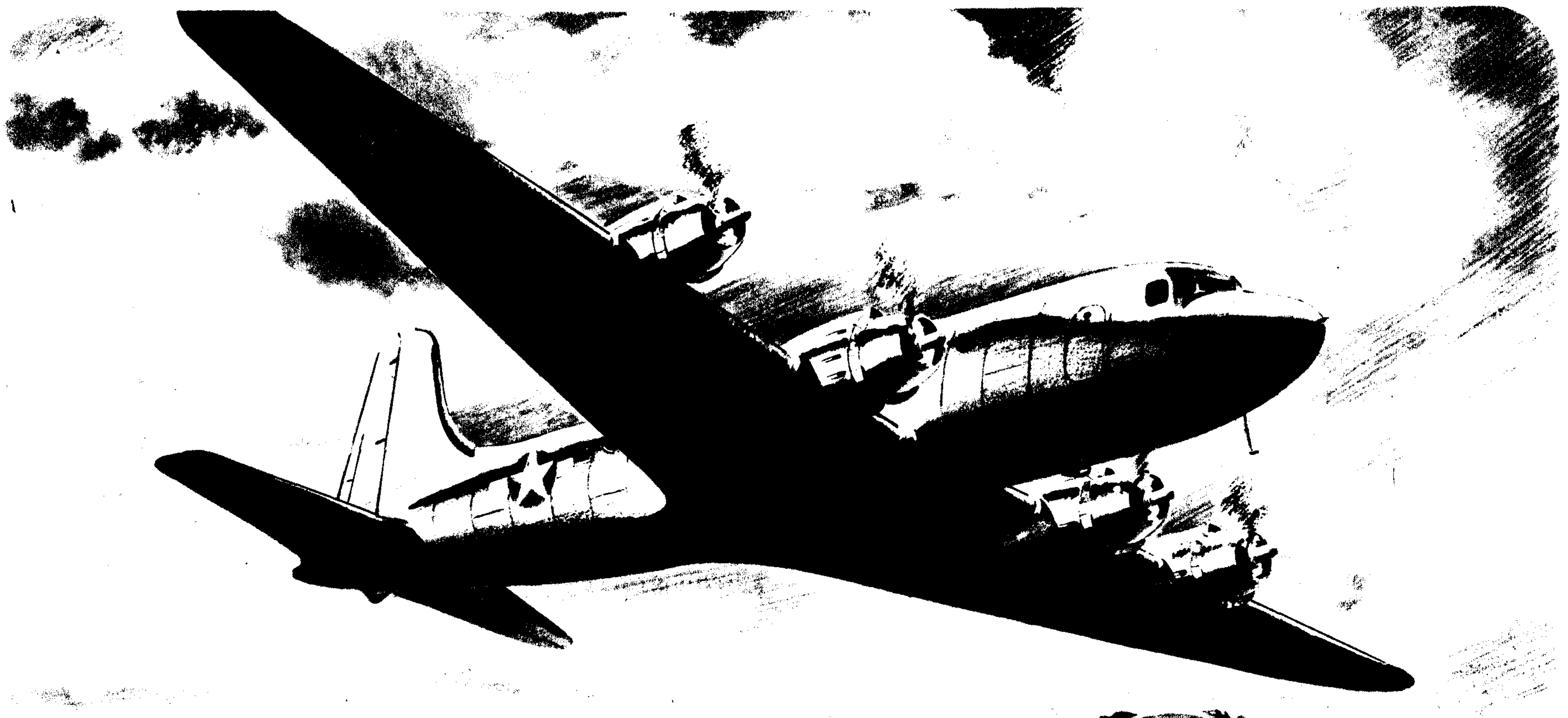
Yanks overseas find one fault with the quickie courses. They fail to include highly important phrases necessary in making a date. The Army Service Forces takes the position that it isn't concerned with the dissemination of advice to the lovelorn.

Many Germans are accomplished linguists. The English-speaking survivor of a decimated Nazi paratroop battalion donned the uniform of a fallen Yank, crept through our lines at night, and succeeded in eating four meals in our chow lines before he was detected through an unguarded reference to "tramps" while the boys were holding a conference over the pennant chances of "Dem Bums."

One third of our troops in England, where no foreign language is needed, have expressed the desire to learn at least one new tongue. Nowhere are the courses in greater demand than among our troops in Iceland. Ironically, the most popular choice there is Spanish!

"A knowledge of Chinese, Russian or French will make our troops more valuable allies when they work or fight beside troops who speak only these languages," says Lt. Gen. Brehon Somervell, in command of the Army Service Forces. "Knowledge of German or Japanese gives them combat advantage when they are in contact with the enemy. Languages are weapons of war."

THE END



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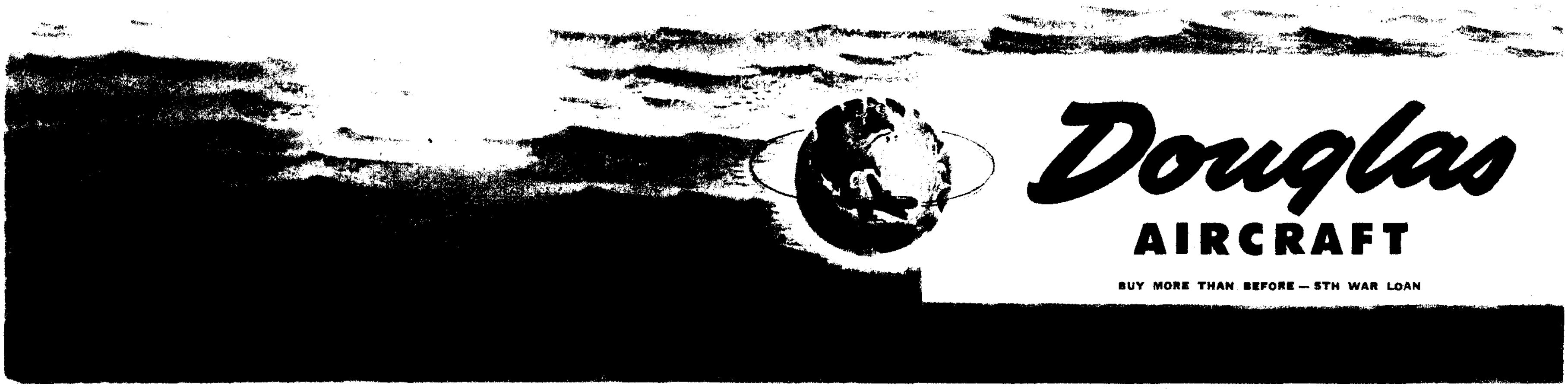
Delivering high priority passengers and war cargo half way across the world so fast that the military affectionately dubbed it the "Cannonball Express," Douglas C-54 Transports connect Florida and India. Operated by the Army's Air Transport Command, the "Cannonball" has flown more than 14,500,000 miles and made better than 2,800 South Atlantic crossings.

Thus war wings are blazing airtrails for your world-wide travels after Victory!



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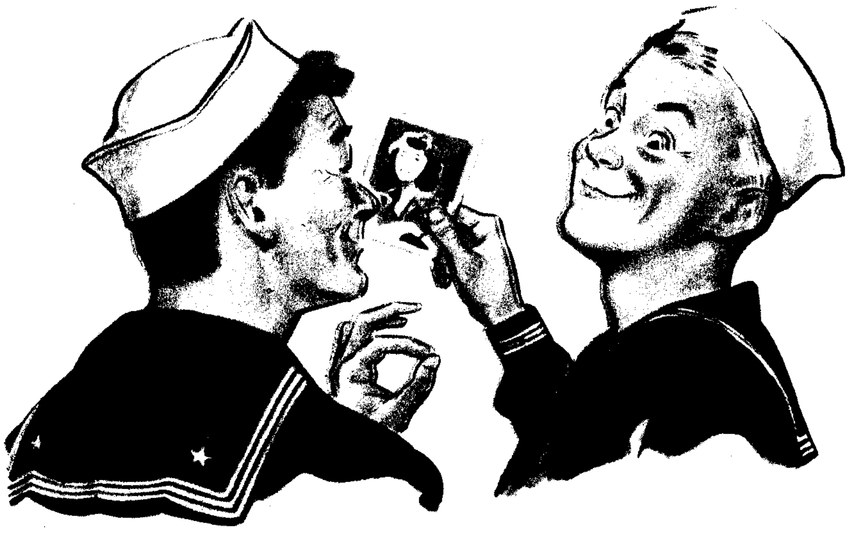
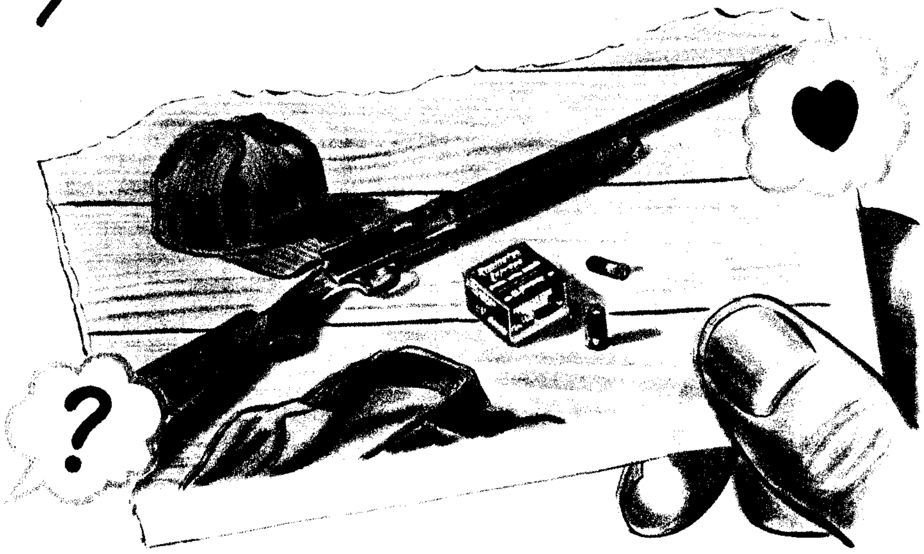
The sailor with only 2 sweethearts





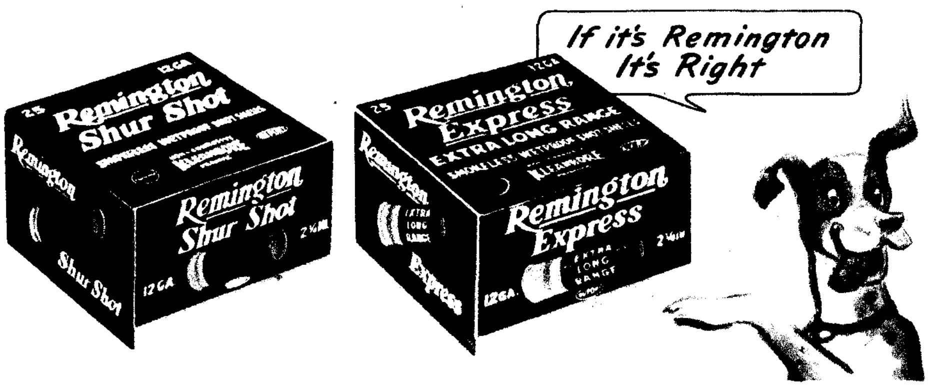
1 **MY FRIEND FRANK,** bosun's mate first class, pulled the snapshot out of his wallet, proud as a newly commissioned cruiser. "Here she is," he said, beaming: "Eileen." "Nice!" I said. "Yeah," he agreed. Then I noticed he'd dropped a scrap of paper. "Oh, that's my only *other* sweetheart," he said. "Look." It was a picture of a *shotgun!*

2 **"I FELL IN LOVE** with that shotgun when the Navy issued me one for skeet shooting back in anti-aircraft training," Frank went on. "Sweetest-handling autoloader I've ever come across. The other day I saw this picture of it in an ad and tore it out. It's the Remington Sportsman—and believe me I'm gonna get one after the war. And then . . .

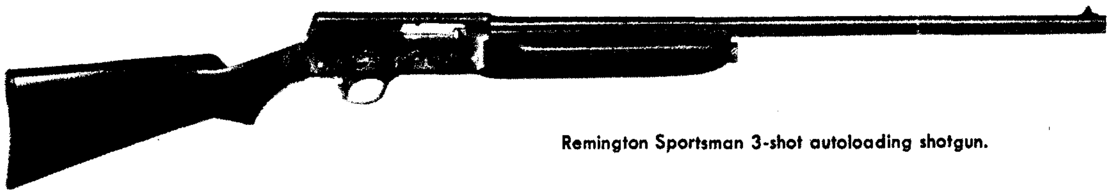
3 **"IF IT'S ALL RIGHT** with Eileen—we'll be married then, I hope—first hunting season, I'm going to fill my pockets with Remington Express shells (you know, those long-range loads), and keep a big date on a duck marsh with this second sweetheart of mine. Yes, and . . .

4 **"AS FOR QUAIL,** I know the place to find the fattest ones that ever sat in a roasting pan! You use Remington Shur Shot shells for those, of course." "Look, Frank," I said as an idea hit me like a 500-pound demolition bomb. "*I* gotta girl home I hope I'm gonna marry, too. Sometime after this war job is done, what say we get the girls together and let 'em let their hair down for a few days—while we go hunting?" "*Sold!*" said Frank. So now that's one of our important "post-war objectives."

NEW! Looking toward the day when we can again supply essential civilian ammunition, we've designed these new, easier-to-recognize packages for two of your old Remington friends.


If it's Remington It's Right
Remington Shur Shot
Remington Express Extra Long Range

▶ Remington has produced vast military supplies—for months on end making, *per day*, 30,000,000 rounds of ammunition, and more than enough rifles to equip an entire infantry regiment! And soon—we hope—we will once more be able to furnish sportsmen with Remington shotguns and rifles, Remington Express and Shur Shot shells, Remington Hi-Speed .22's with Kleanbore priming, and Remington big game cartridges with Core-Lokt bullets. *Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*



Remington Sportsman 3-shot autoloading shotgun.

Remington

DU PONT

Sportsman, Express, Shur Shot, Hi-Speed and Kleanbore are Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Core-Lokt is a trade mark of Remington Arms Co., Inc.

My Friend Tom Dewey

Continued from page 12

need to be told that the task of public leadership today is so vast, intricate and varied that no man can be much better than the advice he considers in making up his mind, or more competent than the men he chooses to share his responsibilities. He would never leave mediocrity in his wake.

As district attorney, he gave New York better prosecution than it ever had before. The year after his retirement and again the second year, the work had improved still more. They are getting 97.7% convictions now. He had built an organization which had so much vitality that it kept on getting better after he had left. That's why he is important, and it all goes back to this ability to get people together.

None of the men around Dewey have ever been able to outwork the boss. But none of them have ever been quite able to give a good explanation why they work so hard—especially to their wives. I have yet to see the dervish's gleam in the eye of any Dewey man. They are utterly without fanaticism. But they seem united in a common passion for the good job well done.

They like their jobs and they like one another. One reason is that you are no more likely to find a quarrelsome person in the Dewey outfit than a hero-worshiper, a yes-man, a backbiter, or an office politician. They respect one another's competence and opinions and if differences arise they get together and iron them out. Their responsibilities are so well defined that there is little occasion for jealousy. Dewey has sometimes picked the wrong man, but when that happened he was one of the first to find it out, and quietly corrected it.

A Dewey appointee has undivided responsibility but sometimes the interests of State departments conflict or overlap. The governor has worked out a system of cabinet committees to take care of that. For instance, a program of occupational therapy and rehabilitation for institutional inmates is now being developed by the Commissioners of Correction, Mental Hygiene, Social Welfare and Purchase. The purchasing agent is in on this because the Dewey administration discovered that prisoners were getting industrial training with equipment most of which had been built back in the 1890s. New machinery is being bought, so that prisoners can be trained to return to the society of the 1940s.

You will be hearing plenty about Dewey and his men because it is impossible to draw a line between them. He has been getting the credit, all these years, for the good work done by loyal appointees. This works two ways. One reason they are loyal is that when somebody pulls a boner, Dewey takes the blame himself. He never had a whipping boy.

It's not my business to tell the Republicans whom to nominate. It's not my business to blow a horn for Dewey. I haven't been writing an inspirational piece. I haven't talked about issues. If the occasion arises, Dewey will state the issues and supply the inspiration.

He has always risen to every occasion in such fashion as to enhance the dignity and vitality of the position he holds. If he can get the people of this country to bury their little hatchets and pitch in together like his men in Albany, I can think of nothing that could be more inspiring either for the winning of the war or for the conquest of the challenging frontiers in America's industrial future.

I have here merely been trying to set forth simply one of the least conspicuous but most characteristic things about a remarkable man, which may be of importance at this time.

Asset for the Peace Table

As we have been glad to rediscover, fighting well is a common American trait. The ability to bring people into agreement is much more rare. It is never so dramatic as a battle or a crusade. But it is a quality which, if exercised successfully on a large scale, can be very precious in the coming years.

On a local scale it means teamwork, efficiency, harmony in an organization. On a national scale, its successful practice may mean great political leadership, the reconciliation of group and sectional differences, the unity of a people. On a world scale, the man who creates agreement is a statesman. He produces peace.

The war will give a great solemnity to this election, conducted with our men on the beachheads.

Not long ago, I flew home from England, filled with a momentous sense of the vastness of it all, and very soon went up to Albany to have dinner alone with Governor Dewey. It was the day after Wisconsin counted its primary vote, and the newspapers were all saying he was going to be nominated. Having established themselves by electing governors in a majority of the states, the Republicans were asking him to become the head man.

For a long time before dinner, we just sat there reading the evening newspapers, not saying anything. The papers had an item about another friend of mine. He had been shot down over Germany.

The governor hadn't gone out hunting for this thing which was happening to him. When we had said goodby months ago out by the vestibule (I to join a convoy, he to go to Mackinac) I had remarked, somewhat jocularly, "You know, it looks as though, before I get back, this breeze may be blowing up into a draft."

And he had turned very seriously and said, "I want to be re-elected governor in 1946; that's what I want."

Of course there wasn't any doubt of that. Otherwise I wouldn't have been going away.

But in the intervening months, leaders from all parts of the country had been beating a path to that same door, seeking leadership. And now I could see that he was going to take command. Of course, there never could be any doubt of that. If the nomination came, no leader, if he was a leader, could refuse.

If fate will have it that I was dining that night with a future War President, I shall be hard put to it in writing my memoirs; for I can't think of a single memorable phrase that either of us said. We talked largely in monosyllables and broken sentences. The so-and-sos had lost their baby. I had taken off a lot of surplus fat. The dog was grown up now.

We were both thinking of the same thing, of course. But there was no sense of elation, or even much surprise. People in the Dewey circle used to laugh about the Dewey luck. But not for a long time now. Instead, men have gone busily about the tasks in hand, with a dead-pan sense of fatalism, while events beyond anyone's control seemed to shape themselves in a certain inevitable way.

There was a task in hand that night. After dinner, Governor Dewey asked me to look over a speech which he had had in preparation for some weeks. This speech had nothing sensational about it. It set forth somewhat more explicitly than before the view that he had been expressing for a long time—the obvious fact that we must collaborate with our present allies after this war to keep the peace.

The only question was whether he should make the speech now. For some months he had been keeping his mouth shut. He had not gone out seeking or asserting national leadership. But still there was a great hullabaloo and worry over isolationism. He was getting a lot of free advice, of various kinds, from jittery people.

Planks for a Foreign Policy

You will remember, he did speak to the publishers late in April. He proposed three fundamental principles of foreign policy:

"To carry on the war to total crushing victory, and in so doing, drive home to the aggressor nations a lesson that will never be forgotten.

"To organize in co-operation with other nations a structure of peace backed by adequate force to prevent future wars.

"To establish and maintain in our relations with other nations conditions calculated to promote world-wide economic stability not only for the sake of the world but also to the end that our own people may enjoy a high level of employment in an increasingly prosperous world."

When that speech was made, you will remember, something suddenly happened in this country. Surface tension vanished, like a pricked soap bubble. America suddenly discovered that her people were together on a fundamental decision. Obviously they were going to try to get along with the rest of the world. And they were not going to cut one another's throats at home, over the question whether they could agree with people abroad.

Dewey had pricked the bubble. Fundamentally America was agreed and relaxed. We were going to have international co-operation, certainly. And probably it would be Dewey on the first ballot.

Things had traveled a long way since that night, years ago, when I had thought Dewey was too persnickety over a petty detail.

"The trouble with you," I said, "is that you take yourself too damned seriously. However, I must admit—"

"I can read your mind," he interrupted me. "You are going to say that if I didn't take myself seriously, I wouldn't have been nominated for district attorney."

I agreed, "Exactly."

Watch this strange chemistry of bringing people into agreement. For the fundamental purpose of politics, the ultimate aim of popular government is not the clash and fury of conflict. It is getting people together. Governor Dewey never had to be told that. He has it in his bones.

The End

Herb Williams

"Why I really don't know whether I like the sergeant or not; I've never thought about it"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

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Payment Overdue

BY MITCHELL WILSON

To be loved is a comfort and a shelter in these perilous times, but Kate learned that being loved is not enough

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

"How do you like it?" Kate asked triumphantly. It was a tiny calot that sat on the back of her head, almost invisible unless she turned around

SIMPLY by looking at them as they walked along the street—the tall, powerfully built young man in the gray flannel suit, and the fragile, brown-haired girl—it was obvious that they were in love, and had been happily in love for a long time. It was in all their small unconscious gestures, the way he'd turn his hand slightly as he walked, opening the palm so that she could take it with hers, both of them unaware of what they had done.

Or, if they'd stop for a moment as he pointed out to her some place undistinguished except for the fact that they had once kissed each other, or shared a secret, or a joke, or a disappointment on that spot, his arm would go about her waist with the easy rightness that comes with having done exactly the same thing a thousand times before. It was in the nod or quick smile that interrupted an unfinished sentence because the one knew immediately what the other meant.

And it was clear, too, from the way he was looking about this quiet residential Manhattan street, that he was refreshing a memory that had gone starved for these sights, gorging himself so that he could not only fill a void that had stood empty for such a long time, but pack it to overflowing that he might have enough to remember when he went away again.

As they strolled along, Kate watched him instead of looking at the things he pointed out. Alex was the one who had been away, and she had to get her fill of him for the same reason he needed to see the places where they had met and lived their lives together.

"It's funny the way your memory plays tricks on you," Alex said. The Mohave desert had turned his face to copper, and the anxiety that persisted from the research work he had been doing still made him start at every loud, sudden noise or abruptly stop speaking and turn his head as though listening. This nervousness came as a surprise to Kate because Alex had always seemed the personification of stolid strength. But it was a natural result, she realized, when one experimented with high explosives.

"It's strange," he was saying. "Without being aware of it, everything begins to fade in your memory except for the most important things. It's like the Cheshire cat, I suppose."

At that moment, when they were so close, she wanted to tell him the devastating news she'd learned about herself only a few days before. She longed to pass her burden on to him relying as she had always done with unconscious and charming selfishness, on the knowledge that seeing his pain would assuage her own. When she told him, his assurances would pack validity; he himself wouldn't believe them because he knew her too well; he knew that she'd lack the strength to go on, that she would surrender. But if she told him, he wouldn't feel free to leave her again as he planned. That was the important thing: to keep him by her side so that she could for the rest of her life draw on him for the strength she needed.

Yet, for the first time in their married lives, she felt a reticence. The fact that he had been away and had returned with new shadows in the back of his eyes made telling him strangely difficult.

He stopped in front of the doorway of an old renovated house, very different from the large apartment building they had lived in for the past few years. But this small, cheap house was more a part of their lives than any other place.

"Do you remember this little stoop?" he asked. His voice was soft.

"Of course, I do." She pointed to the second step. "I stood there."

"And I stood here," he said. "And you cried. I didn't like that. I didn't even like you."

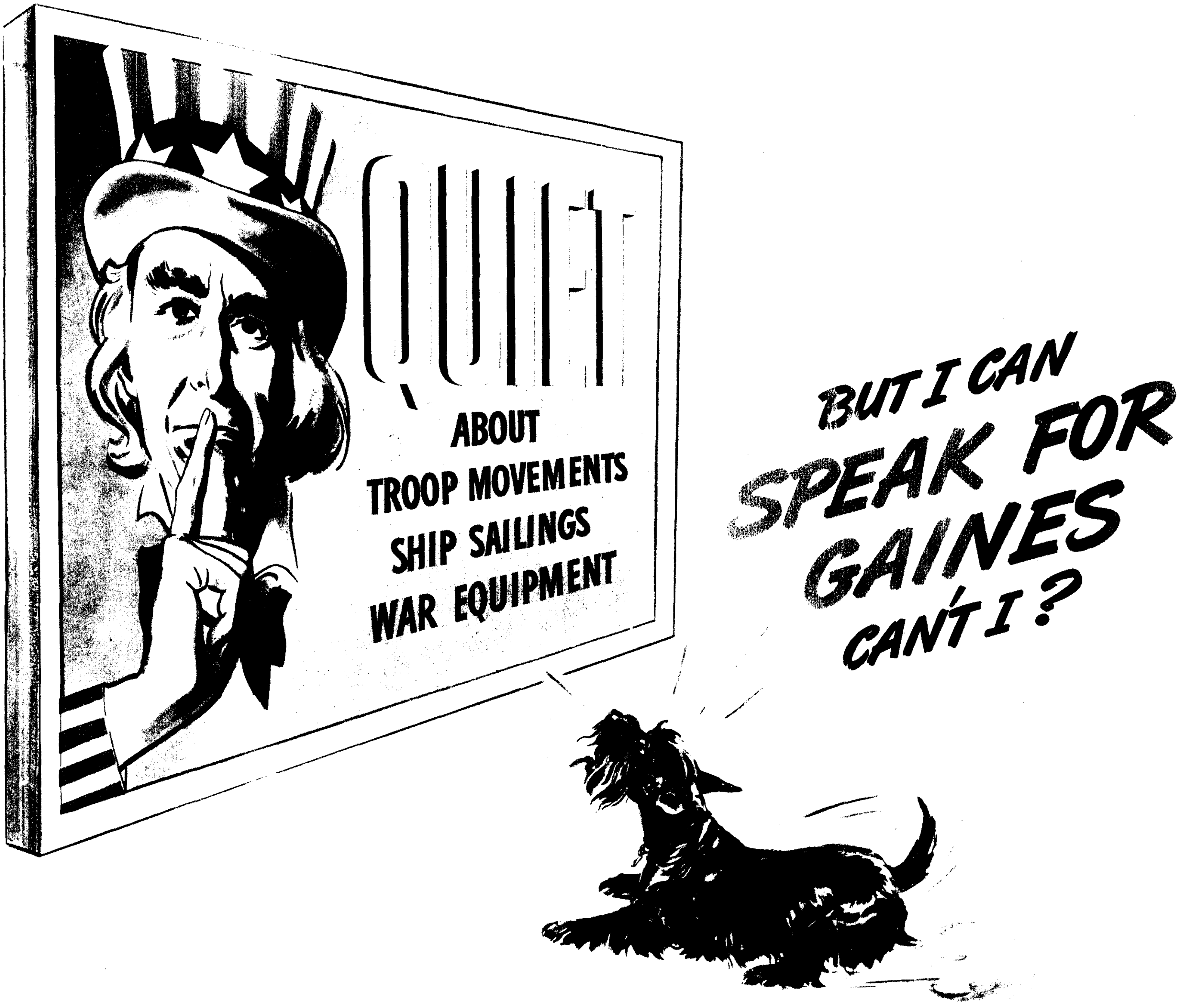
"You loved me. You told me so."

"That's nothing," he said easily. "You can be in love with someone and not like her. One thing has nothing to do with the other. That's your own idea, you know."

THAT had been a little over eight years before, she thought—in the winter of 1936. It was the kind of party one went to in that bleak time when none of the boys had money to spend on going to night clubs and theaters; and it was the kind of place, rather bare and down at the heels that young people rented when they had come to New York all set to put the world on fire only to find that it had already become a smoking ash. The conversation, too, had been typical—loud but strained, and turgid with desperation because no one really knew what was going to become of them.

Kate knew the words and caught some of their lost feeling but only because these were people her own age, her friends. She knew that times were bad, yet because she herself had never felt financial strain the basic cause of it all was a little unreal to her. Money—what it meant and where it came from—was taken for granted along with air; as far as she was concerned, there was always more than enough. If her father was having a hard time, she never knew, because at home nothing unpleasant was ever discussed in her presence.

Kate had come in from Swarthmore for the week end, and a boy from school had brought her to the party. In a few minutes, she lost sight of him and from then on found herself monopolized by a big, burly boy named Alex who took quiet possession of her. At first it amused her. His hair hadn't been cut in some time, his shoes needed shining and his laces had been repaired with knots. When they



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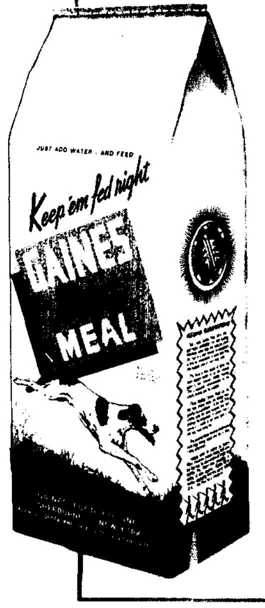

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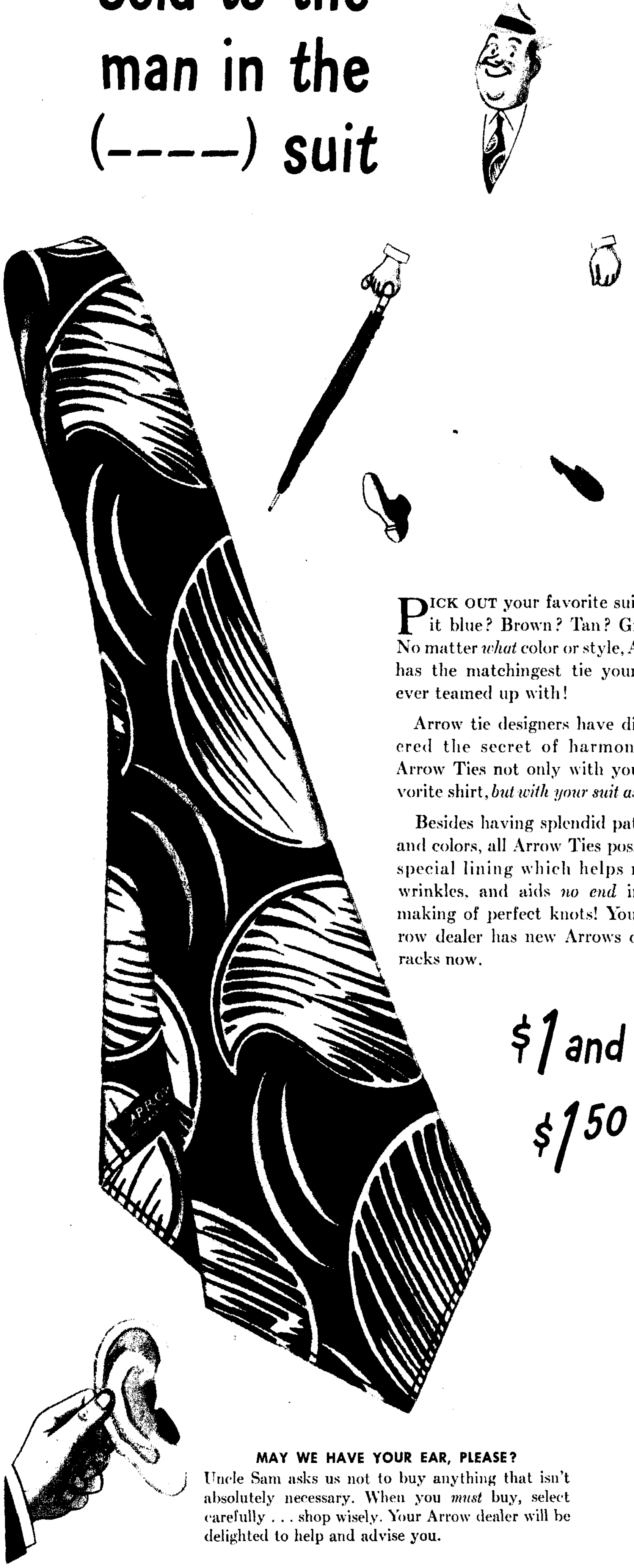
Sold to the man in the (----) suit



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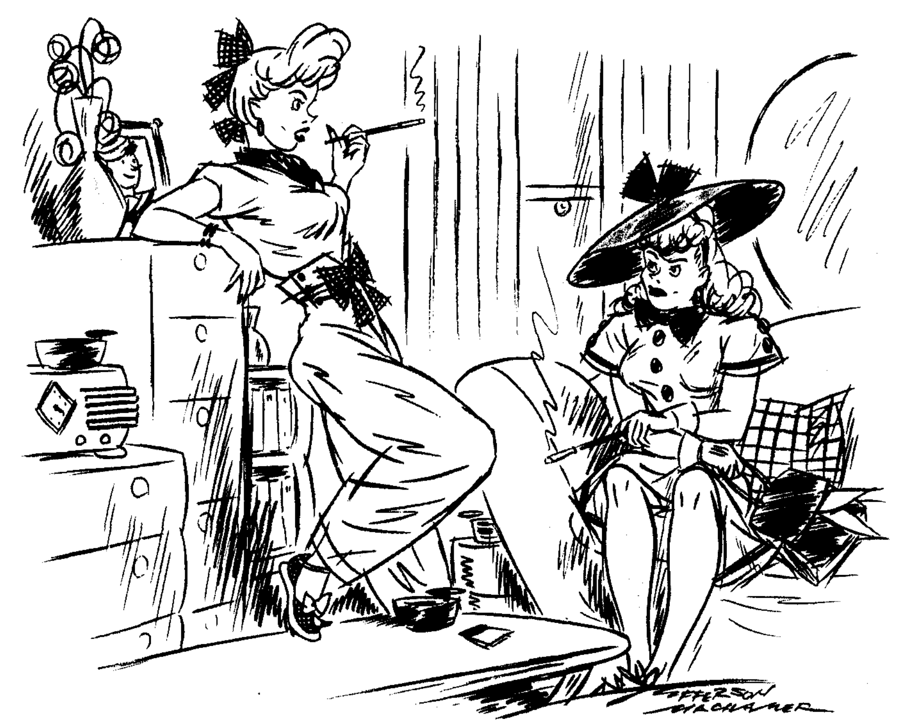


"I think, after the war, that the USO should be continued for civilians—so's we can see how they look in civvies!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

stood up to dance, she found that the suit that made him look so broad hung on him loosely. That came, she later discovered, from not eating often enough; he had graduated from engineering school only the year before, and the going had been hard for him.

"Why the devil are you so timid?" he asked. His big hand could have held three of hers and still closed his fingers around them. "I'm not going to bite you. I'm a friend."

"I'm not timid," Kate said. "I'm just fragile."

"Not fragile," he protested. "That sounds coy. Be . . ." he searched for a word. "Be *lissome.*"

She had to laugh, and for the moment, she was prepared to accept him.

"No, I can't be lissome. I'm not lissome enough. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll be fragilesome."

"Fragilesome is cumbersome." He made a song out of it, and then to fit the tune, sang, "And I love you." He stopped suddenly, looking at her with a peculiar expression.

"It's not a bad song, and it's not a good song," Kate said.

"But it's true!" he insisted, as though speaking to himself.

Kate glanced at him sharply. "What's true?" she asked, suddenly annoyed. It would have been far cleverer for her to continue as though it were still a joke, but inexplicably she became angry with him as though he had wantonly smashed some precious sentimental trinket of hers.

"I love you. You won't believe it," he said helplessly, with a small laugh. "But I love you."

"Oh, please!" Kate tried to break away from him.

"But it's not an insult," he protested, still smiling. "You say that only to someone you like."

"Being in love with someone and liking him have nothing to do with each other," Kate said. "And besides I don't think this is amusing."

The ridiculous argument continued all evening, patently absurd to both of them, but they couldn't stop. Kate forgot all about the boy who had brought her, and it seemed perfectly natural for Alex to take her home.

They went down the dark, carpeted stairs in silence, and just as they were in the middle of the last flight, he took her in his arms and kissed her. It lasted a long time and she made no protest. She had been kissed this way before with the same passion and intensity, and there had been times when it had aroused her, but never like this. She felt warm, excited and languid all at once.

"You see," he said. "I love you, and you love me."

"It doesn't mean anything," she said unhappily, straightening her hat. "I just felt like being kissed."

They reached the stoop and the heavy door closed behind them. The night was sharp and astringent, and suddenly she burst into tears, not understanding why and ashamed of herself.

"Now, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, Alex, it's so hard to explain to you, but you just picked the wrong time, that's all."

She dried her eyes and leaned against the railing while she tried to find her voice.

"I don't want to be in love with anybody," she said at last. "I'm afraid of what it does. Tonight, a terrible thing happened before I left home. I heard my parents arguing. I found out that they don't love each other, they haven't loved each other for years, and the only reason they've stayed together is to make it easier for me. They've had to give up half their lives to go on living together, hating each other, just for me. They were in love when they married, and now look at them. They're talking about divorce. I don't want the same thing to happen to me."

HE KISSED her gloved hands. "I'm sorry," he said gently. "But I think you're being a damned fool. In the first place, there's no law that says you have to fall out of love. There are people who go on loving each other all their lives, and if you love me you ought to have the guts to admit it. That's only in the first place. In the second place, if your parents have been making such a sacrifice for you all this time, the least you can do is to pay them back and be happy because that's what they want. And in the third place," he went on, stopping for breath, "in the third place, I guess you're right. Being in love and liking someone aren't the same things. Right now I don't like you, since you're not being very bright, and I'm afraid that you're spoiled; but because I'm in love with you, I'll take you home. Come on."

"But what am I to do, Alex? About my parents?"

He stopped to look at her, and his face was grave as he shrugged.

"I don't know, Kate," he said. "It seems to me that this is *your* problem."

"But Alex, I don't know where to start. I'm lost."

On the very first night, then, that she had met him, she had tried to pass a major difficulty off on him. She didn't want to make the decision; let someone else have the burden.

She solved the question in her own way: by doing nothing. And a few weeks after she married Alex, her parents started their divorce action. It was the first and only time that Alex failed her, because, after that, he unconsciously took up where her parents had left off, and again Kate found herself completely absolved from responsibility.

All that was eight years ago . . . a long time, and yet they had gone by so swiftly that Kate had scarcely noticed. She had begun to be aware of time only in the past few months, when Alex had been away. Now he was back, and she found herself walking the narrow tightrope between the past and the future, averting her head from the black fears that screamed for release, promising her that if she'd only tell Alex so that he might bear the weight, she'd never be bothered again.

Yet the right moment would not seem to come. Alex was having his own fears and uncertainties, and she realized how desperately she loved him because all that was being left unsaid between them made her feel as though she were groping toward him in the darkness, destined never to find him until his fears were confided to her, so that she could be assured that his troubles were trivial compared to her own.

"What's that sign hanging out of the window?" he asked now, pointing down the block to Number 17.

"There's a millinery shop on the ground floor now," Kate said, from the surface of her mind. "I noticed it last month when I happened to be down this way."

"When we lived there I always used to think that it was the most distinctive house on the street," Alex confessed, staring at it as he held her hand. He knew that palm so well, no matter what glove covered it, he wasn't even aware of what he was doing or from what source he was drawing warmth. "And now it's just like all the others."

Alex was staring up at the second floor. "There are no curtains in the window. I'll bet the place is vacant."

"It is; I asked about it."

He turned to her with a question in his eyes, as he wondered why she should make such a sentimental journey alone. "Let's go up and look at it," he suggested.

Kate shook her head. "No, please, let's not. It's not the same place."

"You were up there?" he insisted.

"Yes," she said. "I'm sorry I went."

He pressed her hand a little harder and after a few moments, still staring across the street, he said, "In one of my letters, I asked if you'd gone to see Doctor Ronson as you promised. You never told me what he said."

A chill swept over her. Now's my chance, she thought. I didn't intend to tell him until he asked, and now I'm free to do it. I made an effort and that's all anyone can ask. "The usual thing," she said aloud, wondering what part of her refused to yield. "He gave me an aspirin and patted me on the head."

"Nothing serious?" He was gazing at the vacant windows, filling them with the silhouettes of both of them.

"Nothing, darling." Later, she decided. When we get home, but not now.

"I still say those windows need flowers," Alex said. "We kept promising and promising and never got around to it."

"We really didn't need them; we were too busy being happy.". . .

They had been so happy that they used to tell each other that it was probably illegal. In 1936 the whole world was still suffering from the depression, and there they were, without a dime, without anything, and still the happiest people alive.

At the time, it seemed to Kate that they were living in a sort of musical-comedy poverty in which having no money was lots of fun while all the bills managed still to be paid. There was always food, and they were always laughing. Her salary at the big department store was $18 a week, and the job seemed to serve her more as a source of anecdotes than money. She could never take it seriously. Alex earned the sizable difference between $18 a week and what it cost to live, and so Kate asked no questions, because, as before, money had no meaning to her. There were occasional lectures about budgets, and she tried hard, very hard. Kate congratulated herself on the fact that her lapses were few, totally ignoring the fact that when one did occur, it was an enormity.

There was the case of the hat. One evening, Alex arrived home to find her wearing one of her housedresses. It was an old one but she particularly liked it. He kissed her and then seemed amusedly puzzled by her unaccountable radiance.

"How do you like it?" she asked triumphantly.

"Like what, Kate?" He glanced at the dress which he had seen a hundred times before, then at her feet, but she was wearing the usual mules. "What is it?"

"The hat, you blind bat! Don't you like it?"

IT WAS a tiny calot that sat on the back of her head, almost invisible unless she turned around.

"Of course, I like it," he said.

"You're not seeing it under the right circumstances," she went on, posing in front of a mirror. "This dress and all . . ."

She glanced at him sideways for a moment. "I paid fifty dollars for it," she said very quickly and in a monotone.

There was a long silence. Neither of them moved.

"You *what?*" he asked softly.

"It was marked down from sixty-five."

"Oh, no!" His voice grew a little louder, growing in intensity as he realized that she was serious. "Kate, listen. . . . Where do we get off? . . . What's that hat made of anyhow? Fifty dollars!"

"It's in the workmanship. There isn't another one like it."

"I've seen a million of them on my way home! Where did you get the fifty dollars?"

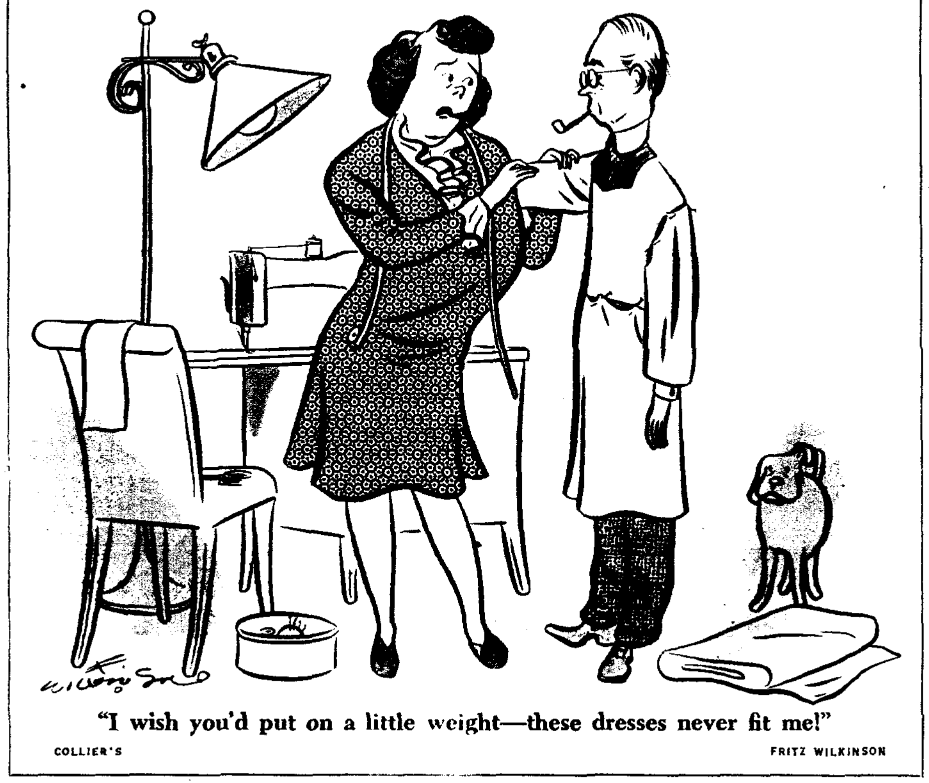
"I didn't."

"You mean it's not paid for? Well, thank heaven! Send it back."

"I *can't* send it back," Kate insisted. Her voice was choked. "I'd be ashamed to take it back. I'll take it out of my salary. Five dollars a week."

"We eat out of your salary," Alex reminded her. "That $18 is gone even before you earn it."

"Oh, Alex, I don't know whatever came



"I wish you'd put on a little weight—these dresses never fit me!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Why Dick Campman turned Rip Van Winkle

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Schick

"Dapper Dick," they used to call him. That was back in the days when he got those wonderfully smooth, clean, quick shaves with his Schick Electric Shaver. But one day Dick dropped and broke his Schick—and you see from the above picture what he did rather than go back to his old-fashioned shaving methods. For he knew our factory's too busy with war work, these days, to build any new Schicks till Victory comes.

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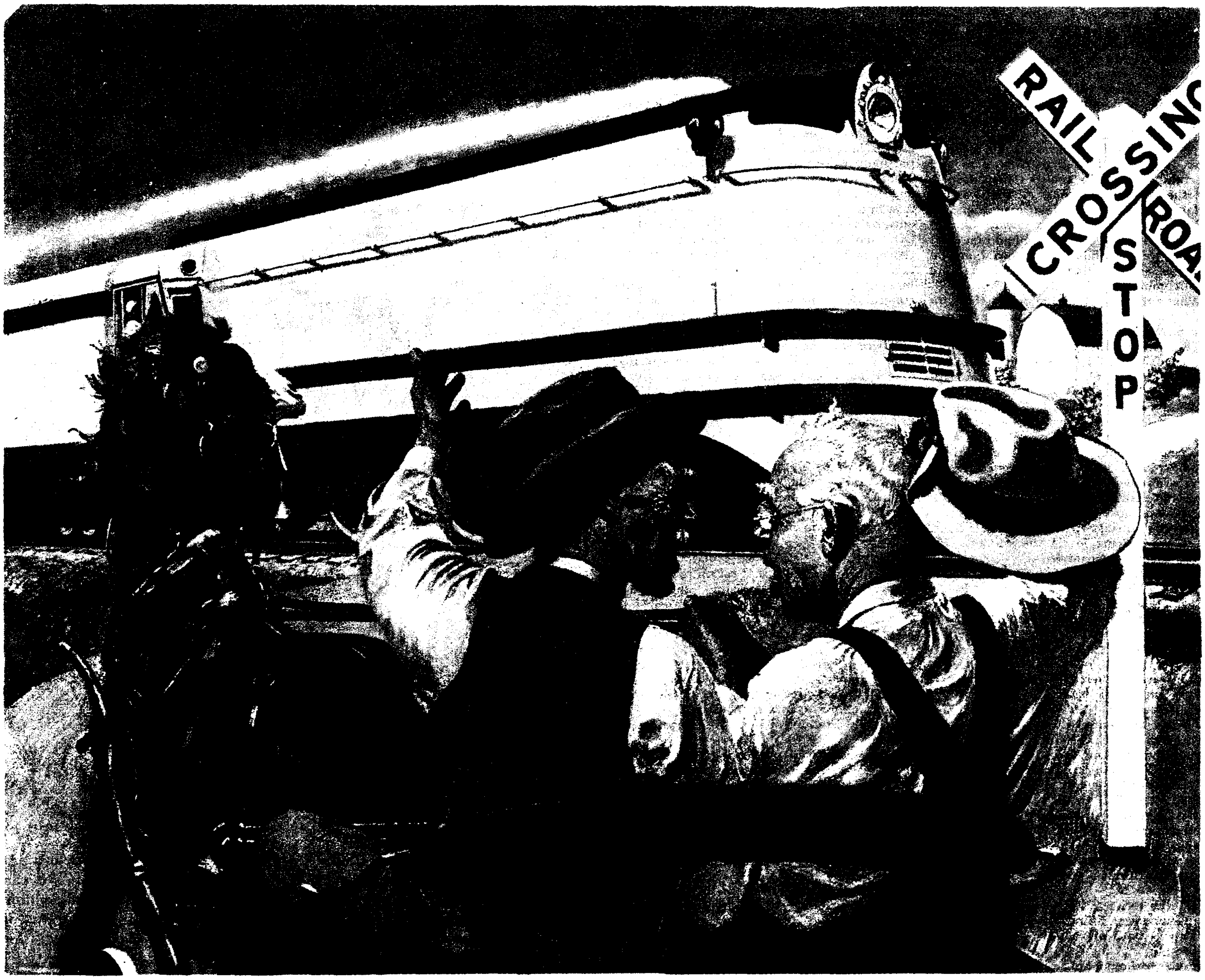

"You Durn Fool—It is a Steam Engine!"

"STEAM-ENGINE, my aunt Sarah! A steam-engine's got a tall stack and big belly and wheels goin' round outside. Thet there is one of them streamliners."

"Sure, Lem—but streamlinin' by itself don't tell you nothin'. *All* kinds of engines is bein' streamlined these days—you can't tell what's underneath. The station agent told me so hisself."

Yes, streamlining today *does* make it difficult to distinguish between steam, Diesel, and electric locomotives. Speed doesn't give you much of a clue, either, for any of the three types can be built to pull any train at any desired speed.

Which type of locomotive is best for any one particular railroad depends on other factors. Here at American Locomotive we build *all three*—for we know from a hundred years of experience that only a careful study of a railroad's requirements can determine which type of locomotive is the modern locomotive for the job.

Today, a large percentage of America's crack passenger and freight trains are pulled by American Locomotive engines—some steam, some Diesel, some electric. Each is unsurpassed at its particular job because each was built for that particular job.

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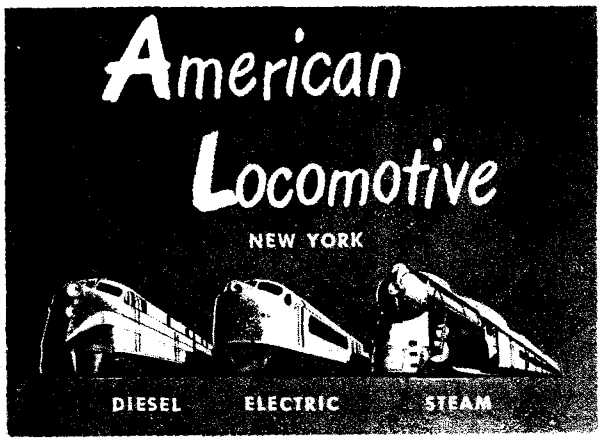

over me. But it felt so good to be able to go in the way I used to and get something really nice! It was such a treat, almost like a vacation! I can see now what a stupid thing it was to do, though, and I'll take the hat back tomorrow if you want."

"You can keep it," Alex said heavily. He was silent, huge and helpless. "It'll probably take a year to pay for it, but you can have it."

Her gratitude was a glow of happiness, and she kept promising herself that she'd make it up to him. She'd give him a similar treat some day soon, so that he'd know how grateful she was. For the next few months she kept rigidly to her budget; then on their anniversary, she made her opportunity.

"We're going to have a party," she promised him. "Just the two of us, and it's going to be a surprise."

The surprise consisted of dinner at a smart restaurant and tickets for a musical comedy. Kate was a charming hostess and refused to allow Alex to worry about the prices.

"Holy smoke, Kate," he whispered when the usher led them to seats in the 3d row, orchestra. "Did you hold up a bank?"

"Now, Alex, aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"Of course, I'm enjoying myself, but . . ."

"Well, then, don't spoil everything. I want you to have a lavish party without a worry." She took his arm and held it tightly. "Please, dear, just let yourself go this once."

He grinned and then cleared his throat pompously in a caricature of the wealthy capitalist. "Okay, Kate, it's your party."

IT WAS completely her party, and the fine satisfaction of having treated Alex to a wonderful evening lasted for the next few days until she had to tell him that she had used the rent money for it.

He was speechless for minutes. He could only stare at her with such utter incredulity that she couldn't imagine what he'd do.

"God help me," he said finally. He shook his head. "I just can't understand . . ." He gave up for a moment, then, "Kate, just don't say anything," he warned her. "You can't know how furious I am. . . . You might say the wrong thing and so help me, I'd brain you!" He stood up and paced the floor. "Just tell me," he asked. "How did you think we were going to pay the rent? The money has to come from somewhere!"

"Well, we always pay at the beginning of the month, and there's no reason in the world why we can't pay at the end of the month instead."

"With *what?*" he demanded. "I don't know whether to laugh or to cry!"

She knew that if she ran to him now and held herself close to him, he'd laugh; but he knew her well enough to keep her seated.

"Don't come near me," he said. "I never wanted to punch anyone as much in my life as I want to beat you right now!"

"It was because of the hat," she explained. "I wanted you to have the same sort of treat that that was for me. I tried to save up for it, a dollar each week, but it didn't turn out. . . . The anniversary was getting closer and closer, and I hadn't put aside a penny."

Alex put on his hat and coat. "I'm going out for a while and take a walk," he said. "I'll be back later."

He came back an hour later and said nothing to her. For two days after that he was reserved, and then it appeared to be forgotten. And the consequences weren't so disastrous, after all, because the rent managed to be paid some way.

Kate didn't ask how it was done, and it wasn't until much later that she found out. Alex had sent for Dr. Ronson much against Kate's wishes because she was so sure that the pain in her chest was nothing.

"You'll see," she told Alex. "Ronson'll just laugh."

Ronson didn't laugh. He never laughed at Kate. "Just take it easy for a few hours," he told her in the gentle voice he always reserved for her. "You'll be all right again." He looked at Alex. "How's your back? Does it ever bother you?"

"It's fine, fine!" said Alex hurriedly.

"What's this about a back?" Kate asked. "You've got your files mixed up, Doctor Ronson. Alex's back is all right."

"Maybe it is," said the physician as he turned to go. "But it wasn't the last time I looked at it. A nasty wrench like that takes a long time to heal."

"Yes, of course!" Alex tried to rush him out of the apartment. "So long."

"What's all this about a back?" she demanded after the door closed.

"I wrenched it a couple of years ago." He was very busy with the paper.

"And where was I?"

"Right here."

"And why didn't I know?"

He laid the paper down on his lap with reluctance. "Because it wasn't important."

"You might as well break down, and tell me, or I'll be at you all evening."

"It was when I was driving a truck."

"Are you kidding me? When were you ever a truck driver?"

Alex sighed and put the paper away carefully.

"I was a truck driver when we got married. There were no jobs open for engineers so I took whatever I could get and I drove a truck. One day, I wrenched . . ."

MR. BOWLES' FACE IS RED

Office of Price Administration
Washington, 25, D. C.

To the Editor of Collier's: In February, I wrote an article for Collier's on the "future of rationing." This article appeared in your May 6th issue and in it I prophesied that there was unlikely to be any relief from meat rationing until 1945.

Anyone holding a job like mine should know that prophecies are dangerous, particularly in such uncertain fields as those of food distribution. When I wrote the article, I was sufficiently aware of this danger to state several times that I realized that any man who tried to guess what food supplies would be in the future was taking some serious risks.

In any case, that particular prophecy on meat rationing is one that I've had to eat personally, for our supplies in April were bigger than we expected. And when it became obvious that May hog shipments would again surpass our expectations, we decided that meat rationing could, for the most part, be suspended.

So I'll just have to admit that the prophecy which I made in February, based on the best available information, turned out to be wrong in May. I hope my batting average as far as the other prophecies are concerned is higher, although I again want to stress that we will always reduce rationing or suspend it entirely whenever the supplies warrant such action, even though in so doing I am forced to contradict any predictions which I have made.

Sincerely,

CHESTER BOWLES
Administrator

* * *

"Alex!" She was staring at him, hurt. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"What was the use of both of us worrying? It's all over now, Kate, anyway. I've got a good job with an engineering firm. I get fifty-five a week. Business is picking up. All that stuff is over; forget it."

"Why shouldn't I worry? Do you think I'm so fragile?"

"No, Kate." He picked up the paper again, smiling, saying nothing about her extravagance. "You're not fragile, you're lissome."

He had won his point because, in their comparative comfort, it was hard to re-create the misery he must have gone through unless she made a special effort.

BY NOVEMBER, 1942, the wrenched back and all it implied were forgotten. When Alex told Kate that he was taking a leave of absence from the firm to become a civilian engineer for the Ordnance Division of the War Department, he made it sound routine.

"The work is done out in the desert only because they don't want any snoopers."

"That's all right with me," she said. "I don't care for crowds. When do we go?"

"*We* don't go," he said gently. "*I* go."

"Alone?"

"Yes, in a month."

She watched him in silence as he crossed the room, trying to understand exactly what it would mean to her to be left alone. For a moment, she felt as though he were punishing her unjustly and she wanted to cry.

"But I don't understand why you're going. Whose idea is it?"

"Mine, I guess." He looked at her directly. "I want to go, Kate."

"But what am I supposed to do? Oh, Alex, I'm lost without you. I won't know what to do with myself. Isn't there something else you can do that can be done right here?"

"This is what I want to do."

She was very quiet, unable not to feel resentment.

The month passed so fast in getting him ready that she didn't quite realize that she was being defeated until she had said goodby at the station, actually amazed to see the train move off into the gloom of the tunnel and the distance between them widen slowly and irrevocably. It was hard to turn around and walk away because all at once there was no place to go, no Alex to meet, nothing to look forward to. For the first time, she felt bitter anger.

"Alex!" she started to say, but that old familiar stab in her chest gripped her with pain more intense than she had ever known before. Forever, she would remember that quick, remorseless agony.

THE pain passed, leaving with her a consuming fear, and it was many months before she got up the courage to go again to Dr. Ronson. In that time, she received cheerful, joking letters from Alex describing the womanless camp, and his bunkmate, Tom Kenyon, who was walking in clouds because his wife had borne him a son. Because Kate had once referred to the pain in an attempt to arouse his sympathy, Alex insisted, as she knew he would, that she go to the physician. This time she wouldn't play it down the way she had always done before. She'd show him what she was going through.

"No more aspirins, and no more pats on the head," Ronson said heavily. "I see that I can't postpone it any longer because if I do, you'll go to someone else and he'll tell you. I want to be the one because I've known longer than anyone, and I know how you should be told. I've known it ever since you were ten, Kate."

He told her then, very simply, about her heart. If Kate had planned to get something to write to Alex in order to punish him, she got far more than she had ever bargained for.

"The truth is, my dear," the doctor said, "that it can happen at any time. There's no way to tell when. Tomorrow or in fifty years. There was no point in telling you before. What could you have done? At least you've had a full happy life and, with luck and courage, you can go on for the rest of your natural span."

"But I've lived with it for twenty-six years," she protested. "Why now all of a sudden?"

"It needn't be now, Kate," Ronson insisted. "It needn't be for a long time. If you can have the courage to face it and live normally as you have been living, your chances are excellent. But if you allow yourself to be defeated, to become neurotic about it, that's tantamount to suicide. Actually, it's up to you."

His voice was a reassuring cushion that saved her from hysteria until she got home; then the full realization hit her with the force of a typhoon, inundating, overwhelming, battering down every defense. She stood in the middle of the living room that was such a far cry from the first little place in which they had started. Panic choked her, then the fear that the exertion of panic itself might be too much, then reinforced panic. It mounted in waves and finally she saw the yellow telegram awaiting her.

"See you in two days as I pass through. Love, Alex."

She crystallized her terror so that it became a dead weight that could just barely be borne for a little while longer until she could put it into Alex's hands. At the station, she ran down the long crowded platform, pushing through the mobs until she finally saw him. There was a burst of relief that died immediately when she realized how he had changed. His face was grim and drawn. Looking into his eyes for the moment before kissing him, there was the im-

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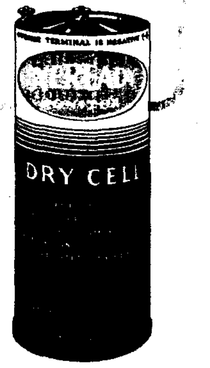

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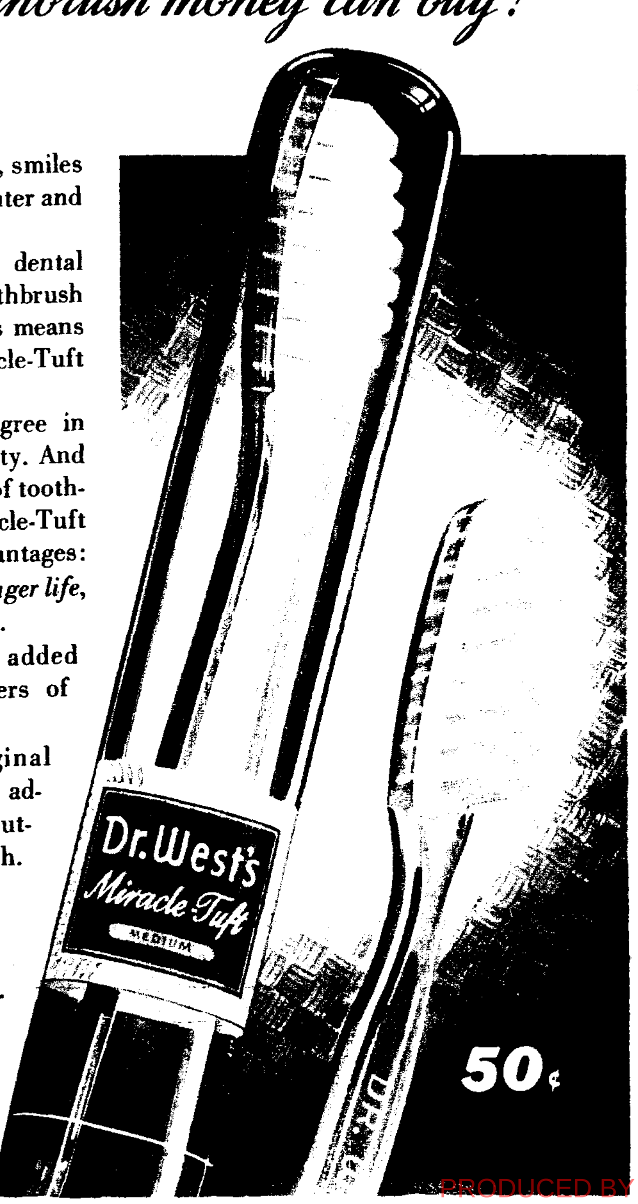


pression that he had grown away from her.

"Darling!" she said, on the verge of tears.

"It's all right, Kate," he told her. "Don't worry, it's nothing."

"Nothing?" Kate demanded. "How can you . . ."

"I tried to keep it out of my letters, but I should have known you could see the strain. Now we have a week together. I'll be able to pull myself out of it."

She raised her head slowly as she understood that he wasn't talking about her, that he had no idea of the burden she had waiting for him. It had been so much with her these past few days that it was hard to realize that Alex didn't know. Yet his strangeness held her back. Later, she decided. Later on, when we get back to where we lost each other, I'll tell him, and then he won't go away.

NOW, three days out of the seven remained, and, finally, he was on the point of talking. Perhaps it was the sight of these loved old places that brought it out, perhaps it was simply that he felt his time was getting short, but here they were at the end of the pilgrimage in a little bar which had always been one of their good luck places.

"I don't want you to worry about me," he was saying. "I won't be in any danger, and I'll be back in no time at all."

Kate gained no comfort from what he said, because she saw that he was talking more to himself than to her. It came as a shock to her that he too was afraid. She wished that he would cry so that she could take his head to her bosom and say, "I know, Alex. I know because I feel the same way," and then it would be easy to tell him.

The words of confession of terror were already forming themselves in the back of her mind. They brought a wave of excitement and relief that foretold how exquisitely pleasant it would be to get rid of the burden, to be absolved from having to generate her own courage. The time was almost here.

"What were the things you didn't write to me, Alex?" she asked quietly. "It *was* dangerous work, wasn't it?"

He looked up slowly, and there was a flickering in his eyes as he hesitated. "No," he said finally. "It was nothing for you to have worried about. All I had to do was to exercise normal caution, and I was all right."

"Was anyone"—she hesitated for a moment—"killed?"

The flickering light in the back of his eyes stopped on the brightest level as he recalled something very vividly.

"One man," he said abruptly. She could see that he had forced himself to stop.

"Could it have been you, Alex?" she asked. It was an insidious question.

His eyes flared and his face became white.

"No!" He was fighting hard to believe it. "It couldn't have been I, because Tom was careless. I'm not."

"Tom? Was it that Tom Kenyon you worked with? You lived with him, Alex! You wrote that you were celebrating the birth of his boy, just the two of you."

"Yes, it was Tom." Alex wet his lips as he remembered the explosion. "I warned him continually. But," he went on, repeating the phrase so mechanically that his defense was obvious, "it won't happen to me. I'll be back."

"But it's going to be worse from now on, isn't it?"

Suddenly she realized what she was doing to him and could stand her own brutality no longer. She found her selfishness disgusting, as though she suddenly discovered that she had always possessed some gross deformity.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I don't want to torture you! I know what you're going through. I just want you to admit that you're afraid!"

He took a deep breath as though to strengthen himself and then shook his head slowly as he admitted his defeat.

"I am afraid," he said slowly. "I'm afraid in a funny way. It's not the pain that bothers me; there's always an end to that. It's for *you* that I'm afraid. I'd be thinking of *you* and of all the things we want that I've promised myself to get for you. That's all. If I can be confident that I'll go on being careful, I'll come back. Actually, Kate, that's all I need now. You'll have to believe that I can make it, and if you do, then I'll be all right. You don't have any doubts about me, do you, Kate?"

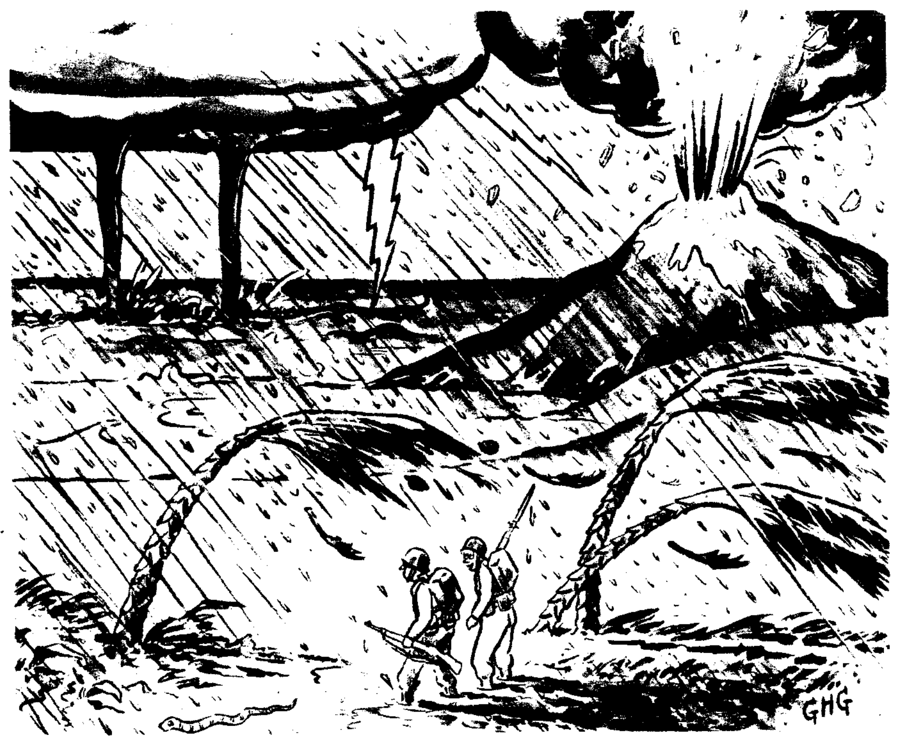
"No," she said mechanically. For a moment, she felt cheated because his fears were the opposite of hers. He wasn't afraid for himself. She thought slowly; it had always been like this. She had never really understood that kind of love. All her life she had thought of herself first. All her life, other people had been taking her punishment for her, shielding her, sheltering her until her own private reserves of strength had almost atrophied. She remembered the sacrifices her parents had made, her friends, and always Alex. She owed a lot of debts. It was time to start paying back, and the very least she could do was to have the courage to go on living.

"You do believe that I have the strength?" Alex asked. There was the germ of tough confidence in his voice and all she had to do was to nourish it with a gesture in order to make it live and grow stronger.

"I *know* you'll be back, Alex," she heard herself say, and with it came the first diminishing of her own burden. To be able to give something to Alex, something that he would not have to pay for himself in the end, made her feel miraculously alive. This was the first real gift she had ever made, and it gave her a greater sense of fulfillment than any self-indulgence in the past. She saw that she had finally become a person in her own right.

"I can feel it because you do yourself," she said. "You'll be back, Alex, and I'll be here waiting for you!"

THE END



"One thing I like about it here—it never gets cold"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Cave-In

Continued from page 18

out on the porch and say, "Why what's the matter, Eddie? How did you get over here? Where's your daddy?"

Until then, McCabe, who knew how close to death he was, had lain there without moving. Now he strained forward, shouted to his mother to stay away from the hole. Had others come close to it, they might have toppled tons of earth and rock on top of him. His mother called the firemen, who spread a network of ladders to disperse their weight and then dropped a rope to McCabe. He tied it under his arms. Then slowly, foot by foot, they pulled him out. When McCabe, out of work three months, tried to get the Pennsylvania Coal Co. to pay for his medical expenses, its lawyers brushed him off saying he had been trespassing on their property.

While we were in Pittston, six-year-old Joseph Maria had a narrow escape. While playing, he suddenly felt the ground giving way beneath him. Having known about the Fulmer child's death, he was paralyzed with terror and could neither move nor scream. Nine-year-old Sam Milazzo, playing near by, realized his predicament, however, and ran to him and pulled him out just as he had sunk to shoulder height. Little Joe began vomiting as soon as he was safe. The Milazzo boy left him on his own front porch ringing his doorbell. His mother, not knowing what had happened, called the doctor and got him into bed immediately. Before the doctor arrived, Joe's speech returned. We asked him what he thought was happening when he felt the earth giving way. Joe, a somber little fellow with tremendous brown eyes, replied, "I thought I was dying." His vomiting continued for two days, but on the third day he was out playing—over the mines. There is no other place to play in Pittston.

Virtually the entire city rests on a thin shell of earth over a honeycomb of mines. Yet none of Pittston's 18,000 residents is very excited about the danger in which they live. In fact, only recently have they become convinced of the danger. Cave-ins have been common in the region for the last thirty-five years. But in the last two years, they have severely damaged Pittston, becoming more numerous each spring with the rains and thawing of the ground.

Ever since the death of the Fulmer child people have been really disturbed. They are not looking for someone to blame. They are only troubled deeply. The mines under Pittston have been their bread and butter ever since they can remember. They would laugh if you ventured the opinion that they have been eating themselves and their homes. Yet, in a way, that is what has been happening.

Man-Made Catastrophe

No one is going to jail and no one is going to be punished for what has happened in Pittston. Yet the disaster that has befallen Pittston is man-made. It is an old story in the northern anthracite coal field. Every town in the Wyoming Valley has suffered cave-ins, including Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Wyoming, Kingston, West Pittston, Forty Fort and Old Forge. Fourteen large public schools have been wrecked during the past fifteen years. Shenandoah is the only town in the southern coal field which has been hard hit; it suffered a major cave-in in 1940.

Everyone is "sorta waiting to see what happens." What they mean is that they are waiting to see if the town's officials, the coal companies, the banks, the school board and the state cannot get together on the financing of a flushing program which will stop the cave-ins. Flushing is the filling in of abandoned mines by sealing them off and washing in, by pressure hoses, enough slag and culm to support the surface.

When Seaman 2/c George Fulmer came home from the Norfolk Navy Base to find his little girl dead, he engaged Arthur Macquire and William A. Corcoran, attorneys, "to do something." The mines under Mill Street where the little girl died are owned by the Pennsylvania Coal Co. Eventually the mining rights were leased by Louis Pagnotti.

Pagnotti never mined there, but another small operator, Peter Minichelli, who owns the Morgan Coal Co., was mining near by. Pagnotti gave Minichelli either oral or written permission to mine the coal Pagnotti had leased. This Minichelli did, and when he had taken all the coal out, he pulled out his equipment and abandoned the mine. That was a year before the Fulmer child dropped into the earth. People in Pittston don't know whom to blame, or what to charge. So, like everyone else, Fulmer's attorneys are waiting to see what will happen.

Legally, no one is to blame because Pennsylvania's mining laws, written over a hundred years ago, give anyone owning the mineral rights to land the privilege of doing with it as he pleases, *regardless of surface damage*. You may have scrimped and saved twenty years to buy your home, but the mine operator, owning the mineral rights under it, has a legal right to dig, mine, blast the coal out, even if it causes your house to collapse. Back of this lies the simple, get-rich-quick philosophy of the original coal barons: "Get it and get out."

Probably the law was both practical and fair a hundred years ago, but the situation today is that whole cities have been built over mines that have been worked out and abandoned. Most homes have been built without inquiry as to subsurface support. In many other cases, the home owners have sold the coal under their homes, glad to get the money, little reckoning that some day the loss of that coal would wreck the homes.

Wealth for the Taking

Mining began around Pittston about a hundred years ago. It was relatively easy mining; the veins were close to the surface, dry and rich. Only thirty feet below the surface is the top vein, the six-foot Checker vein. A hundred and ten feet below it is the twelve-foot Pittston vein. Another eighty feet of rock brings you to the eight-foot Marcy vein and one hundred and twelve feet below is the seven-foot Red Ash vein.

The original mine operators left tremendous pillars of coal to hold up the ceiling—and the surface. Some were twenty by thirty feet in size. They were left intact, not for the sake of the surface, but because it was easier to drive ahead into the vein with the roof well supported.

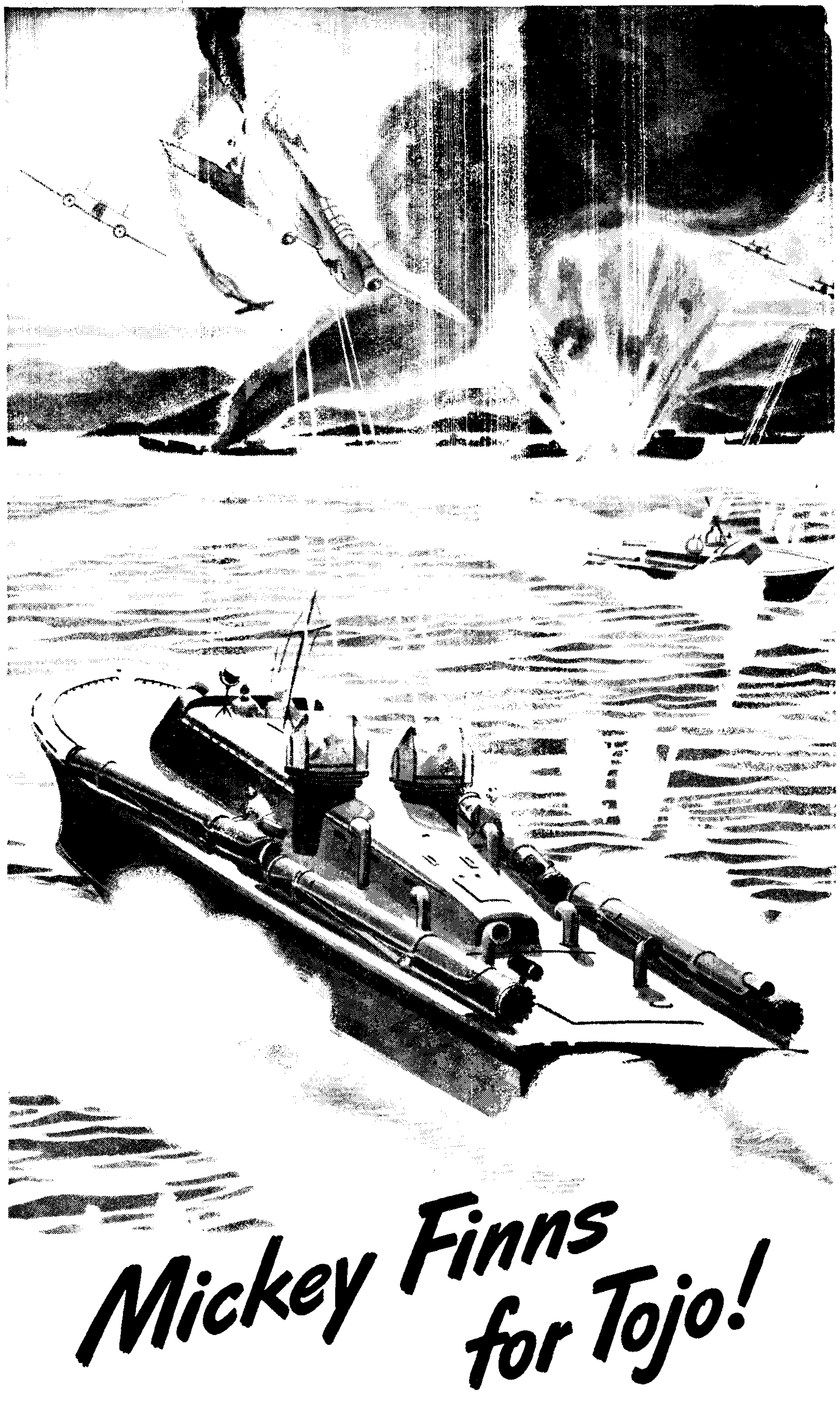
In time, however, the operators found their expenses mounting. The farther into the veins they drove, the greater the expense of maintenance, such as pumps, fans, trackage. Additional company men were needed to haul the coal to the surface and process it. Wages, too, increased. Finally, many of the big operators closed down their mines.

Then gradually the big companies, although most of them never resumed large-scale operations themselves, let the mines be reopened. They found it easier and cheaper to lease their mining rights to small operators, collecting a royalty on each ton mined. Usually the small operators were themselves miners who had acquired a little capital.

The small operators went after the rich pillars of coal left standing by earlier miners for support. They cut them in half. Still later they subcontracted to even smaller operators, veins they had abandoned. These ripped out what was left of the pillars. They knocked down the foot of coal left for a ceiling to strengthen support. The miners call it "robbing the pillar."

The big companies, in their remaining operations, also robbed the pillar. New mining techniques made it possible for the miners to "advance" into the face of the vein as far as they wanted, then "retreat," tearing out the pillars of coal as they worked back to the shaft. W. L. Pace, Pittston attorney who has been demanding new mining laws, puts it this way: "These scavengers come in here after most of the coal's out, rob the pillars, then run like hell." It is the hundred-year-old idea: "Get it and get out." Experts call the final result, the caving-in of the surface, "mine subsidence."

The largest of the so-called small operators in the Pittston area is Louis Pagnotti, who employs some 3,500 men. A native of nearby Old Forge, he worked in the mines as a youth. Later he became a Scranton fight promoter. He staged the 1926 bout in which Mickey Walker lost his welterweight title to Pete Latzo. In 1937, he became a coal operator, leasing most of the coal left under Pittston from the Pennsylvania Coal Co. Though most townspeople believe his operations have been responsible for Pittston's cave-ins, few blame him, even if their own homes have suffered. "What good is a house, if you can't eat?" asked one man. Another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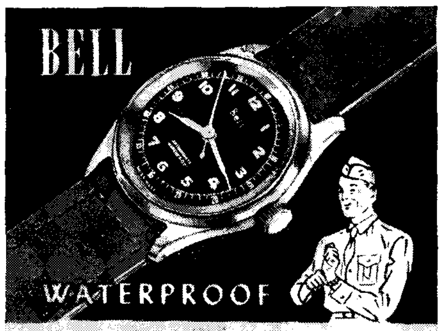

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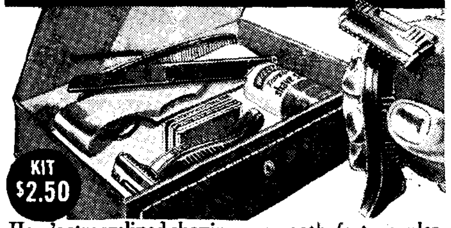

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pointed out the obvious fact that the country desperately needs coal.

Aside from these factors, the people of Pittston like Pagnotti because he was once a miner himself and has taken a responsible attitude toward the cave-ins, although he is not legally responsible. No one knows how much money he has spent fixing up homes that have been damaged by subsidences. We found him in his office at the Sullivan Trail Colliery in West Pittston. A man in his early fifties, he is quick, pleasant, intelligent, and dead set against having his picture taken.

Although many of Pittston's cave-ins are a result of mining done years before he became an operator, Pagnotti, like everyone else in Pittston, isn't looking for someone to blame. Probably no one in Pittston knows more about the extent of damage created by the cave-ins. The procedure in Pittston, if your home suffers from a cave-in, is to call the police who, in turn, call Pagnotti. He sends truckloads of slag and culm to fill the hole, and carpenters to shore up and brace your home. When a house collapsed on Railroad Street, he bought it because it was beyond repair. When the high school settled a year ago, it was feared that three of the city's churches and the Y.M.C.A. would cave, too.

Pagnotti spent an estimated $100,000 flushing under that area to safeguard it, but Pagnotti is unwilling to talk about it or future flushing. "I'm on the spot," he says. "No matter what I say, it is better to just keep quiet. If I say anything, people will say, 'He's bragging,' or they will say I am not doing anything. I am just doing what I can, that's all. One of the papers, it meant well, called me a 'liberal coal operator.' I went to a coal operators' meeting, and they kidded the pants off me, the 'big liberal coal operator.' So I am not saying anything. I get it from all sides."

According to state mine inspectors, flushing will check the cave-ins, but until the last state legislature met, there were no funds available, and flushing is too expensive for a town to carry by itself. About $200,000 of the state's military bill was earmarked for disasters and made available to localities suffering from subsidences.

Some $105,000 has been set aside for Pittston, the remainder being reserved for other towns. But before the city can touch this money, it must match it with another $105,000. For months, Mayor Reilly has been engaged in negotiations with the Pennsylvania, Pagnotti and other coal companies to get them to meet this sum. The school board and banks whose mortgaged property has decreased in value are also expected to contribute.

The flushing program, outlined by Mayor Reilly, consists of two projects. One will flush the Checker vein in the Mill Street area, where the Fulmer child died and many homes have been ruined, at a cost of $120,000. The other will flush the Marcy vein under the high school, at a cost of $90,000. Another $58,000 will be spent in an effort to salvage the high school. These projects will not do anything to help the abandoned Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church or the southern section of the city where the most recent cave-ins have occurred. So far the Pagnotti and Morgan Coal companies have offered to contribute $65,000.

Irate over new cave-ins in mid-May, both the school board and the city council passed resolutions directing the mayor to proceed against the "reckless mining" of the coal companies by using his police powers to stop further mining under the city. The mayor refused, saying he had no legal right to do so.

Safety is Unconstitutional

Prospects of changes in mining laws are even more distant. Back in 1921, after an eleven-year-old boy had been swallowed up in a cave-in, the state passed the Kohler Mine Cave bill, making it illegal for operators to mine coal without leaving permanent support behind them. The operators fought the bill's constitutionality through to the U. S. Supreme Court. Defending the bill were Lawyer Pace and a young attorney, Owen Roberts, but the court, upholding the operators, found the bill unconstitutional.

Times change. Owen Roberts is now a Supreme Court Justice, and Pittston people feel that the same bill would be found constitutional today; but the earliest the bill can be reintroduced will be at the next session of the legislature—the spring of 1945. It will help protect what is left of Pittston by then.

Neither the flushing program nor the new bill will do much for the residents of the southern section of the city. Until this spring, few holes had opened up there. But while we were in Pittston, they were occurring almost daily.

Yet the mining under this section of the city continues. And little Jule Ann Fulmer is dead.

THE END

A Million Starve

Continued from page 14

with China's scorched-earth policy, roads were destroyed and transportation facilities reduced to the barest minimum in order to hamper any attempt by the enemy to push inland.

The people first sold their personal effects—jewelry, family heirlooms, treasured souvenirs—then furniture and household effects. When these were gone, they sold tiles from their roofs, windows, window frames, even floors, plank by plank—anything for which they could possibly find a buyer. One man disposed of a three-story building—bit by bit—and managed to live and support a big family of dependents for months. Some weeks after he could find no more buyers for parts of his building, he died of starvation. The family followed him one by one.

Not only the poor are suffering. Few people have money to pay doctors, dentists and other professional men, and when their reserves peter out, these, too, face starvation. Schools are closing for lack of pupils, so teachers' incomes are cut off. As business withered, thousands of clerks and white-collar workers were thrown out of jobs. Those who had savings and foresight left for inland China before it was too late. Others waited too long and now, too weak to move, just sit and wait for death. Many are too proud to beg in the streets, and whole families may sit in their homes, waiting patiently for the inevitable end. A few more courageous ones will commit suicide.

Thousands of homeless ones sit on street curbs or by the roadsides staring vacantly, taking little or no notice of passers-by. Occasionally one will raise a bony, horribly ulcered hand and point to a skeletoned child, mutely begging you to take the child away and give it a chance to live. The child usually is too far gone even to cry.

The women seem to last longer than the men, who use up their energies more quickly trying to find their families. Thousands of men left their families to search for work to support those they left behind. And their relatives, in turn, deny themselves so that children may eat. In a suburb of Toishan, an elder said the death rate of women was so high that only one woman was left to every twenty children. In Toishan's streets, hundreds of half-naked, pot-bellied orphans sit in doorways, begging piteously, or scavenge garbage heaps for something to put into their bellies. Few are over twelve years of age. Often they fight among themselves like vicious, snarling dogs over particular bits of garbage.

On the roadways and pathways leading from the city, one frequently sees crying, abandoned babies—both boys and girls. It's heartbreaking to have to pass them by. But what can one do? Where can one take them? Orphanages were long ago filled, and their supplies are so meager that children will die even there.

Banks of streams are lined with dead bodies, abandoned by the river folk. It is estimated that in some places more than three fourths of the boat people perished, though accurate figures may never be known, for they're a floating population and don't report deaths to the authorities. River junks and sampans, which in normal times swarmed with people who were born, lived and died on board, are now tied up and occupied by only one or two of the last survivors.

Refugees from the famine shuffle painfully along roads leading inland. Roads is hardly the word for them, for they were most effectively destroyed with water-filled trenches crisscrossing them for miles on end, so that no wheeled transport could

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Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

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possibly be brought in by invading Japs. Some of the refugees are so far gone that exertion is just too much for them and they quietly sink down to die by the roadside. Many of them keep going on sheer will power.

A man with a blind, pregnant wife and a small son walked several hundred miles to Shaokwan (Kukong on some maps) on the Canton-Hankow railway where he hoped to find work, but he died soon after arrival. A coffinmaker took the son in payment for the funeral, leaving the blind woman without the use of her son's eyes.

The Relief Committee took her in until she gave birth. Unable to care for the child she took it to the orphanage where it died two weeks later. In the refugee camp, where the government limits a stay to one month she found a little boy who was willing to make a 500-mile trip to Fuchow, Kwangsi Province, where there was a home for the blind. Think of the spirit of that blind woman who bravely undertook such a journey entirely on foot.

With Japs overrunning much of southeast Asia, many Chinese emigrants who refuse to submit to the "New Order" have been refugeeing back to the land of their forefathers. Many travel long, weary miles and suffer terrible hardships in the hopeful anticipation that their troubles will be over when they reach their friends and relatives n ancestral villages. In the early days of he Pacific war, thousands came from Canton Hong Kong and other occupied coastal ports.

Others came from Indo-China, Thailand, Burma and even far-off Malaya, traveling undreds upon hundreds of miles over in ospitable mountains through vicious ma aria and cholera belts. I knew a well-to-do merchant who, for the sake of his conscience bandoned a flourishing business in Manda ay, took his wife and two children and rekked over thousands of miles through ome of the wildest country in southeast Asia.

He arrived in Toishan suburbs to find that the once-prosperous ancestral village had become a barely living graveyard in which his friends and relatives had long since starved to death. Imagine his sorrow and frustration at the realization that the same fate awaited him and his family, who were already emaciated from their long journey. His wife just couldn't take it. She died immediately and was quickly followed by his young daughter. With his half-starved son on his back, the father started northward in search of food and work. I often wonder how far he got.

An Enemy Within and Without

Conditions in Hoilukfung coastal districts are by far the worst of the whole famine area. The soil, which is sand-blown from proximity to the seashore, is unsuitable for rice growing. The villagers depend wholly upon the salt and fish industries. The salt industry was large enough to supply practically the whole of southeast China. But it was imperiled by the overburdening taxes levied by rapacious local officials. The fishing industry was also killed by Japanese who destroyed or commandeered literally thousands of fishing boats whenever they encountered them at sea.

Over half of the population of this area is gone, including about two hundred thousand who have died from starvation. Strangely, the price of rice in the Hoilukfung area is lower than in any other famine district, because so many have died, and the survivors are so poor they cannot buy at any price.

Village after village stands completely deserted, with empty, rickety homes which have been demolished bit by salable bit. In larger cities such as Kaichi, I saw whole streets of houses being dismantled while only hollow shells remained of scores of others which had been well-built homes. Some forty thousand people have already perished in this one town and its immediate environs. Of these, cholera and plague claimed more victims than famine. Bodies are carried out of towns and villages and buried, uncoffined, in pits dug on the seashore. In the whole area not one single animal is left alive.

Fertile Kityang area, eighteen miles up river from the seaport of Swatow, produced luscious fruits and vegetables before the war, most of which were exported through Swatow in exchange for rice. But the Japs occupied Swatow and cut the exports and rice imports so severely that today the once-prosperous communities have starved to half their former population. On top of this, the people have to contend with periodic Japanese foraging expeditions from Swatow—usually near the harvest time—and the farmers who attempt to protect their ripening crops are ruthlessly slaughtered.

In the Chiang area, only one sixth of the population is left. In the Lamei districts, barely one fifth of the population remains in Swatow, Chiang and Lamei villages. A large number of houses have been torn down and sold. Some families are living in four bare walls. The homes have no furniture or bedclothes, the people sleep upon filthy straw mats on the floors, and their remaining clothes are rags which afford their malaria-ridden bodies little protection from winter's cold. They look at you with glassy, unseeing eyes, staring stolidly from scraggly, overbig heads perched on necks like pipes. Their stomachs are puffed out, and their knees have swelled until they are larger than their thighs.

In some fishing villages in Hwalei District, as high as eighty per cent of the population died from starvation and disease. The roads leading inland were littered with dead bodies of those who had hoped to find food. Their fishing junks have been taken or destroyed by predatory Japs.

Food for a Few Thousands

The problem of relief is staggering. Kwangtung International Relief Committee receives money from United China Relief in America, from the Canadian and British Red Cross, the British Aid to China Fund and others. With a budget of a million Chinese dollars monthly (about fifty thousand American dollars), the Committee had to operate seventy-five relief stations in Kwangtung. Approximately fifteen thousand people were fed daily, fifteen thousand orphans maintained, and clinical treatment was given several hundred people monthly. In addition, money was loaned to people to start them in some self-supporting business and given for travel to other districts. But the Committee knows it can only scratch the surface of the problem.

The charge is eventually made that the relief the Committee gives merely prolongs cruelly the sufferings of the people who have already resigned themselves to death. The relief gives them new life for a little while, but as soon as they are strong enough to leave the Committee relief stations, they slip back again and die, if they are unable to find work to earn enough money to buy food.

The problem of relief for millions of sufferers, then, is much deeper than merely temporary feeding. Moreover, human cupidity being what it is, there are those who will fatten upon the misfortunes of their fellow men. A magistrate in the city of Meihsien sent a representative to Kiangsi Province to buy rice with government relief money. The representative bought the rice at the government's fixed low price but shipped it down the river to Swatow where it was sold. The magistrate, who was suspected of collusion, was set upon by an angry mob and arrested and sent to Shaokwan for trial. Local newspapers reflected the public's indignation with scathing denunciations, but that did not bring the rice back to feed the starving.

The principal problem of relief for Kwangtung's starving millions is the physical matter of transport. To replace imports cut off by the Japanese, rice may be obtained from neighboring provinces, but the problem of shipping it into the famine areas is all but insoluble.

Railways, which are already heavily overburdened with military traffic, may carry the relief rice part of the way, but most of the transport must be done by the most primitive means—slow-moving river craft or coolie-back. The cost for such transport is considerable, amounting in most cases to much more than the original purchase price. Time, too, is an important consideration, as is the organization needed to undertake distribution. Moreover, not too much may be brought in at one time, lest the Japanese move in suddenly from adjacent occupied territory and grab the stores.

Meanwhile, famine conditions are growing worse every month. While prospects for this year's harvest are reported to be encouraging, the harvest will be far from adequate to feed the millions now dying.

THE END

Probably an illusion, old man, I just had the oil changed!

GASOLINE POWERS THE ATTACK...DON'T WASTE A DROP!

Something *special* happens when you sound your Z for

PENNZOIL

It's not too late to give your car a lift—perhaps just the one it needs to outlast the war! If your engine is still in fair condition, expect something *special* to happen when you switch to Pennzoil, the Pennsylvania oil especially refined to combat sludge and varnish.

Because Pennzoil helps keep vital parts clean and free, it lets your engine run smoother, more efficiently, and with a minimum of wear. Your car needs that kind of an oil—and needs it now. So we'll be looking for you at the yellow oval sign, and listening for you to ask for Pennzoil—with emphasis on the z — z — z.

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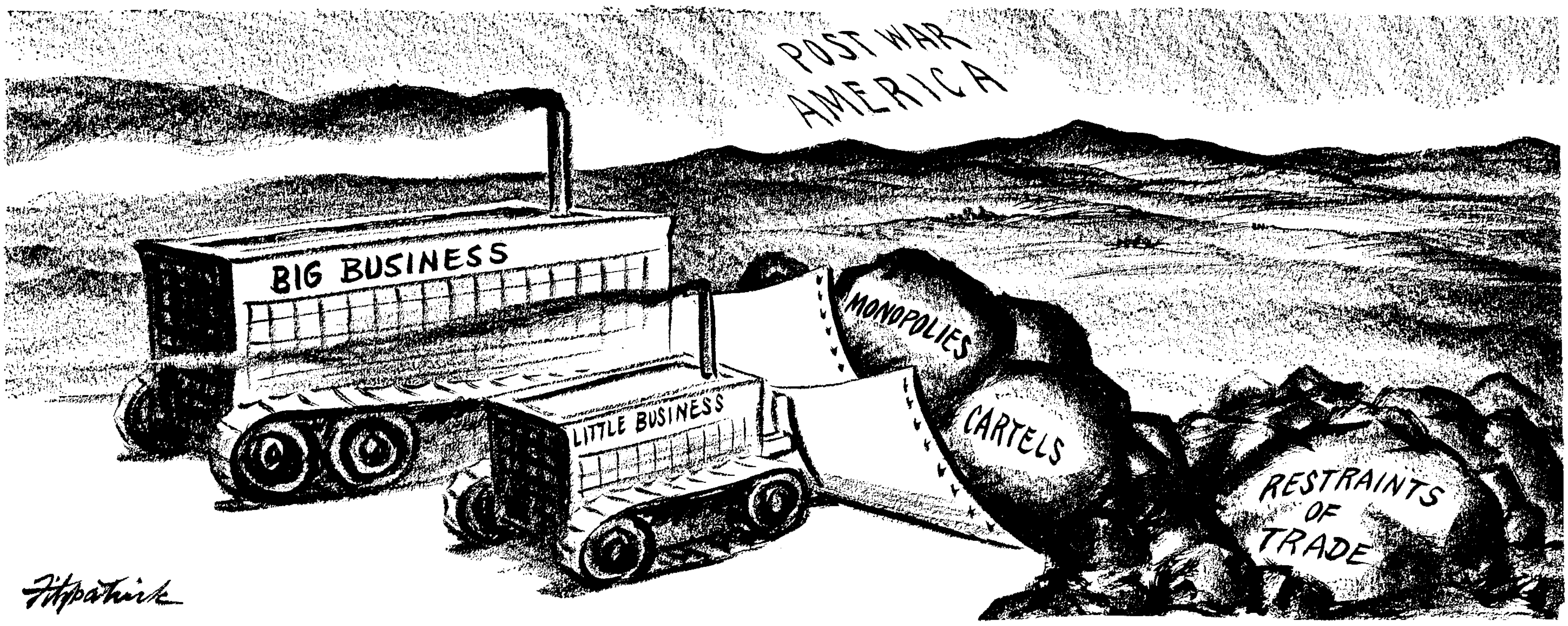


America Unlimited

Ring out defeatism, ring out lugubrious philosophies of maturity, satiety and senility! Ring in faith and self-confidence! America and defeat cannot be made to rhyme.

THE quotation is from a book for which we wish the widest possible circulation and a great deal of luck—Eric Johnston's America Unlimited (Doubleday, Doran, New York, 1944, 254 pages, $2.50). Mr. Johnston is the young, kinetic president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, of whom you have probably heard and may hear more.

His book is an expression—detailed, concrete, hard-hitting—of belief in American capitalism (which Mr. Johnston calls capitalism, without apologies or euphemisms) as the best economic system yet devised for bringing the largest possible quantity of this world's goods to an ever higher percentage of Americans. This faith is pretty solidly borne out, we'd say, by the fact that the United States is the only nation on either side in this war which has yet been able to furnish arms and food in copious quantities to its allies as well as to its own armed forces and its civilian population.

Please don't misunderstand us: America Unlimited is not one long diatribe against the New Deal, or Soviet Russia, or U. S. labor leaders, or U. S. Reds and Pinks, or anybody else. It is a three-dimensional survey and analysis of the economic system under which Americans live. Johnston freely admits that our system has serious flaws; and he makes specific recommendations for removing those flaws.

Core of his thesis is that all civilized countries have capitalism, but that there are three main kinds of capitalism: (1) bureaucratic capitalism, as in Russia and Germany, where the state (meaning the bureaucrats and politicians) actually or in effect invests all the surplus money: (2) monopoly capitalism, which Johnston says we have had in too great a degree in this country, and on which he blames most of the defects in our system; and (3) what Johnston calls a "people's capitalism," under which big and little businesses run along together on a low-profits, high-wages plan, with strict bans on monopolies, cartels, artificial price-fixing, capital-labor agreements to keep n processes and materials from the consumer, and so

Johnston is for this "people's capitalism," and sa we already have it in large measure. He believ that we need only bring this kind of capitalism to highest possible development to make our pre-Pea Harbor standards of living look like genteel pove by comparison.

These remarks of ours only suggest the dynam quality of this book, and the hope and encourageme we feel it must bring to any American who suspect that this country has a future and who is tired of hearing that we have now reached national old age and must henceforth just share the poverty as fairly as we can.

Eric Johnston doesn't believe it, and tells why h doesn't, in language you can get your teeth into. I looks to us as if everybody who hopes to think intelligently about the United States, in the wild but essentially promising years that seem to be ahead of u had better get busy and read all of America Unlimite

DIES DEPARTS

REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES (Dem., Tex.) has announced that he will not try for re-election, after fourteen years in Congress, many of them spent as chairman of the Dies Committee on subversive activities. Maybe he really wants to go back to private life; maybe he's afraid he couldn't win. We don't know and don't much care.

We are convinced, though, that Dies' committee performed services which added up heavily on the black side of the ledger, in spite of all the times Dies hit some innocent person or group.

This country has freedom of speech and press, at least up to this writing. It also has a goodish number of disloyal or misguided persons who are forever trying to bludgeon or bemuse Americans into changing over to Communism, Fascism, Nazism, funny-money-ism or some other ism. Most of these persons make a virtue of trickery, deceit and hitting below the belt. Because of the Bill of Rights, they have every leeway short of treason itself. This is all very well and makes life in the United States that much more interesting than in the strait-jacketed countries.

We wouldn't change this state of affairs if we coul But the bulk of us need a watchdog of the type t Dies Committee has been—a group of official vig lantes—to keep exposing the tactics, pretensions a plots of the would-be destroyers of democracy, a thereby to keep them cut down to their correct size.

For these reasons, we think Dies deserves th thanks of the American people as he leaves the Co gressional stage; and we're in favor of Representativ J. Parnell Thomas' (Rep., N. J.) proposal that Congres establish a permanent Dies-type committee.

HOW ABOUT HOUSING?

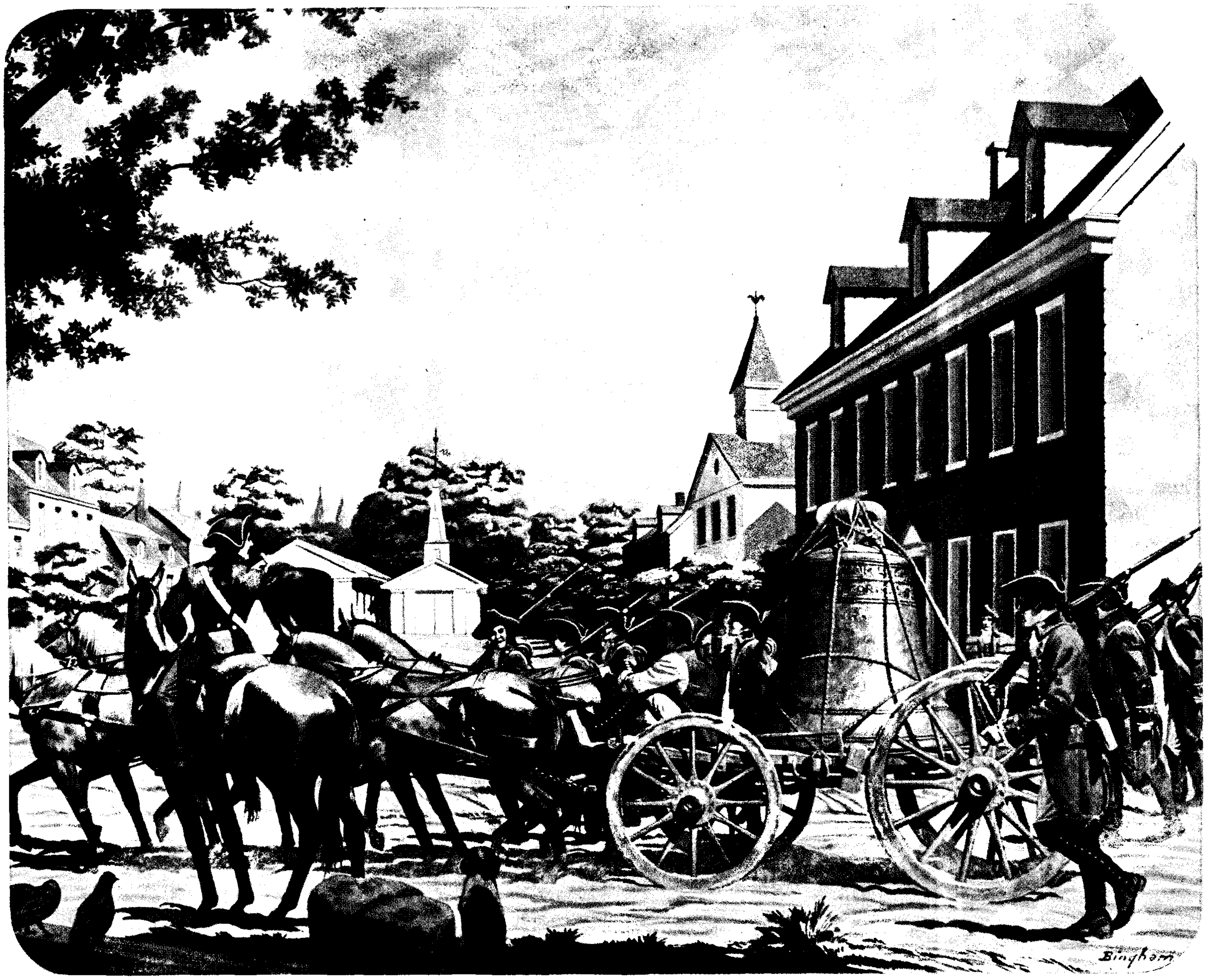
AFTER two and one-half years at war, the National Association of Real Estate Boards finds that we have reached the most acute housing shortage in the history of the nation. A recent survey of 376 U. S. cities showed that in 92% of them (as against 88% six months ago) there were shortages of one-family dwellings, and of apartments in 83%—as against 75% six months ago.

These words just about write their own music for uilding industry—for contractors and building-workers, architects, material producers, owners of new processes, etc., etc. Housing construction necessarily is cut to the bone during the war; but it looks as if demand for new housing will rise like a tidal wave after the war.

That being the probability, it looks as if the building industry can hardly do too much planning now to make it easy and inexpensive to build a home after the war—and a home of the slick, many-gadgeted kind that Americans have been repeatedly told to expect.

In this connection, it seems most encouraging to find some big and influential concerns deeply interested in prefabricated or partly prefabricated postwa housing; and to hear intimations that the more enlightened building-trades unions are at least open-minded about relaxing some regulations which in th past have kept building costs too high and new methods or materials away from the market.

We hope this trend may continue and speed up. If home building can get a quick green light after this war, it may be one of the main factors in sidetracking permanently that big postwar depression which so many people now expect.



Removing the Liberty bell for safekeeping at the approach of Howe's army. Philadelphia, September, 1777*

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Honoured for Tradition

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BLENDED WHISKY

86.8 proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

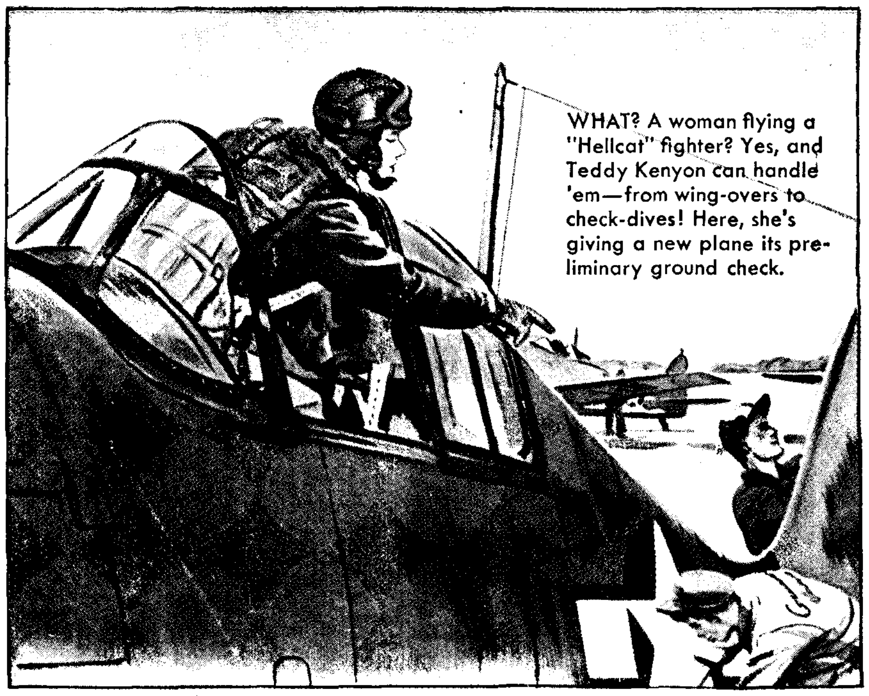
"Proclaim Liberty throughout the land,
and to all the people thereof!"... prophetic inscription
cast on the Liberty Bell by Pass and Stow in 1752,
long prior to the Revolution.

America owes much to the good citizens of Colonial Philadelphia for the noble traditions they preserved for generations to come. Theirs was a forthright character, sturdy, yet mellowed with a joyous gusto for good living. This "heritage of hospitality" is today graciously sustained by Philadelphia Blend. A whisky of such rare excellence, you might justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

OM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS DESIGNED TO CELEBRATE THE 50TH ANNIVERSARY OF PHILADELPHIA BLEND

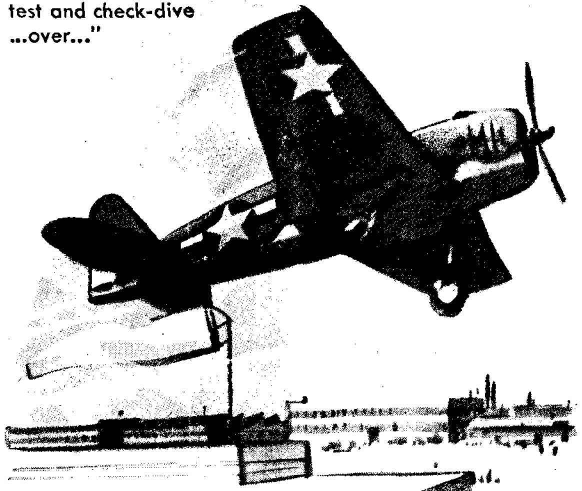
ame Hellcats!"

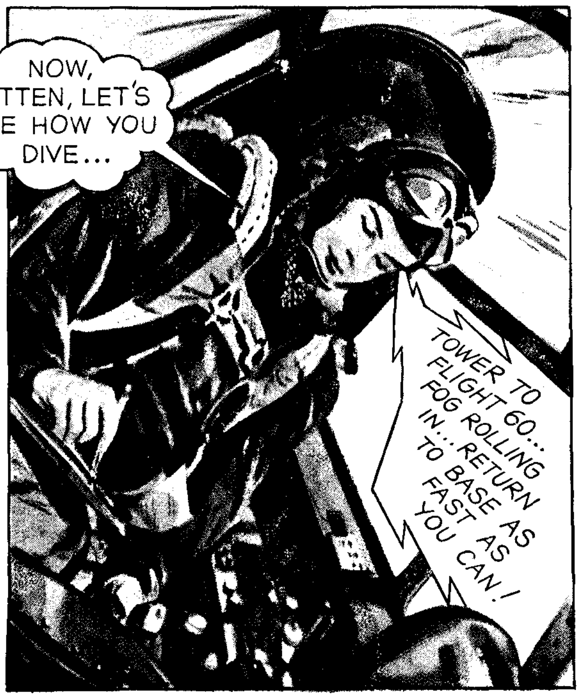
It's Teddy Kenyon—ace woman pilot—who tests the Navy's famous fighter plane—the Grumman F6F "Hellcat"



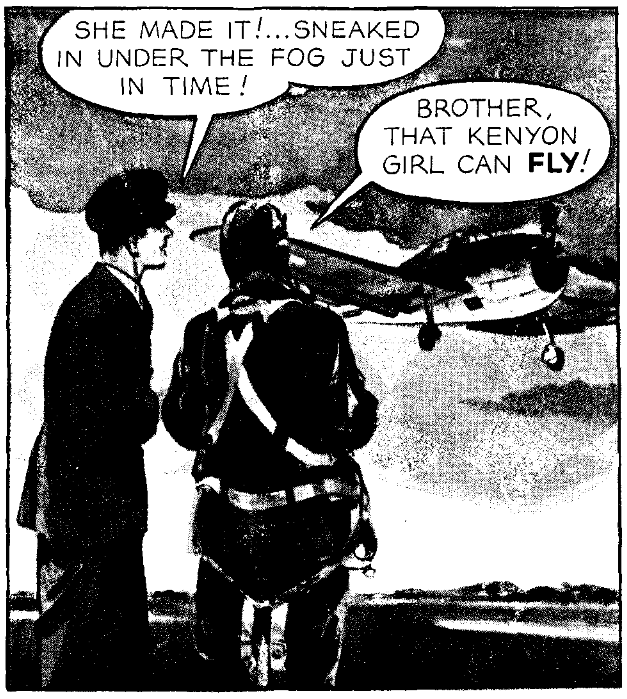
WHAT? A woman flying a "Hellcat" fighter? Yes, and Teddy Kenyon can handle 'em—from wing-overs to check-dives! Here, she's giving a new plane its preliminary ground check.

2,000 HORSES pull her into the air...soon she's over a hundred miles away, and Teddy Kenyon's report comes in by radio: "Grumman Tower... This is Flight 60...Engine smooth...Going into Area 2 for blower test and check-dive ...over..."





NOW, KITTEN, LET'S SEE HOW YOU DIVE...
TOWER TO FLIGHT 60... FOG ROLLING IN...RETURN TO BASE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!



SHE MADE IT!...SNEAKED IN UNDER THE FOG JUST IN TIME!
BROTHER, THAT KENYON GIRL CAN **FLY**!

A REAL NAVY SHOW, TEDDY KENYON!... AND I SEE YOU SMOKE THE NAVY MAN'S CIGARETTE, TOO...CAMEL
YES, CAMELS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN MY FAVORITE ...I CAN SEE WHY THEY'RE FIRST IN THE SERVICE

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

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